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See Appendix, Vol. I. Letter XVII.

MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS

OF

EDWARD GIBBON, Esquire.

WITH

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS,

COMPOSED BY HIMSELF:

ILLUSTRATED FROM HIS LETTERS,

WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES AND NARRATIVE,

BY JOHN LORD SHEFFIELD.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR P. WOGAN, L. WHITE, JOHN CHAMBERS,
P. BYRNE, JOHN MILLIKIN, JAMES MOORE, J. RICE,
W. JONES, JOHN HALPEN, PETER MOORE,
H. FITZPATRICK, N. KELLY,
AND G. FOLINGSBY.

1796.

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THE melancholy duty of examining the Papers of my deceaſed friend devolved upon me at a time when I was depreſſed by ſevere afflictions.

In that ſtate of mind, I heſitated to undertake the taſk of ſelecting and preparing his Manuſcripts for the preſs. The warmth of my early and long attachment to Mr. Gibbon made me conſcious of a partiality, which it was not proper to indulge, eſpecially in reviſing many of his juvenile and unfiniſhed compoſitions. I had to guard, not only againſt a ſentiment like my own, which I found extenſively diffuſed, but alſo againſt the eagerneſs occaſioned by a very general curioſity to ſee in print every literary relick, however imperfect, of ſo diſtinguiſhed a writer.

Being aware how diſgracefully Authors of Eminence have been often treated, by an indiſcreet poſthumous publication of fragments and careleſs effuſions; when I had ſelected thoſe Papers which to myſelf appeared the fitteſt for the public eye, I conſulted ſome of our common friends, whom I knew to be equally anxious with myſelf for Mr. Gibbon's fame,

and fully competent, from their judgment, to protect it.

Under such a sanction it is, that, no longer suspecting myself to view through too favourable a medium the compositions of my Friend, I now venture to publish them: and it may here be proper to give some information to the Reader, respecting the Contents of these Volumes.

The most important part consists of Memoirs of Mr. Gibbon's Life and Writings, a work which he seems to have projected with peculiar solicitude and attention, and of which he left Six different sketches, all in his own hand-writing. One of these sketches, the most diffuse and circumstantial, so far as it proceeds, ends at the time when he quitted Oxford. Another at the year 1764, when he travelled to Italy. A third, at his father's death, in 1770. A fourth, which he continued to a short time after his return to Lausanne in 1788, appears in the form of Annals, much less detailed than the others. The two remaining sketches are still more imperfect. It is difficult to discover the order in which these several Pieces were written, but there is reason to believe that the most copious was the last. From all these the following Memoirs have been carefully selected, and put together.

My

My heſitation in giving theſe Memoirs to the world aroſe, principally, from the circumſtance of Mr. Gibbon's appearing, in ſome reſpect, not to have been ſatisfied with them, as he had ſo frequently varied their form: yet, notwithſtanding this diffidence, the compoſitions, though unfiniſhed, are ſo excellent, that they may juſtly entitle my Friend to appear as his own biographer, rather than to have that taſk undertaken by any other perſon leſs qualified for it.

This opinion has rendered me anxious to publiſh the preſent Memoirs, without any unneceſſary delay; for I am perſuaded, that the Author of them cannot be made to appear in a truer light than he does in the following pages. In them, and in his different Letters, which I have added, will be found a complete picture of his talents, his diſpoſition, his ſtudies, and his attainments.

Thoſe ſlight variations of character, which naturally aroſe in the progreſs of his Life, will be unfolded in a ſeries of Letters, ſelected from a Correſpondence between him and myſelf, which continued full thirty years, and ended with his death.

It is to be lamented, that all the ſketches of the Memoirs, except that compoſed in the form of Annals, and which ſeems rather deſigned

as heads for a future Work, ceaſe about twenty years before Mr. Gibbon's death; and conſequently, that we have the leaſt detailed account of the moſt intereſting part of his Life. His Correſpondence during that period will, in great meaſure, ſupply the deficiency. It will be ſeparated from the Memoirs and placed in an Appendix, that thoſe who are not diſpoſed to be pleaſed with the repetitions, familiarities, and trivial circumſtances of epiſtolary writing, may not be embarraſſed by it. By many, the Letters will be found a very intereſting part of the preſent Publication. They will prove, how pleaſant, friendly, and amiable Mr. Gibbon was in private life; and if, in publiſhing Letters ſo flattering to myſelf, I incur the imputation of vanity, I ſhall meet the charge with a frank confeſſion, that I am indeed highly vain of having enjoyed, for ſo many years, the eſteem, the confidence, and the affection of a man, whoſe ſocial qualities endeared him to the moſt accompliſhed ſociety, and whoſe talents, great as they were, muſt be acknowledged to have been fully equalled by the ſincerity of his friendſhip.

Whatever cenſure may be pointed againſt the Editor, the Public will ſet a due value on the Letters for their intrinſic merit. I muſt, indeed, be blinded, either by vanity or affecti-

on,

on, if they do not diſplay the heart and mind of their Author, in ſuch a manner as juſtly to increaſe the number of his admirers.

I have not been ſolicitous to garble or expunge paſſages which, to ſome, may appear trifling. Such paſſages will often, in the opinion of the obſerving Reader, mark the character of the Writer, and the omiſſion of them would materially take from the eaſe and familiarity of authentic letters.

Few men, I believe, have ever ſo fully unveiled their own character, by a minute narrative of their ſentiments and purſuits, as Mr. Gibbon will here be found to have done; not with ſtudy and labour—not with an affected frankneſs—but with a genuine confeſſion of his little foibles and peculiarities, and a good-humoured and natural diſplay of his own conduct and opinions.

Mr. Gibbon began a Journal, a work diſtinct from the ſketches already mentioned, in the early part of his Life, with the following declaration:

"I propoſe from this day, Auguſt 24th "1761, to keep an exact Journal of my acti-"ons and ſtudies, both to aſſiſt my memory, "and to accuſtom me to ſet a due value on "my time. I ſhall begin by ſetting down "ſome few events of my paſt life, the dates "of which I can remember."

This

This induſtrious project he purſued occaſionally in French, under various titles, and with the minuteneſs, fidelity, and liberality of a mind reſolved to watch over and improve itſelf.

The Journal is continued under different titles, and is ſometimes very conciſe, and ſometimes ſingularly detailed. One part of it is entitled "My Journal," another "Ephemerides, "or Journal of my Actions, Studies, and Opi-"nions." The other parts are entitled, "Ephe-"merides, ou Journal de ma Vie, de mes Etudes, "et de mes Sentimens." In this Journal, among the moſt trivial circumſtances, are mixed very intereſting obſervations and diſſertations on a Satire of Juvenal, a Paſſage of Homer, or of Longinus, or of any other author whoſe works he happened to read in the courſe of the day; and he often paſſes from a Remark on the moſt common event, to a critical Diſquiſition of conſiderable learning, or an Enquiry into ſome abſtruſe point of Philoſophy.

It certainly was not his intention that this private and motley Diary ſhould be preſented to the Public; nor have I thought myſelf at liberty to preſent it, in the ſhape in which he left it. But by reducing it to an account of *his literary occupations*, it formed ſo ſingular

and

and ſo intereſting a portrait of an indefatigable Student, that I perſuade myſelf it will be regarded as a valuable acquiſition by the Literary World, and as an acceſſion of fame to the memory of my Friend. With the Extracts from Mr. Gibbon's Journal will be printed, his Diſſertations entitled "Extraits raiſonnés "de mes Lectures:" and "Recueil de mes "Obſervations, et Pieces détachées ſur dif- "férens Sujets." A few other paſſages from other parts of the Journals, introduced in Notes, will make a curious addition to the Memoirs.

His Firſt Publication, "Eſſai ſur l'Etude "de la Litterature," with corrections and additions from an interleaved copy which my Friend gave to me ſeveral years ago, is reprinted as part of theſe volumes.

Three more of his ſmaller Publications are alſo reprinted. 1. His maſterly Criticiſm on the Sixth Book of Virgil, in anſwer to Biſhop Warburton. 2. His own Vindication of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters of his Hiſtory, in anſwer to Mr. Davis and others. And 3. His "Reponſe à l'Expoſé de la Cour de "France,"—an occaſional compoſition, which obtained the higheſt applauſe in Foreign Courts, and of which he ſpoke to me with ſome pleaſure,

ſure, obſerving that it had been tranſlated even into the Turkiſh language*.

Of theſe various writings the Author has ſpoken himſelf, in deſcribing his own Life. I have yet to notice ſome articles not mentioned in his Memoirs, and which will be found in this Publication. 1. A juvenile ſketch, entitled, "Outlines of the Hiſtory of the "World." 2. A Diſſertation, which he had ſhewn to a few friends, on that curious ſubject, "L'Homme au Maſque de Fer." 3. A more conſiderable work, "The Antiquities of "the Houſe of Brunſwick;" an hiſtorical diſcourſe, compoſed about the year 1790. In this Work he intended to appropriate ſeparate books: 1. To the Italian deſcent; 2. To the Germanic reign: and, 3. To the Britiſh Succeſſion of the Houſe of Brunſwick. The Manuſcript cloſes in completing the Italian branch of his ſubject.

Among the moſt ſplendid paſſages of that unfiniſhed work may be enumerated, the characters of Leibnitz and Muratori: A ſketch of Albert-Azo the Second, a prince who retained his

* At Peterſburgh and Vienna it was currently obſerved by the Corps Diplomatique, that the Engliſh Miniſtry had publiſhed a Memorial written not only with great ability, but alſo in French, ſo correct, that they muſt have employed a Frenchman.

his faculties and reputation beyond the age of one hundred years: An account of Padua and its univerſity, and remarks on the epic glory of Ferrara.

The laſt Paper of theſe Volumes has the mournful attraction of being a ſketch interrupted by death, and affords an honourable proof that my Friend's ardour for the promotion of hiſtorical knowledge attended him to the laſt. It is entitled merely "An Addreſs;" and expreſſes a wiſh that our Latin memorials of the middle ages, the "Scriptores Rerum "Anglicarum," may be publiſhed in England, in a manner worthy of the ſubject, and of the country. He mentions Mr. John Pinkerton as a perſon well qualified for the conduct of ſuch a national undertaking.

In the collection of writings which I am now ſending to the preſs, there is no article that will ſo much engage the public attention as the Memoirs. I will therefore cloſe all I mean to ſay as their Editor, by aſſuring the Reader, that, although I have in ſome meaſure newly arranged thoſe intereſting Papers, by forming one regular narrative from the Six different ſketches, I have nevertheleſs adhered with ſcrupulous fidelity to the very words of their Author; and I uſe the letter S. to mark

ſuch

ſuch Notes of my own, as it ſeemed neceſſary to add.

It remains only to expreſs a wiſh, that in diſcharging this lateſt office of affection, my regard to the memory of my Friend may appear, as I truſt it will do, proportioned to the high ſatisfaction which I enjoyed for many years in poſſeſſing his entire confidence, and very partial attachment.

SHEFFIELD.

Sheffield-Place,
6th Aug. 1795.

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MEMOIRS

OF

MY LIFE AND WRITINGS.

IN the fifty-second year of my age, after the completion of an arduous and successful work, I now propose to employ some moments of my leisure in reviewing the simple transactions of a private and literary life. Truth, naked, unblushing truth, the first virtue of more serious history, must be the sole recommendation of this personal narrative. The style shall be simple and familiar: but style is the image of character; and the habits of correct writing may produce, without labour or design, the appearance of art and study. My own amusement is my motive, and will be my reward: and if these sheets are communicated to some discreet and indulgent friends, they will be secreted from the public eye till the author shall be removed beyond the reach of criticism or ridicule*.

* This passage is found in one only of the six sketches, and in that which seems to have been the first written, and which was laid aside among loose papers. Mr. Gibbon, in his communications with me on the subject of his Memoirs, a subject which he had never mentioned to any other person, expressed a determination of publishing them in his lifetime; and never appears to have departed from that resolution, excepting in one of his letters annexed, in which he intimates a doubt, though rather carelessly, whether in his time, or at any time, they would meet the eye of the public.—In a conversation, however, not long before his death, it was suggested to him, that, if he should make them a full image of his mind, he would not have nerves to publish them in his lifetime, and therefore that they should be posthumous; —He answered, rather eagerly, that he was determined to publish them *in his lifetime*. S.

A lively desire of knowing and of recording our ancestors so generally prevails, that it must depend on the influence of some common principle in the minds of men. We seem to have lived in the persons of our forefathers; it is the labour and reward of vanity to extend the term of this ideal longevity. Our imagination is always active to enlarge the narrow circle in which Nature has confined us. Fifty or an hundred years may be allotted to an individual, but we step forwards beyond death with such hopes as religion and philosophy will suggest; and we fill up the silent vacancy that precedes our birth, by associating ourselves to the authors of our existence. Our calmer judgment will rather tend to moderate, than to suppress, the pride of an antient and worthy race. The satyrist may laugh, the philosopher may preach; but Reason herself will respect the prejudices and habits, which have been consecrated by the experience of mankind.

Wherever the distinction of birth is allowed to form a superior order in the state, education and example should always, and will often, produce among them a dignity of sentiment and propriety of conduct, which is guarded from dishonour by their own and the public esteem. If we read of some illustrious line so antient that it has no beginning, so worthy that it ought to have no end, we sympathize in its various fortunes; nor can we blame the generous enthusiasm, or even the harmless vanity, of those who are allied to the honours of its name. For my own part, could I draw my pedigree from a general, a statesman, or a celebrated author, I should study their lives with the diligence of filial love. In the investigation of past events, our curiosity is stimulated by the immediate or indirect reference to ourselves; but in the estimate of honour we should learn to value the gifts of Nature above those of Fortune; to esteem in our ancestors the qualities that best promote the interests of society; and to pronounce the descendant of a king less truly noble than the offspring of a man of genius, whose writings will instruct or delight the latest posterity.

The

The family of Confucius is, in my opinion, the moſt illuſtrious in the world. After a painful aſcent of eight or ten centuries, our barons and princes of Europe are loſt in the darkneſs of the middle ages; but, in the vaſt equality of the empire of China, the poſterity of Confucius have maintained, above two thouſand two hundred years, their peaceful honours and perpetual ſucceſſion. The chief of the family is ſtill revered, by the ſovereign and the people, as the lively image of the wiſeſt of mankind. The nobility of the Spencers has been illuſtrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to conſider the *Fairy Queen* as the moſt precious jewel of their coronet. I have expoſed my private feelings, as I ſhall always do, without ſcruple or reſerve. That theſe ſentiments are juſt, or at leaſt natural, I am inclined to believe, ſince I do not feel myſelf intereſted in the cauſe; for I can derive from my anceſtors neither glory nor ſhame.

Yet a ſincere and ſimple narrative of my own life may amuſe ſome of my leiſure hours; but it will ſubject me, and perhaps with juſtice, to the imputation of vanity. I may judge, however, from the experience both of paſt and of the preſent times, that the public are always curious to know the men, who have left behind them any image of their minds: the moſt ſcanty accounts of ſuch men are compiled with diligence, and peruſed with eagerneſs; and the ſtudent of every claſs may derive a leſſon, or an example, from the lives moſt ſimilar to his own. My name may hereafter be placed among the thouſand articles of a Biographia Britannica; and I muſt be conſcious, that no one is ſo well qualified, as myſelf, to deſcribe the ſeries of my thoughts and actions. The authority of my maſters, of the grave Thuanus, and the philoſophic Hume, might be ſufficient to juſtify my deſign; but it would not be difficult to produce a long liſt of antients and moderns, who, in various forms, have exhibited their own portraits. Such portraits are often the moſt intereſting, and ſometimes the only intereſting parts of their writings; and, if they be ſincere, we ſeldom com-

plain of the minuteneſs or prolixity of theſe perſonal memorials. The lives of the younger Pliny, of Petrarch, and of Eraſmus, are expreſſed in the epiſtles, which they themſelves have given to the world. The eſſays of Montagne and Sir William Temple bring us home to the houſes and boſoms of the authors: we ſmile without contempt at the headſtrong paſſions of Benevenuto Cellini, and the gay follies of Colley Cibber. The confeſſions of St. Auſtin and Rouſſeau diſcloſe the ſecrets of the human heart: the commentaries of the learned Huet have ſurvived his evangelical demonſtration; and the memoirs of Goldoni are more truly dramatic than his Italian comedies. The heretic and the churchman are ſtrongly marked in the characters and fortunes of Whiſton and Biſhop Newton; and even the dullneſs of Michael de Marolles and Anthony Wood acquires ſome value from the faithful repreſentation of men and manners. That I am equal or ſuperior to ſome of theſe, the effects of modeſty or affectation cannot force me to diſſemble.

My family is originally derived from the county of Kent. The ſouthern diſtrict, which borders on Suſſex and the ſea, was formerly overſpread with the great foreſt Anderida, and even now retains the denomination of the *Weald*, or Woodland. In this diſtrict, and in the hundred and pariſh of Rolvenden, the Gibbons were poſſeſſed of lands in the year one thouſand three hundred and twenty-ſix; and the elder branch of the family, without much increaſe or diminution of property, ſtill adheres to its native ſoil. Fourteen years after the firſt appearance of his name, John Gibbon is recorded as the Marmorarius or architect of King Edward the Third: the ſtrong and ſtately caſtle of Queenſborough, which guarded the entrance of the Medway, was a monument of his ſkill; and the grant of an hereditary toll on the paſſage from Sandwich to Stonar, in the Iſle of Thanet, is the reward of no vulgar

vulgar artiſt. In the viſitations of the heralds, the Gibbons are frequently mentioned: they held the rank of Eſquire in an age, when that title was leſs promiſcuouſly aſſumed: one of them, under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was captain of the militia of Kent; and a free ſchool, in the neighbouring town of Benenden, proclaims the charity and opulence of its founder. But time, or their own obſcurity, has caſt a veil of oblivion over the virtues and vices of my Kentiſh anceſtors: their character or ſtation confined them to the labours and pleaſures of a rural life: nor is it in my power to follow the advice of the Poet, in an enquiry after a name—

"Go! ſearch it there, where to be born, and die,
"Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory."

So recent is the inſtitution of our pariſh regiſters. In the beginning of the ſeventeenth century, a younger branch of the Gibbons of Rolvenden migrated from the country to the city; and from this branch I do not bluſh to deſcend. The law requires ſome abilities; the church impoſes ſome reſtraints; and before our army and navy, our civil eſtabliſhments, and India empire, had opened ſo many paths of fortune, the mercantile profeſſion was more frequently choſen by youths of a liberal race and education, who aſpired to create their own independence. Our moſt reſpectable families have not diſdained the counting-houſe, or even the ſhop; their names are inrolled in the Livery and Companies of London; and in England, as well as in the Italian commonwealths, heralds have been compelled to declare, that gentility is not degraded by the exerciſe of trade.

The armorial enſigns which, in the times of chivalry, adorned the creſt and ſhield of the ſoldier, are now become an empty decoration, which every man, who has money to build a carriage, may paint according to his fancy on the pannels. My family arms are the ſame, which were borne by the Gibbons of Kent in an age, when the College of Heralds religiouſly guarded the diſtinctions of blood and name: a lion rampant gardant, between three ſchallop-ſhells Argent,

Argent, on a field Azure*. I ſhould not however have been tempted to blazon my coat of arms, were it not connected with a whimſical anecdote.—About the reign of James the Firſt, the three harmleſs ſchallop-ſhells were changed by Edmund Gibbon, eſq. into three *Ogreſſes*, or female cannibals, with a deſign of ſtigmatizing three ladies, his kinſwomen, who had provoked him by an unjuſt law-ſuit. But this ſingular mode of revenge, for which he obtained the ſanction of Sir William Seagar, king at arms, ſoon expired with its author; and, on his own monument in the Temple church, the monſters vaniſh, and the three ſchallop-ſhells reſume their proper and hereditary place.

Our alliances by marriage it is not diſgraceful to mention. The chief honour of my anceſtry is James Fiens, Baron Say and Seale, and Lord High Treaſurer of England, in the reign of Henry the Sixth; from whom by the Phelips, the Whetnalls, and the Cromers, I am lineally deſcended in the eleventh degree. His diſmiſſion and impriſonment in the Tower were inſufficient to appeaſe the popular clamour; and the Treaſurer, with his ſon-in-law Cromer, was beheaded (1450), after a mock trial by the Kentiſh inſurgents. The black liſt of his offences, as it is exhibited in Shakeſpeare, diſplays the ignorance and envy of a plebeian tyrant. Beſides the vague reproaches of ſelling Maine and Normandy to the Dauphin, the treaſurer is ſpecially accuſed of luxury, for riding on a foot-cloth; and of treaſon, for ſpeaking French, the language of our enemies: "Thou haſt "moſt traiterouſly corrupted the youth of the realm," ſays Jack Cade to the unfortunate Lord, "in erecting a gram-"mar-ſchool; and whereas before our forefathers had no "other books than the ſcore and the tally, thou haſt cauſed "printing to be uſed; and, contrary to the king, his crown, "and dignity, thou haſt built a paper-mill. It will be "proved

* The father of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke married an heireſs of this family of Gibbon. The Chancellor's eſcutcheon in the Temple Hall quarters the arms of Gibbon, as does alſo that in Lincoln's Inn Hall, of Charles York, Chancellor in 1770. S.

" proved to thy face, that thou haſt men about thee, who " uſually talk of a noun and a verb, and ſuch abominable " words, as no chriſtian ear can endure to hear." Our dramatic poet is generally more attentive to character than to hiſtory; and I much fear that the art of printing was not introduced into England, till ſeveral years after Lord Say's death: but of ſome of theſe meritorious crimes I ſhould hope to find my anceſtor guilty; and a man of letters may be proud of his deſcent from a patron and martyr of learning.

In the beginning of the laſt century Robert Gibbon, eſq. of Rolvenden in Kent, (who died in 1618,) had a ſon of the ſame name of Robert, who ſettled in London, and became a member of the Cloth-workers' Company. His wife was a daughter of the Edgars, who flouriſhed about four hundred years in the county of Suffolk, and produced an eminent and wealthy ſerjeant-at-law, Sir Gregory Edgar, in the reign of Henry the Seventh. Of the ſons of Robert Gibbon, (who died in 1643,) Matthew did not aſpire above the ſtation of a linen-draper in Leadenhall-ſtreet; but John has given to the public ſome curious memorials of his exiſtence, his character, and his family. He was born on the 3d of November in the year 1629; his education was liberal, at a grammar-ſchool, and afterwards in Jeſus College at Cambridge; and he celebrates the retired content which he enjoyed at Alleſborough in Worceſterſhire, in the houſe of Thomas Lord Coventry, where John Gibbon was employed as a domeſtic tutor, the ſame office which Mr. Hobbes exerciſed in the Devonſhire family. But the ſpirit of my kinſman ſoon immerged into more active life: he viſited foreign countries as a ſoldier and a traveller, acquired the knowledge of the French and Spaniſh languages, paſſed ſome time in the Iſle of Jerſey, croſſed the Atlantic, and reſided upwards of a twelvemonth (1659) in the riſing colony of Virginia. In this remote province, his taſte, or rather paſſion, for heraldry found a ſingular gratification at a war-dance of the native Indians. As they moved in meaſured

meaſured ſteps, brandiſhing their tomahawks, his curious eye contemplated their little ſhields of bark, and their naked bodies, which were painted with the colours and ſymbols of his favourite ſcience. "At which I exceedingly wondered; and concluded that heraldry was ingrafted *naturally* into the ſenſe of human race. If ſo, it deſerves a "greater eſteem than now-a-days is put upon it." His return to England after the Reſtoration was ſoon followed by his marriage—his ſettlement in a houſe in St. Catherine's Cloyſter, near the Tower, which devolved to my grandfather—and his introduction into the Heralds' College (in 1671) by the ſtyle and title of Blue-mantle Purſuivant at Arms. In this office he enjoyed near fifty years the rare felicity of uniting, in the ſame purſuit, his duty and inclination: his name is remembered in the College, and many of his letters are ſtill preſerved. Several of the moſt reſpectable characters of the age, Sir William Dugdale, Mr. Aſhmole, Dr. John Betts, and Dr. Nehemiah Grew, were his friends; and in the ſociety of ſuch men, John Gibbon may be recorded without diſgrace as the member of an aſtrological club. The ſtudy of hereditary honours is favourable to the Royal prerogative; and my kinſman, like moſt of his family, was a high Tory both in church and ſtate. In the latter end of the reign of Charles the Second, his pen was exerciſed in the cauſe of the Duke of York: the Republican faction he moſt cordially deteſted; and as each animal is conſcious of its proper arms, the heralds' revenge was emblazoned on a moſt diabolical eſcutcheon. But the triumph of the Whig government checked the preferment of Blue-mantle; and he was even ſuſpended from his office, till his tongue could learn to pronounce the oath of abjuration. His life was prolonged to the age of ninety; and, in the expectation of the inevitable though uncertain hour, he wiſhes to preſerve the bleſſings of health, competence, and virtue. In the year 1682 he publiſhed at London his *Introductio ad Latinam Blaſoniam*, an original attempt, which Camden had deſiderated, to define, in a Roman idiom, the terms

terms and attributes of a Gothic inſtitution. It is not two years ſince I acquired, in a foreign land, ſome domeſtic intelligence of my own family; and this intelligence was conveyed to Switzerland from the heart of Germany. I had formed an acquaintance with Mr. *Langer*, a lively and ingenious ſcholar, while he reſided at Lauſanne as preceptor to the Hereditary Prince of *Brunſwick*. On his return to his proper ſtation of Librarian to the Ducal Library of Wolfenbuttel, he accidentally found among ſome literary rubbiſh a ſmall old Engliſh volume of heraldry, inſcribed with the name of *John Gibbon*. From the title only Mr. *Langer* judged that it might be an acceptable preſent to his friend; and he judged rightly. His manner is quaint and affected; his order is confuſed: but he diſplays ſome wit, more reading, and ſtill more enthuſiaſm; and if an enthuſiaſt be often abſurd, he is never languid. An Engliſh text is perpetually interſperſed with Latin ſentences in proſe and verſe; but in his own poetry he claims an exemption from the laws of proſody. Amidſt a profuſion of genealogical knowledge, my kinſman could not be forgetful of his own name; and to him I am indebted for almoſt the whole of my information concerning the Gibbon family. From this ſmall work (a duodecimo of one hundred and ſixty-five pages) the author expected immortal fame: and at the concluſion of his labour he ſings, in a ſtrain of ſelf-exultation;

" Uſque huc corrigitur Romana Blaſonia per me;
" Verborumque dehinc barbara forma cadat.
" Hic liber, in meritum ſi forſitan incidet uſum,
" Teſtis rite meæ ſedulitatis erit.
" Quicquid agat Zoilus, ventura fatebitur ætas
" Artis quôd fueram non Clypearis inops."

Such are the hopes of authors! In the failure of thoſe hopes John Gibbon has not been the firſt of his profeſſion, and very poſſibly may not be the laſt of his name. His brother Matthew Gibbon, the draper, had one daughter and two ſons

ſons—my grandfather Edward, who was born in the year 1666, and Thomas, afterwards Dean of Carliſle. According to the mercantile creed, that the beſt book is a profitable ledger, the writings of John the herald would be much leſs precious, than thoſe of his nephew Edward: but an author profeſſes at leaſt to write for the public benefit; and the ſlow balance of trade can be pleaſing to thoſe perſons only, to whom it is advantageous. The ſucceſsful induſtry of my grandfather raiſed him above the level of his immediate anceſtors; he appears to have launched into various and extenſive dealings: even his opinions were ſubordinate to his intereſt; and I find him in Flanders clothing King William's troops, while he would have contracted with more pleaſure, though not perhaps at a cheaper rate, for the ſervice of King James. During his reſidence abroad, his concerns at home were managed by his mother Heſter, an active and notable woman. Her ſecond huſband was a widower, of the name of Acton: they united the children of their firſt nuptials. After his marriage with the daughter of Richard Acton, goldſmith in Leadenhall-ſtreet, he gave his own ſiſter to Sir Whitmore Acton, of Aldenham; and I am thus connected, by a triple alliance, with that ancient and loyal family of Shropſhire baronets. It conſiſted about that time of ſeven brothers, all of gigantic ſtature; one of whom, a pigmy of ſix feet two inches, confeſſed himſelf the laſt and leaſt of the ſeven; adding, in the true ſpirit of party, that ſuch men were not born ſince the Revolution. Under the Tory adminiſtration of the four laſt years of Queen Anne (1710—1714) Mr. Edward Gibbon was appointed one of the Commiſſioners of the Cuſtoms; he ſat at that Board with Prior: but the merchant was better qualified for his ſtation than the poet; ſince Lord Bolingbroke has been heard to declare, that he had never converſed with a man, who more clearly underſtood the commerce and finances of England. In the year 1716 he was elected one of the Directors of the South Sea Company; and his books exhibited the proof that, before his acceptance

ceptance of this fatal office, he had acquired an independent fortune of ſixty thouſand pounds.

But his fortune was overwhelmed in the ſhipwreck of the year twenty, and the labours of thirty years were blaſted in a ſingle day. Of the uſe or abuſe of the South Sea ſcheme, of the guilt or innocence of my grandfather and his brother Directors, I am neither a competent nor a diſintereſted judge. Yet the equity of modern times muſt condemn the violent and arbitrary proceedings, which would have diſgraced the cauſe of juſtice, and would render injuſtice ſtill more odious. No ſooner had the nation awakened from its golden dream, than a popular and even a parliamentary clamour demanded their victims: but it was acknowledged on all ſides that the South Sea Directors, however guilty, could not be touched by any known laws of the land. The ſpeech of Lord Moleſworth, the author of the State of Denmark, may ſhew the temper, or rather the intemperance, of the Houſe of Commons. "Extraordinary crimes (exclaimed that "ardent Whig) call aloud for extraordinary remedies. "The Roman lawgivers had not foreſeen the poſſible exiſ- "tence of a parricide: but as ſoon as the firſt monſter ap- "peared, he was ſown in a ſack, and caſt headlong into the "river; and I ſhall be content to inflict the ſame treatment "on the authors of our preſent ruin." His motion was not literally adopted; but a bill of pains and penalties was introduced, a retroactive ſtatute, to puniſh the offences, which did not exiſt at the time they were committed. Such a pernicious violation of liberty and law can be excuſed only by the moſt imperious neceſſity; nor could it be defended on this occaſion by the plea of impending danger or uſeful example. The legiſlature reſtrained the perſons of the Directors, impoſed an exorbitant ſecurity for their appearance, and marked their characters with a previous note of ignominy: they were compelled to deliver, upon oath, the ſtrict value of their eſtates; and were diſabled from making any transfer or alienation of any part of their property. Againſt a bill of pains and penalties it is the common right

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of every ſubject to be heard by his counſel at the bar: they prayed to be heard; their prayer was refuſed; and their oppreſſors, who required no evidence, would liſten to no defence. It had been at firſt propoſed that one-eighth of their reſpective eſtates ſhould be allowed for the future ſupport of the Directors; but it was ſpeciouſly urged, that in the various ſhades of opulence and guilt ſuch an unequal proportion would be too light for many, and for ſome might poſſibly be too heavy. The character and conduct of each man were ſeparately weighed; but, inſtead of the calm ſolemnity of a judicial inquiry, the fortune and honour of three and thirty Engliſhmen were made the topic of haſty converſation, the ſport of a lawleſs majority; and the baſeſt member of the committee, by a malicious word or a ſilent vote, might indulge his general ſpleen or perſonal animoſity. Injury was aggravated by inſult, and inſult was embittered by pleaſantry. Allowances of twenty pounds, or one ſhilling, were facetiouſly moved. A vague report that a Director had formerly been concerned in *another* project, by which ſome unknown perſons had loſt their money, was admitted as a proof of his actual guilt. One man was ruined becauſe he had dropped a fooliſh ſpeech, that his horſes ſhould feed upon gold; another becauſe he was grown ſo proud, that, one day at the Treaſury, he had refuſed a civil anſwer to perſons much above him. All were condemned, abſent and unheard, in arbitrary fines and forfeitures, which ſwept away the greateſt part of their ſubſtance. Such bold oppreſſion can ſcarcely be ſhielded by the omnipotence of parliament: and yet it may be ſeriouſly queſtioned, whether the Judges of the South Sea Directors were the true and legal repreſentatives of their country. The firſt parliament of George the Firſt had been choſen (1715) for three years: the term had elapſed, their truſt was expired; and the four additional years (1718—1722), during which they continued to ſit, were derived not from the people, but from themſelves; from the ſtrong meaſure of the ſeptennial bill, which can only be paralleled by *il ſerar di conſiglio* of the Venetian

Venetian hiſtory. Yet candour will own that to the ſame parliament every Engliſhman is deeply indebted: the ſeptennial act, ſo vicious in its origin, has been ſanctioned by time, experience, and the national conſent. Its firſt operation ſecured the Houſe of Hanover on the throne, and its permanent influence maintains the peace and ſtability of government. As often as a repeal has been moved in the Houſe of Commons, I have given in its defence a clear and conſcientious vote.

My grandfather could not expect to be treated with more lenity than his companions. His Tory principles and connections rendered him obnoxious to the ruling powers: his name is reported in a ſuſpicious ſecret; and his well-known abilities could not plead the excuſe of ignorance or error. In the firſt proceedings againſt the South Sea Directors, Mr. Gibbon is one of the few who were taken into cuſtody; and, in the final ſentence, the meaſure of his fine proclaims him eminently guilty. The total eſtimate which he delivered on oath to the Houſe of Commons amounted to one hundred and ſix thouſand five hundred and forty-three pounds five ſhillings and ſix pence, excluſive of antecedent ſettlements. Two different allowances of fifteen and of ten thouſand pounds were moved for Mr. Gibbon; but, on the queſtion being put, it was carried without a diviſion for the ſmaller ſum. On theſe ruins, with the ſkill and credit, of which parliament had not been able to deſpoil him, my grandfather at a mature age erected the edifice of a new fortune: the labours of ſixteen years were amply rewarded; and I have reaſon to believe that the ſecond ſtructure was not much inferior to the firſt. He had realized a very conſiderable property in Suſſex, Hampſhire, Buckinghamſhire, and the New River Company; and had acquired a ſpacious houſe *, with gardens and lands, at Putney, in Surry, where he reſided in decent hoſpitality. He died in December 1736, at the age of ſeventy; and by his laſt will, at

* Since inhabited by Mr. Wood, Sir John Shelly, the Duke of Norfolk, &c. S.

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the expence of Edward, his only ſon, (with whoſe marriage he was not perfectly reconciled,) enriched his two daughters, Catherine and Heſter. The former became the wife of Mr. Edward Elliſton, an Eaſt India captain: their daughter and heireſs Catherine was married in the year 1756 to Edward Eliot, eſq. (now Lord Eliot), of Port Eliot, in the county of Cornwall; and their three ſons are my neareſt male relations on the father's ſide. A life of devotion and celibacy was the choice of my aunt, Mrs. Heſter Gibbon, who, at the age of eighty-five, ſtill reſides in a hermitage at Cliffe, in Northamptonſhire; having long ſurvived her ſpiritual guide and faithful companion Mr. William Law, who, at an advanced age, about the year 1761, died in her houſe. In our family he had left the reputation of a worthy and pious man, who believed all that he profeſſed, and practiſed all that he enjoined. The character of a nonjuror, which he maintained to the laſt, is a ſufficient evidence of his principles in church and ſtate; and the ſacrifice of intereſt to conſcience will be always reſpectable. His theological writings, which our domeſtic connection has tempted me to peruſe, preſerve an imperfect ſort of life, and I can pronounce with more confidence and knowledge on the merits of the author. His laſt compoſitions are darkly tinctured by the incomprehenſible viſions of Jacob Behmen; and his diſcourſe on the abſolute unlawfulneſs of ſtage-entertainments is ſometimes quoted for a ridiculous intemperance of ſentiment and language.—"The actors and "ſpectators muſt all be damned: the playhouſe is the porch "of Hell, the place of the Devil's abode, where he holds "his filthy court of evil ſpirits: a play is the Devil's tri-"umph, a ſacrifice performed to his glory, as much as in "the heathen temples of Bacchus or Venus, &c. &c." But theſe ſallies of religious phrenſy muſt not extinguiſh the praiſe, which is due to Mr. William Law as a wit and a ſcholar. His argument on topics of leſs abſurdity is ſpecious and acute, his manner is lively, his ſtyle forcible and clear; and, had not his vigorous mind been clouded by enthuſiaſm,

thuſiaſm, he might be ranked with the moſt agreeable and ingenious writers of the times. While the Bangorian controverſy was a faſhionable theme, he entered the liſts on the ſubject of Chriſt's kingdom, and the authority of the prieſthood: againſt the plain account of the ſacrament of the Lord's Supper he reſumed the combat with Biſhop Hoadley, the object of Whig idolatry, and Tory abhorrence; and at every weapon of attack and defence the nonjuror, on the ground which is common to both, approves himſelf at leaſt equal to the prelate. On the appearance of the Fable of the Bees, he drew his pen againſt the licentious doctrine that private vices are public benefits, and morality as well as religion muſt join in his applauſe. Mr. Law's maſter-work, the *Serious Call*, is ſtill read as a popular and powerful book of devotion. His precepts are rigid, but they are founded on the goſpel: his ſatire is ſharp, but it is drawn from the knowledge of human life; and many of his portraits are not unworthy of the pen of La Bruyere. If he finds a ſpark of piety in his reader's mind, he will ſoon kindle it to a flame; and a philoſopher muſt allow that he expoſes, with equal ſeverity and truth, the ſtrange contradiction between the faith and practice of the Chriſtian world. Under the names of Flavia and Miranda he has admirably deſcribed my two aunts—the heathen and the chriſtian ſiſter.

My father, Edward Gibbon, was born in October 1707: at the age of thirteen he could ſcarcely feel that he was diſinherited by act of parliament; and, as he advanced towards manhood, new proſpects of fortune opened to his view. A parent is moſt attentive to ſupply in his children the deficiencies, of which he is conſcious in himſelf: my grandfather's knowledge was derived from a ſtrong underſtanding, and the experience of the ways of men; but my father enjoyed the benefits of a liberal education as a ſcholar and a gentleman. At Weſtminſter School, and afterwards at Emanuel College in Cambridge, he paſſed through a regular courſe of academical diſcipline; and the care of his

his learning and morals was entrusted to his private tutor, the same Mr. William Law. But the mind of a saint is above or below the present world; and while the pupil proceeded on his travels, the tutor remained at Putney, the much-honoured friend and spiritual director of the whole family. My father resided some time at Paris to acquire the fashionable exercises; and as his temper was warm and social, he indulged in those pleasures, for which the strictness of his former education had given him a keener relish. He afterwards visited several provinces of France; but his excursions were neither long nor remote; and the slender knowledge, which he had gained of the French language, was gradually obliterated. His passage through Besançon is marked by a singular consequence in the chain of human events. In a dangerous illness Mr. Gibbon was attended, at his own request, by one of his kinsmen of the name of Acton, the younger brother of a younger brother, who had applied himself to the study of physic. During the slow recovery of his patient, the physician himself was attacked by the malady of love: he married his mistress, renounced his country and religion, settled at Besançon, and became the father of three sons; the eldest of whom, General Acton, is conspicuous in Europe as the principal Minister of the King of the Two Sicilies. By an uncle whom another stroke of fortune had transplanted to Leghorn, he was educated in the naval service of the Emperor; and his valour and conduct in the command of the Tuscan frigates protected the retreat of the Spaniards from Algiers. On my father's return to England he was chosen, in the general election of 1734, to serve in parliament for the borough of Petersfield; a burgage tenure, of which my grandfather possessed a weighty share, till he alienated (I know not why) such important property. In the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole and the Pelhams, prejudice and society connected his son with the Tories,—shall I say Jacobites? or, as they were pleased to style themselves, the country gentlemen? with them he gave many a vote; with them he drank many a bottle.

a bottle. Without acquiring the fame of an orator or a ſtateſman, he eagerly joined in the great oppoſition, which, after a ſeven years chaſe, hunted down Sir Robert Walpole: and in the purſuit of an unpopular miniſter, he gratified a private revenge againſt the oppreſſor of his family in the South Sea perſecution.

I was born at Putney, in the county of Surry, the 27th of April, O. S. in the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-ſeven; the firſt child of the marriage of Edward Gibbon, eſq. and of Judith Porten*. My lot might have been that of a ſlave, a ſavage, or a peaſant; nor can I reflect without pleaſure on the bounty of Nature, which caſt my birth in a free and civilized country, in an age of ſcience and philoſophy, in a family of honourable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune. From my birth I have enjoyed the right of primogeniture; but I was ſucceeded by five brothers and one ſiſter, all of whom were ſnatched away in their infancy. My five brothers, whoſe names may be found in the pariſh regiſter of Putney, I ſhall not pretend to lament: but from my childhood to the preſent hour I have deeply and ſincerely regretted my ſiſter, whoſe life was ſomewhat prolonged, and whom I remember to have ſeen an amiable infant. The relation of a brother and a ſiſter, eſpecially if they do not marry, appears to me of a very ſingular nature. It is a familiar and tender friendſhip with a female, much about our own age; an affection perhaps ſoftened by the ſecret influence of ſex, but pure from any mixture of ſenſual deſire, the ſole ſpecies of Platonic love that can be indulged with truth, and without danger.

* The union to which I owe my birth was a marriage of inclination and eſteem. Mr. James Porten, a merchant of London, reſided with his family at Putney, in a houſe adjoining to the bridge and church-yard, where I have paſſed many happy hours of my childhood. He left one ſon (the late Sir Stanier Porten) and three daughters: Catherine, who preſerved her maiden name, and of whom I ſhall hereafter ſpeak; another daughter married Mr. Darrel of Richmond, and left two ſons, Edward and Robert: the youngeſt of the three ſiſters was Judith, my mother.

At the general election of 1741, Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Delmé ſtood an expenſive and ſucceſsful conteſt at Southampton, againſt Mr. Dummer and Mr. Henly, afterwards Lord Chancellor and Earl of Northington. The Whig candidates had a majority of the reſident voters; but the corporation was firm in the Tory intereſt: a ſudden creation of one hundred and ſeventy new freemen turned the ſcale; and a ſupply was readily obtained of reſpectable volunteers, who flocked from all parts of England to ſupport the cauſe of their political friends. The new parliament opened with the victory of an oppoſition, which was fortified by ſtrong clamour and ſtrange coalitions. From the event of the firſt diviſions, Sir Robert Walpole perceived that he could no longer lead a majority in the Houſe of Commons, and prudently reſigned (after a dominion of one and twenty years) the guidance of the ſtate (1742). But the fall of an unpopular miniſter was not ſucceeded, according to general expectation, by a millenium of happineſs and virtue: ſome courtiers loſt their places, ſome patriots loſt their characters, Lord Orford's offences vaniſhed with his power; and after a ſhort vibration, the Pelham government was fixed on the old baſis of the Whig ariſtocracy. In the year 1745, the throne and the conſtitution were attacked by a rebellion, which does not reflect much honour on the national ſpirit: ſince the Engliſh friends of the Pretender wanted courage to join his ſtandard, and his enemies (the bulk of the people) allowed him to advance into the heart of the kingdom. Without daring, perhaps without deſiring, to aid the rebels, my father invariably adhered to the Tory oppoſition. In the moſt critical ſeaſon he accepted, for the ſervice of the party, the office of alderman in the city of London: but the duties were ſo repugnant to his inclination and habits, that he reſigned his gown at the end of a few months. The ſecond parliament in which he ſat was prematurely diſſolved (1747): and as he was unable or unwilling to maintain a ſecond conteſt for Southampton, the life of the ſenator expired in that diſſolution.

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The death of a new-born child before that of its parents may ſeem an unnatural, but it is ſtrictly a probable, event: ſince of any given number the greater part are extinguiſhed before their ninth year, before they poſſeſs the faculties of the mind or body. Without accuſing the profuſe waſte or imperfect workmanſhip of Nature, I ſhall only obſerve, that this unfavourable chance was multiplied againſt my infant exiſtence. So feeble was my conſtitution, ſo precarious my life, that, in the baptiſm of each of my brothers, my father's prudence ſucceſſively repeated my chriſtian name of Edward, that, in caſe of the departure of the eldeſt ſon, this patronymick appellation might be ſtill perpetuated in the family.

——— Uno avulſo non deficit alter.

To preſerve and to rear ſo frail a being, the moſt tender aſſiduity was ſcarcely ſufficient; and my mother's attention was ſomewhat diverted by her frequent pregnancies, by an excluſive paſſion for her huſband, and by the diſſipation of the world, in which his taſte and authority obliged her to mingle. But the maternal office was ſupplied by my aunt, Mrs. Catherine Porten; at whoſe name I feel a tear of gratitude trickling down my cheek. A life of celibacy transferred her vacant affection to her ſiſter's firſt child: my weakneſs excited her pity; her attachment was fortified by labour and ſucceſs: and if there be any, as I truſt there are ſome, who rejoice that I live, to that dear and excellent woman they muſt hold themſelves indebted. Many anxious and ſolitary days did ſhe conſume in the patient trial of every mode of relief and amuſement. Many wakeful nights did ſhe ſit by my bed-ſide in trembling expectation that each hour would be my laſt. Of the various and frequent diſorders of my childhood my own recollection is dark; nor do I wiſh to expatiate on ſo diſguſting a topic. Suffice it to ſay, that while every practitioner, from Sloane and Ward to the Chevalier Taylor, was ſucceſſively ſummoned to torture or relieve me, the care of my mind was too frequently neglected for that of my health: compaſſion always ſuggeſted

an excuſe for the indulgence of the maſter, or the idleneſs of the pupil; and the chain of my education was broken, as often as I was recalled from the ſchool of learning to the bed of ſickneſs.

As ſoon as the uſe of ſpeech had prepared my infant reaſon for the admiſſion of knowledge, I was taught the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic. So remote is the date, ſo vague is the memory of their origin in myſelf, that, were not the error corrected by analogy, I ſhould be tempted to conceive them as innate. In my childhood I was praiſed for the readineſs, with which I could multiply and divide, by memory alone, two ſums of ſeveral figures: ſuch praiſe encouraged my growing talent; and had I perſevered in this line of application, I might have acquired ſome fame in mathematical ſtudies.

After this previous inſtitution at home, or at a day-ſchool at Putney, I was delivered at the age of ſeven into the hands of Mr. John Kirkby, who exerciſed about eighteen months the office of my domeſtic tutor. His own words, which I ſhall here tranſcribe, inſpire in his favour a ſentiment of pity and eſteem.—"During my abode in my native county of "Cumberland, in quality of an indigent curate, I uſed "now-and-then in a Summer, when the pleaſantneſs of the "ſeaſon invited, to take a ſolitary walk to the ſea-ſhore, "which lies about two miles from the town where I lived. "Here I would amuſe myſelf, one while in viewing at large "the agreeable proſpect which ſurrounded me, and another "while (confining my ſight to nearer objects) in admiring "the vaſt variety of beautiful ſhells, thrown upon the "beach; ſome of the choiceſt of which I always picked up, "to divert my little ones upon my return. One time "among the reſt, taking ſuch a journey in my head, I ſat "down upon the declivity of the beach with my face to the "ſea, which was now come up within a few yards of my "feet; when immediately the ſad thoughts of the wretched "condition of my family, and the unſucceſsfulneſs of all "endeavours to amend it, came crowding into my mind,

"which

which drove me into a deep melancholy, and ever and anon "forced tears from my eyes." Diſtreſs at laſt forced him to leave the country. His learning and virtue introduced him to my father; and at Putney he might have found at leaſt a temporary ſhelter, had not an act of indiſcretion again driven him into the world. One day reading prayers in the pariſh church, he moſt unluckily forgot the name of King George: his patron, a loyal ſubject, diſmiſſed him with ſome reluctance, and a decent reward; and *how* the poor man ended his days I have never been able to learn. Mr. John Kirkby is the author of two ſmall volumes; the Life of Automathes (London, 1745), and an Engliſh and Latin Grammar (London, 1746); which, as a teſtimony of gratitude, he dedicated (November 5th, 1745) to my father. The books are before me: from them the pupil may judge the preceptor; and, upon the whole, his judgment will not be unfavourable. The grammar is executed with accuracy and ſkill, and I know not whether any better exiſted at the time in our language: but the life of Automathes aſpires to the honours of a philoſophical fiction. It is the ſtory of a youth, the ſon of a ſhipwrecked exile, who lives alone on a deſert iſland from infancy to the age of manhood. A hind is his nurſe; he inherits a cottage, with many uſeful and curious inſtruments; ſome ideas remain of the education of his two firſt years; ſome arts are borrowed from the beavers of a neighbouring lake; ſome truths are revealed in ſupernatural viſions. With theſe helps, and his own induſtry, Automathes becomes a ſelf-taught though ſpecchleſs philoſopher, who had inveſtigated with ſucceſs his own mind, the natural world, the abſtract ſciences, and the great principles of morality and religion. The author is not entitled to the merit of invention, ſince he has blended the Engliſh ſtory of Robinſon Cruſoe with the Arabian romance of Hai Ebn Yokhdan, which he might have read in the Latin verſion of Pocock. In the Automathes I cannot praiſe either the depth of thought or elegance of ſtyle; but the book is not devoid of entertainment or inſtruction;

and

and among several interesting passages, I would select the discovery of fire, which produces by accidental mischief the discovery of conscience. A man who had thought so much on the subjects of language and education was surely no ordinary preceptor: my childish years, and his hasty departure, prevented me from enjoying the full benefit of his lessons; but they enlarged my knowledge of arithmetic, and left me a clear impression of the English and Latin rudiments.

In my ninth year (January 1746), in a lucid interval of comparative health, my father adopted the convenient and customary mode of English education; and I was sent to Kingston upon Thames, to a school of about seventy boys, which was kept by Dr. Wooddeson and his assistants. Every time I have since passed over Putney Common, I have always noticed the spot where my mother, as we drove along in the coach, admonished me that I was now going into the world, and must learn to think and act for myself. The expression may appear ludicrous; yet there is not, in the course of life, a more remarkable change than the removal of a child from the luxury and freedom of a wealthy house, to the frugal diet and strict subordination of a school; from the tenderness of parents, and the obsequiousness of servants, to the rude familiarity of his equals, the insolent tyranny of his seniors, and the rod, perhaps, of a cruel and capricious pedagogue. Such hardships may steel the mind and body against the injuries of fortune; but my timid reserve was astonished by the crowd and tumult of the school; the want of strength and activity disqualified me for the sports of the play-field; nor have I forgotten how often in the year forty-six I was reviled and buffetted for the sins of my Tory ancestors. By the common methods of discipline, at the expence of many tears and some blood, I purchased the knowledge of the Latin syntax; and not long since I was possessed of the dirty volumes of Phædrus and Cornelius Nepos, which I painfully construed and darkly understood. The choice of these authors is not injudicious. The

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lives of Cornelius Nepos, the friend of Atticus and Cicero, are compoſed in the ſtyle of the pureſt age: his ſimplicity is elegant, his brevity copious: he exhibits a ſeries of men and manners; and with ſuch illuſtrations, as every pedant is not indeed qualified to give, this claſſic biographer may initiate a young ſtudent in the hiſtory of Greece and Rome. The uſe of fables or apologues has been approved in every age from antient India to modern Europe. They convey in familiar images the truths of morality and prudence; and the moſt childiſh underſtanding (I advert to the ſcruples of Rouſſeau) will not ſuppoſe either that beaſts *do* ſpeak, or that men *may* lie. A fable repreſents the genuine characters of animals; and a ſkilful maſter might extract from Pliny and Buffon ſome pleaſing leſſons of natural hiſtory, a ſcience well adapted to the taſte and capacity of children. The Latinity of Phædrus is not exempt from an alloy of the ſilver age; but his manner is conciſe, terſe, and ſententious: the Thracian ſlave diſcreetly breathes the ſpirit of a freeman; and when the text is ſound, the ſtyle is perſpicuous. But his fables, after a long oblivion, were firſt publiſhed by Peter Pithou, from a corrupt manuſcript. The labours of fifty editors confeſs the defects of the copy as well as the value of the original; and the ſchool-boy may have been whipt for miſapprehending a paſſage, which Bentley could not reſtore, and which Burman could not explain.

My ſtudies were too frequently interrupted by ſickneſs; and after a real or nominal reſidence at Kingſton-ſchool of near two years, I was finally recalled (December 1747) by my mother's death, which was occaſioned, in her thirty-eighth year, by the conſequences of her laſt labour. I was too young to feel the importance of my loſs; and the image of her perſon and converſation is faintly imprinted in my memory. The affectionate heart of my aunt, Catherine Porten, bewailed a ſiſter and a friend; but my poor father was inconſolable, and the tranſport of grief ſeemed to threaten his life or his reaſon. I can never forget the ſcene

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of our firſt interview, ſome weeks after the fatal event; the awful ſilence, the room hung with black, the mid-day tapers, his ſighs and tears; his praiſes of my mother, a ſaint in heaven; his ſolemn adjuration that I would cheriſh her memory and imitate her virtues; and the fervor with which he kiſſed and bleſſed me as the ſole ſurviving pledge of their loves. The ſtorm of paſſion inſenſibly ſubſided into calmer melancholy. At a convivial meeting of his friends, Mr. Gibbon might affect or enjoy a gleam of cheerfulneſs; but his plan of happineſs was for ever deſtroyed: and after the loſs of his companion he was left alone in a world, of which the buſineſs and pleaſures were to him irkſome or inſipid. After ſome unſucceſsful trials he renounced the tumult of London and the hoſpitality of Putney, and buried himſelf in the rural or rather ruſtic ſolitude of Buriton; from which, during ſeveral years, he ſeldom emerged.

As far back as I can remember, the houſe, near Putney-bridge and church-yard, of my maternal grandfather appears in the light of my proper and native home. It was there that I was allowed to ſpend the greateſt part of my time, in ſickneſs or in health, during my ſchool vacations and my parents' reſidence in London; and finally after my mother's death. Three months after that event, in the ſpring of 1748, the commercial ruin of her father, Mr. James Porten, was accompliſhed and declared. He ſuddenly abſconded: but as his effects were not ſold, nor the houſe evacuated, till the Chriſtmas following, I enjoyed during the whole year the ſociety of my aunt, without much conſciouſneſs of her impending fate. I feel a melancholy pleaſure in repeating my obligations to that excellent woman, Mrs. Catherine Porten, the true mother of my mind as well as of my health. Her natural good ſenſe was improved by the peruſal of the beſt books in the Engliſh language; and if her reaſon was ſometimes clouded by prejudice, her ſentiments were never diſguiſed by hypocriſy or affectation. Her indulgent tenderneſs, the frankneſs of her temper, and my innate riſing curioſity, ſoon removed all diſtance between

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us: like friends of an equal age, we freely converſed on every topic, familiar or abſtruſe; and it was her delight and reward to obſerve the firſt ſhoots of my young ideas. Pain and languor were often ſoothed by the voice of inſtruction and amuſement; and to her kind leſſons I aſcribe my early and invincible love of reading, which I would not exchange for the treaſures of India. I ſhould perhaps be aſtoniſhed, were it poſſible to aſcertain the date, at which a favourite tale was engraved, by frequent repetition, in my memory: the Cavern of the Winds; the Palace of Felicity; and the fatal moment, at the end of three months or centuries, when Prince Adolphus is overtaken by Time, who had worn out ſo many pair of wings in the purſuit. Before I left Kingſton ſchool I was well acquainted with Pope's Homer and the Arabian Nights Entertainments, two books which will always pleaſe by the moving picture of human manners and ſpecious miracles: nor was I then capable of diſcerning that Pope's tranſlation is a portrait endowed with every merit, excepting that of likeneſs to the original. The verſes of Pope accuſtomed my ear to the ſound of Poetic harmony: in the death of Hector, and the ſhipwreck of Ulyſſes, I taſted the new emotions of terror and pity; and ſeriouſly diſputed with my aunt on the vices and virtues of the heroes of the Trojan war. From Pope's Homer to Dryden's Virgil was an eaſy tranſition; but I know not how, from ſome fault in the author, the tranſlator, or the reader, the pious Æneas did not ſo forcibly ſeize on my imagination; and I derived more pleaſure from Ovid's Metamorphoſes, eſpecially in the fall of Phæton, and the ſpeeches of Ajax and Ulyſſes. My grandfather's flight unlocked the door of a tolerable library; and I turned over many Engliſh pages of poetry and romance, of hiſtory and travels. Where a title attracted my eye, without fear or awe I ſnatched the volume from the ſhelf; and Mrs. Porten, who indulged herſelf in moral and religious ſpeculations, was more prone to encourage than to check a curioſity above the ſtrength of a boy.

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This year (1748), the twelfth of my age, I ſhall note as the moſt propitious to the growth of my intellectual ſtature.

The relics of my grandfather's fortune afforded a bare annuity for his own maintenance; and his daughter, my worthy aunt, who had already paſſed her fortieth year, was left deſtitute. Her noble ſpirit ſcorned a life of obligation and dependence; and after revolving ſeveral ſchemes, ſhe preferred the humble induſtry of keeping a boarding-houſe for Weſtminſter-ſchool*, where ſhe laboriouſly earned a competence for her old age. This ſingular opportunity of blending the advantages of private and public education decided my father. After the Chriſtmas holidays in January 1749, I accompanied Mrs. Porten to her new houſe in College-ſtreet; and was immediately entered in the ſchool, of which Dr. John Nicoll was at that time head-maſter. At firſt I was alone: but my aunt's reſolution was praiſed; her character was eſteemed; her friends were numerous and active: in the courſe of ſome years ſhe became the mother of forty or fifty boys, for the moſt part of family and fortune; and as her primitive habitation was too narrow, ſhe built and occupied a ſpacious manſion in Dean's Yard. I ſhall always be ready to join in the common opinion, that our public ſchools, which have produced ſo many eminent characters, are the beſt adapted to the genius and conſtitution of the Engliſh people. A boy of ſpirit may acquire a previous and practical experience of the world; and his playfellows may be the future friends of his heart or his intereſt. In a free intercourſe with his equals, the habits of truth, fortitude, and prudence will inſenſibly be matured. Birth and riches are meaſured by the ſtandard of perſonal merit; and the mimic ſcene of a rebellion has diſplayed, in their true colours, the miniſters and patriots of the riſing generation. Our ſeminaries of learning do not exactly correſpond with the precept of a Spartan king, "that the child ſhould be inſtructed

* It is ſaid in the family, that ſhe was principally induced to this undertaking by her affection for her nephew, whoſe weak conſtitution required her conſtant and unremitted attention. S.

"ſtructed in the arts, which will be uſeful to the man;" ſince a finiſhed ſcholar may emerge from the head of Weſtminſter or Eton, in total ignorance of the buſineſs and converſation of Engliſh gentlemen in the latter end of the eighteenth century. But theſe ſchools may aſſume the merit of teaching all that they pretend to teach, the Latin and Greek languages: they depoſit in the hands of a diſciple the keys of two valuable cheſts; nor can he complain, if they are afterwards loſt or neglected by his own fault. The neceſſity of leading in equal ranks ſo many unequal powers of capacity and application, will prolong to eight or ten years the juvenile ſtudies, which might be diſpatched in half that time by the ſkilful maſter of a ſingle pupil. Yet even the repetition of exerciſe and diſcipline contributes to fix in a vacant mind the verbal ſcience of grammar and proſody: and the private or voluntary ſtudent, who poſſeſſes the ſenſe and ſpirit of the claſſics, may offend, by a falſe quantity, the ſcrupulous ear of a well-flogged critic. For myſelf, I muſt be content with a very ſmall ſhare of the civil and literary fruits of a public ſchool. In the ſpace of two years (1749, 1750), interrupted by danger and debility, I painfully climbed into the third form; and my riper age was left to acquire the beauties of the Latin, and the rudiments of the Greek tongue. Inſtead of audaciouſly mingling in the ſports, the quarrels, and the connections of our little world, I was ſtill cheriſhed at home under the maternal wing of my aunt; and my removal from Weſtminſter long preceded the approach of manhood.

The violence and variety of my complaints, which had excuſed my frequent abſence from Weſtminſter-ſchool, at length engaged Mrs. Porten, with the advice of phyſicians, to conduct me to Bath: at the end of the Michaelmas vacation (1750) ſhe quitted me with reluctance, and I remained ſeveral months under the care of a truſty maid-ſervant. A ſtrange nervous affection, which alternately contracted my legs, and produced, without any viſible ſymptoms, the moſt excruciating pain, was ineffectually oppoſed by the various methods

methods of bathing and pumping. From Bath I was tranſported to Wincheſter, to the houſe of a phyſician; and after the failure of his medical ſkill, we had again recourſe to the virtues of the Bath waters. During the intervals of theſe fits, I moved with my father to Buriton and Putney; and a ſhort unſucceſsful trial was attempted to renew my attendance at Weſtminſter-ſchool. But my infirmities could not be reconciled with the hours and diſcipline of a public ſeminary; and inſtead of a domeſtic tutor, who might have watched the favourable moments, and gently advanced the progreſs of my learning, my father was too eaſily content with ſuch occaſional teachers, as the different places of my reſidence could ſupply. I was never forced, and ſeldom was I perſuaded, to admit theſe leſſons: yet I read with a clergyman at Bath ſome odes of Horace, and ſeveral epiſodes of Virgil, which gave me an imperfect and tranſient enjoyment of the Latin poets. It might now be apprehended that I ſhould continue for life an illiterate cripple: but, as I approached my ſixteenth year, Nature diſplayed in my favour her myſterious energies; my conſtitution was fortified and fixed; and my diſorders, inſtead of growing with my growth and ſtrengthening with my ſtrength, moſt wonderfully vaniſhed. I have never poſſeſſed or abuſed the inſolence of health: but ſince that time few perſons have been more exempt from real or imaginary ills; and, till I am admoniſhed by the gout, the reader will no more be troubled with the hiſtory of my bodily complaints. My unexpected recovery again encouraged the hope of my education; and I was placed at Eſher, in Surry, in the houſe of the Reverend Mr. Philip Francis, in a pleaſant ſpot, which promiſed to unite the various benefits of air, exerciſe, and ſtudy (January 1752). The tranſlator of Horace might have taught me to reliſh the Latin poets, had not my friends diſcovered in a few weeks, that he preferred the pleaſures of London, to the inſtruction of his pupils. My father's perplexity at this time, rather than his prudence, was urged to embrace a ſingular and deſperate meaſure. Without preparation or

delay

delay he carried me to Oxford; and I was matriculated in the univerſity as a gentleman commoner of Magdalen college, before I had accompliſhed the fifteenth year of my age (April 3, 1752).

The curioſity, which had been implanted in my infant mind, was ſtill alive and active; but my reaſon was not ſufficiently informed to underſtand the value, or to lament the loſs, of three precious years from my entrance at Weſtminſter to my admiſſion at Oxford. Inſtead of repining at my long and frequent confinement to the chamber or the couch, I ſecretly rejoiced in thoſe infirmities, which delivered me from the exerciſes of the ſchool, and the ſociety of my equals. As often as I was tolerably exempt from danger and pain, reading, free deſultory reading, was the employment and comfort of my ſolitary hours. At Weſtminſter, my aunt ſought only to amuſe and indulge me; in my ſtations at Bath and Wincheſter, at Buriton and Putney, a falſe compaſſion reſpected my ſufferings; and I was allowed, without controul or advice, to gratify the wanderings of an unripe taſte. My indiſcriminate appetite ſubſided by degrees in the *hiſtoric* line: and ſince philoſophy has exploded all innate ideas and natural propenſities, I muſt aſcribe this choice to the aſſiduous peruſal of the Univerſal Hiſtory, as the octavo volumes ſucceſſively appeared. This unequal work, and a treatiſe of Hearne, the *Ductor hiſtoricus*, referred and introduced me to the Greek and Roman hiſtorians, to as many at leaſt as were acceſſible to an Engliſh reader. All that I could find were greedily devoured, from Littlebury's lame Herodotus, and Spelman's valuable Xenophon, to the pompous folios of Gordon's Tacitus, and a ragged Procopius of the beginning of the laſt century. The cheap acquiſition of ſo much knowledge confirmed my diſlike to the ſtudy of languages; and I argued with Mrs. Porten, that, were I maſter of Greek and Latin, I muſt interpret to myſelf in Engliſh the thoughts of the original, and that ſuch extemporary verſions muſt be inferior to the elaborate tranſlations of profeſſed ſcholars; a ſilly ſophiſm, which could not eaſily be confuted by

by a person ignorant of any other language than her own. From the ancient I leaped to the modern world: many crude lumps of Speed, Rapin, Mezeray, Davila, Machiavel, Father Paul, Bower, &c. I devoured like so many novels; and I swallowed with the same voracious appetite the descriptions of India and China, of Mexico and Peru.

My first introduction to the historic scenes, which have since engaged so many years of my life, must be ascribed to an accident. In the summer of 1751, I accompanied my father on a visit to Mr. Hoare's, in Wiltshire; but I was less delighted with the beauties of Stourhead, than with discovering in the library a common book, the Continuation of Echard's Roman History, which is indeed executed with more skill and taste than the previous work. To me the reigns of the successors of Constantine were absolutely new; and I was immersed in the passage of the Goths over the Danube, when the summons of the dinner-bell reluctantly dragged me from my intellectual feast. This transient glance served rather to irritate than to appease my curiosity; and as soon as I returned to Bath I procured the second and third volumes of Howell's History of the World, which exhibit the Byzantine period on a larger scale. Mahomet and his Saracens soon fixed my attention; and some instinct of criticism directed me to the genuine sources. Simon Ockley, an original in every sense, first opened my eyes; and I was led from one book to another, till I had ranged round the circle of Oriental history. Before I was sixteen, I had exhausted all that could be learned in English of the Arabs and Persians, the Tartars and Turks; and the same ardour urged me to guess at the French of D'Herbelot, and to construe the barbarous Latin of Pocock's Abulfaragius. Such vague and multifarious reading could not teach me to think, to write, or to act; and the only principle, that darted a ray of light into the indigested chaos, was an early and rational application to the order of time and place. The maps of Cellarius and Wells imprinted in my mind the picture of ancient geography: from Stranchius I imbibed the elements

of

of chronology: the Tables of Helvicus and Anderſon, the Annals of Uſher and Prideaux, diſtinguiſhed the connection of events, and engraved the multitude of names and dates in a clear and indelible ſeries. But in the diſcuſſion of the firſt ages I overleaped the bounds of modeſty and uſe. In my childiſh balance I preſumed to weigh the ſyſtems of Scaliger and Petavius, of Marſham and Newton, which I could ſeldom ſtudy in the originals; and my ſleep has been diſturbed by the difficulty of reconciling the Septuagint with the Hebrew computation. I arrived at Oxford with a ſtock of erudition, that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance, of which a ſchool-boy would have been aſhamed.

At the concluſion of this firſt period of my life, I am tempted to enter a proteſt againſt the trite and laviſh praiſe of the happineſs of our boyiſh years, which is echoed with ſo much affectation in the world. That happineſs I have never known, that time I have never regretted; and were my poor aunt ſtill alive, ſhe would bear teſtimony to the early and conſtant uniformity of my ſentiments. It will indeed be replied, that *I* am not a competent judge; that pleaſure is incompatible with pain; that joy is excluded from ſickneſs; and that the felicity of a ſchool-boy conſiſts in the perpetual motion of thoughtleſs and playful agility, in which I was never qualified to excel. My name, it is moſt true, could never be enrolled among the ſprightly race, the idle progeny of Eton or Weſtminſter,

> " Who foremoſt may delight to cleave,
> " With pliant arm, the glaſſy wave,
> " Or urge the flying ball."

The poet may gaily deſcribe the ſhort hours of recreation; but he forgets the daily tedious labours of the ſchool, which is approached each morning with anxious and reluctant ſteps.

A traveller, who viſits Oxford or Cambridge, is ſurpriſed and edified by the apparent order and tranquillity that prevail in the ſeats of the Engliſh muſes. In the moſt celebrated univerſities of Holland, Germany, and Italy, the ſtudents,

dents, who swarm from different countries, are loosely dispersed in private lodgings at the houses of the burghers: they dress according to their fancy and fortune; and in the intemperate quarrels of youth and wine, their *swords*, though less frequently than of old, are sometimes stained with each other's blood. The use of arms is banished from our English universities; the uniform habit of the academics, the square cap, and black gown, is adapted to the civil and even clerical profession; and from the doctor in divinity to the under-graduate, the degrees of learning and age are externally distinguished. Instead of being scattered in a town, the students of Oxford and Cambridge are united in colleges; their maintenance is provided at their own expence, or that of the founders; and the stated hours of the hall and chapel represent the discipline of a regular, and, as it were, a religious community. The eyes of the traveller are attracted by the size or beauty of the public edifices; and the principal colleges appear to be so many palaces, which a liberal nation has erected and endowed for the habitation of science. My own introduction to the university of Oxford forms a new æra in my life; and at the distance of forty years I still remember my first emotions of surprise and satisfaction. In my fifteenth year I felt myself suddenly raised from a boy to a man: the persons, whom I respected as my superiors in age and academical rank, entertained me with every mark of attention and civility; and my vanity was flattered by the velvet cap and silk gown, which distinguish a gentleman commoner from a plebeian student. A decent allowance, more money than a school-boy had ever seen, was at my own disposal; and I might command, among the tradesmen of Oxford, an indefinite and dangerous latitude of credit. A key was delivered into my hands, which gave me the free use of a numerous and learned library; my apartment consisted of three elegant and well-furnished rooms in the new building, a stately pile, of Magdalen College; and the adjacent walks, had they been frequented by Plato's disciples, might have been compared to the Attic shade

shade on the banks of the Ilissus. Such was the fair prospect of my entrance (April 3, 1752) into the university of Oxford.

A venerable prelate, whose taste and erudition must reflect honour on the society in which they were formed, has drawn a very interesting picture of his academical life.—"I was educated (says Bishop Lowth) in the UNIVERSITY "OF OXFORD. I enjoyed all the advantages, both public "and private, which that famous seat of learning so largely "affords. I spent many years in that illustrious society, in "a well-regulated course of useful discipline and studies, "and in the agreeable and improving commerce of gentlemen and of scholars; in a society where emulation without "envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity, incited industry, and awakened genius; where a "liberal pursuit of knowledge, and a genuine freedom of "thought, was raised, encouraged, and pushed forward by "example, by commendation, and by authority. I breathed the same atmosphere that the HOOKERS, the CHILLINGWORTHS, and the LOCKES had breathed before; "whose benevolence and humanity were as extensive as "their vast genius and comprehensive knowledge; who "always treated their adversaries with civility and respect; "who made candour, moderation, and liberal judgment as "much the rule and law as the subject of their discourse. "And do you reproach me with my education in this place, "and with my relation to this most respectable body, which "I shall always esteem my greatest advantage and my highest "honour?" I transcribe with pleasure this eloquent passage, without examining what benefits or what rewards were derived by Hooker, or Chillingworth, or Locke, from their academical institution; without inquiring, whether in this angry controversy the spirit of Lowth himself is purified from the intolerant zeal, which Warburton had ascribed to the genius of the place. It may indeed be observed, that the atmosphere of Oxford did not agree with Mr. Locke's constitution, and that the philosopher justly despised the aca-

demical bigots, who expelled his perſon and condemned his principles. The expreſſion of gratitude is a virtue and a pleaſure: a liberal mind will delight to cheriſh and celebrate the memory of its parents; and the teachers of ſcience are the parents of the mind. I applaud the filial piety, which it is impoſſible for me to imitate; ſince I muſt not confeſs an imaginary debt, to aſſume the merit of a juſt or generous retribution. To the univerſity of Oxford *I* acknowledge no obligation; and ſhe will as chearfully renounce me for a ſon, as I am willing to diſclaim her for a mother. I ſpent fourteen months at Magdalen College; they proved the fourteen months the moſt idle and unprofitable of my whole life: the reader will pronounce between the ſchool and the ſcholar; but I cannot affect to believe that Nature had diſqualified me for all literary purſuits. The ſpecious and ready excuſe of my tender age, imperfect preparation, and haſty departure, may doubtleſs be alleged; nor do I wiſh to defraud ſuch excuſes of their proper weight. Yet in my ſixteenth year I was not devoid of capacity or application; even my childiſh reading had diſplayed an early though blind propenſity for books; and the ſhallow flood might have been taught to flow in a deep channel and a clear ſtream. In the diſcipline of a well-conſtituted academy, under the guidance of ſkilful and vigilant profeſſors, I ſhould gradually have riſen from tranſlations to originals, from the Latin to the Greek claſſics, from dead languages to living ſcience: my hours would have been occupied by uſeful and agreeable ſtudies, the wanderings of fancy would have been reſtrained, and I ſhould have eſcaped the temptations of idleneſs, which finally precipitated my departure from Oxford.

Perhaps in a ſeparate annotation I may coolly examine the fabulous and real antiquities of our ſiſter univerſities, a queſtion which has kindled ſuch fierce and fooliſh diſputes among their fanatic ſons. In the mean while it will be acknowledged, that theſe venerable bodies are ſufficiently old to partake of all the prejudices and infirmities

ties of age. The schools of Oxford and Cambridge were founded in a dark age of false and barbarous science; and they are still tainted with the vices of their origin. Their primitive discipline was adapted to the education of priests and monks; and the government still remains in the hands of the clergy, an order of men whose manners are remote from the present world, and whose eyes are dazzled by the light of philosophy. The legal incorporation of these societies by the charters of popes and kings had given them a monopoly of the public instruction; and the spirit of monopolists is narrow, lazy, and oppressive: their work is more costly and less productive than that of independent artists; and the new improvements so eagerly grasped by the competition of freedom, are admitted with slow and sullen reluctance in those proud corporations, above the fear of a rival, and below the confession of an error. We may scarcely hope that any reformation will be a voluntary act; and so deeply are they rooted in law and prejudice, that even the omnipotence of parliament would shrink from an inquiry into the state and abuses of the two universities.

The use of academical degrees, as old as the thirteenth century, is visibly borrowed from the mechanic corporations; in which an apprentice, after serving his time, obtains a testimonial of his skill, and a license to practise his trade and mystery. It is not my design to depreciate those honours, which could never gratify or disappoint my ambition; and I should applaud the institution, if the degrees of batchelor or licentiate were bestowed as the reward of manly and successful study: if the name and rank of doctor or master were strictly reserved for the professors of science, who have approved their title to the public esteem.

In all the universities of Europe, excepting our own, the languages and sciences are distributed among a numerous list of effective professors: the students, according to their taste, their calling, and their diligence, apply

themſelves to the proper maſters; and in the annual repetition of public and private lectures, theſe maſters are aſſiduouſly employed. Our curioſity may inquire what number of profeſſors has been inſtituted at Oxford? (for I ſhall now confine myſelf to my own univerſity;) by whom are they appointed, and what may be the probable chances of merit or incapacity? how many are ſtationed to the three faculties, and how many are left for the liberal arts? what is the form, and what the ſubſtance, of their leſſons? But all theſe queſtions are ſilenced by one ſhort and ſingular anſwer, "That in "the univerſity of Oxford, the greater part of the pub-"lic profeſſors have for theſe many years given up al-"together even the pretence of teaching." Incredible as the fact may appear, I muſt reſt my belief on the poſitive and impartial evidence of a maſter of moral and political wiſdom, who had himſelf reſided at Oxford. Dr. Adam Smith aſſigns as the cauſe of their indolence, that, inſtead of being paid by voluntary contributions, which would urge them to increaſe the number, and to deſerve the gratitude of their pupils, the Oxford profeſſors are ſecure in the enjoyment of a fixed ſtipend, without the neceſſity of labour, or the apprehenſion of controul. It has indeed been obſerved, nor is the obſervation abſurd, that excepting in experimental ſciences, which demand a coſtly apparatus and a dexterous hand, the many valuable treatiſes, that have been publiſhed on every ſubject of learning, may now ſuperſede the ancient mode of oral inſtruction. Were this principle true in its utmoſt latitude, I ſhould only infer that the offices and ſalaries, which are become uſeleſs, ought without delay to be aboliſhed. But there ſtill remains a material difference between a book and a profeſſor; the hour of the lecture inforces attendance; attention is fixed by the preſence, the voice, and the occaſional queſtions of the teacher; the moſt idle will carry ſomething away; and the more diligent will compare the inſtructions, which

they

they have heard in the ſchool, with the volumes, which they peruſe in their chamber. The advice of a ſkilful profeſſor will adapt a courſe of reading to every mind and every ſituation; his authority will diſcover, admoniſh, and at laſt chaſtiſe the negligence of his diſciples; and his vigilant inquiries will aſcertain the ſteps of their literary progreſs. Whatever ſcience he profeſſes he may illuſtrate in a ſeries of diſcourſes, compoſed in the leiſure of his cloſet, pronounced on public occaſions, and finally delivered to the preſs. I obſerve with pleaſure, that in the univerſity of Oxford Dr. Lowth, with equal eloquence and erudition, has executed this taſk in his incomparable *Prælections* on the Poetry of the Hebrews.

The college of St. Mary Magdalen was founded in the fifteenth century by Wainfleet biſhop of Wincheſter; and now conſiſts of a preſident, forty fellows, and a number of inferior ſtudents. It is eſteemed one of the largeſt and moſt wealthy of our academical corporations, which may be compared to the Benedictine abbeys of catholic countries; and I have looſely heard that the eſtates belonging to Magdalen College, which are leaſed by thoſe indulgent landlords at ſmall quit-rents and occaſional fines, might be raiſed, in the hands of private avarice, to an annual revenue of nearly thirty thouſand pounds. Our colleges are ſuppoſed to be ſchools of ſcience, as well as of education; nor is it unreaſonable to expect that a body of literary men, devoted to a life of celibacy, exempt from the care of their own ſubſiſtence, and amply provided with books, ſhould devote their leiſure to the proſecution of ſtudy, and that ſome effects of their ſtudies ſhould be manifeſted to the world. The ſhelves of their library groan under the weight of the Benedictine folios, of the editions of the fathers, and the collections of the middle ages, which have iſſued from the ſingle abbey of St. Germain de Préz at Paris. A compoſition of genius muſt be the offſpring of one mind; but ſuch works of induſtry, as may be divided among many

many hands, and muſt be continued during many years, are the peculiar province of a laborious community. If I inquire into the manufactures of the monks of Magdalen, if I extend the inquiry to the other colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, a ſilent bluſh, or a ſcornful frown, will be the only reply. The fellows or monks of my time were decent eaſy men, who ſupinely enjoyed the gifts of the founder: their days were filled by a ſeries of uniform employments; the chapel and the hall, the coffee-houſe and the common room, till they retired, weary and well ſatisfied, to a long ſlumber. From the toil of reading, or thinking, or writing, they had abſolved their conſcience; and the firſt ſhoots of learning and ingenuity withered on the ground, without yielding any fruits to the owners or the public. As a gentleman commoner, I was admitted to the ſociety of the fellows, and fondly expected that ſome queſtions of literature would be the amuſing and inſtructive topics of their diſcourſe. Their converſation ſtagnated in a round of college buſineſs, Tory politics, perſonal anecdotes, and private ſcandal: their dull and deep potations excuſed the briſk intemperance of youth; and their conſtitutional toaſts were not expreſſive of the moſt lively loyalty for the houſe of Hanover. A general election was now approaching: the great Oxfordſhire conteſt already blazed with all the malevolence of party-zeal. Magdalen College was devoutly attached to the old intereſt! and the names of Wenman and Daſhwood were more frequently pronounced, than thoſe of Cicero and Chryſoſtom. The example of the ſenior fellows could not inſpire the under-graduates with a liberal ſpirit or ſtudious emulation; and I cannot deſcribe, as I never knew, the diſcipline of college. Some duties may poſſibly have been impoſed on the poor ſcholars, whoſe ambition aſpired to the peaceful honours of a fellowſhip *(aſcribi quietis ordinibus – – – – Deorum)*; but no independent members were admitted below the rank of a gentleman commoner, and our velvet cap was the cap of liberty. A tradition

tradition prevailed that ſome of our predeceſſors had ſpoken Latin declamations in the hall; but of this ancient cuſtom no veſtige remained: the obvious methods of public exerciſes and examinations were totally unknown; and I have never heard that either the preſident or the ſociety interfered in the private œconomy of the tutors and their pupils.

The ſilence of the Oxford profeſſors, which deprives the youth of public inſtruction, is imperfectly ſupplied by the tutors, as they are ſtyled, of the ſeveral colleges. Inſtead of confining themſelves to a ſingle ſcience, which had ſatisfied the ambition of Burman or Bernoulli, they teach, or promiſe to teach, either hiſtory or mathematics, or ancient literature, or moral philoſophy; and as it is poſſible that they may be defective in all, it is highly probable that of ſome they will be ignorant. They are paid, indeed, by private contributions; but their appointment depends on the head of the houſe: their diligence is voluntary, and will conſequently be languid, while the pupils themſelves, or their parents, are not indulged in the liberty of choice or change. The firſt tutor into whoſe hands I was reſigned appears to have been one of the beſt of the tribe: Dr. Waldegrave was a learned and pious man, of a mild diſpoſition, ſtrict morals, and abſtemious life, who ſeldom mingled in the politics or the jollity of the college. But his knowledge of the world was confined to the univerſity; his learning was of the laſt, rather than of the preſent age; his temper was indolent; his faculties, which were not of the firſt rate, had been relaxed by the climate, and he was ſatisfied, like his fellows, with the ſlight and ſuperficial diſcharge of an important truſt. As ſoon as my tutor had ſounded the inſufficiency of his diſciple in ſchool-learning, he propoſed that we ſhould read every morning from ten to eleven the comedies of Terence. The ſum of my improvement in the univerſity of Oxford is confined to three or four Latin plays; and even the ſtudy of an elegant

gant classic, which might have been illustrated by a comparison of antient and modern theatres, was reduced to a dry and literal interpretation of the author's text. During the first weeks I constantly attended these lessons in my tutor's room; but as they appeared equally devoid of profit and pleasure, I was once tempted to try the experiment of a formal apology. The apology was accepted with a smile. I repeated the offence with less ceremony; the excuse was admitted with the same indulgence: the slightest motive of laziness or indisposition, the most trifling avocation at home or abroad, was allowed as a worthy impediment; nor did my tutor appear conscious of my absence or neglect. Had the hour of lecture been constantly filled, a single hour was a small portion of my academic leisure. No plan of study was recommended for my use; no exercises were prescribed for his inspection; and, at the most precious season of youth, whole days and weeks were suffered to elapse without labour or amusement, without advice or account. I should have listened to the voice of reason and of my tutor; his mild behaviour had gained my confidence. I preferred his society to that of the younger students; and in our evening walks to the top of Heddington-hill, we freely conversed on a variety of subjects. Since the days of Pocock and Hyde, Oriental learning has always been the pride of Oxford, and I once expressed an inclination to study Arabic. His prudence discouraged this childish fancy; but he neglected the fair occasion of directing the ardour of a curious mind. During my absence in the Summer vacation, Dr. Waldegrave accepted a college living at Washington in Sussex, and on my return I no longer found him at Oxford. From that time I have lost sight of my first tutor; but at the end of thirty years (1781) he was still alive; and the practice of exercise and temperance had entitled him to a healthy old age.

The long recess between the Trinity and Michaelmas terms empties the colleges of Oxford, as well as the courts

of

of Weſtminſter. I ſpent, at my father's houſe at Buriton in Hampſhire, the two months of Auguſt and September. It is whimſical enough, that as ſoon as I left Magdalen College, my taſte for books began to revive; but it was the ſame blind and boyiſh taſte for the purſuit of exotic hiſtory. Unprovided with original learning, unformed in the habits of thinking, unſkilled in the arts of compoſition, I reſolved—to write a book. The title of this firſt Eſſay, *the Age of Seſoſtris*, was perhaps ſuggeſted by Voltaire's Age of Lewis XIV. which was new and popular; but my ſole object was to inveſtigate the probable date of the life and reign of the conqueror of Aſia. I was then enamoured of Sir John Marſham's Canon Chronicus; an elaborate work, of whoſe merits and defects I was not yet qualified to judge. According to his ſpecious, though narrow plan, I ſettled my hero about the time of Solomon, in the tenth century before the Chriſtian æra. It was therefore incumbent on me, unleſs I would adopt Sir Iſaac Newton's ſhorter chronology, to remove a formidable objection; and my ſolution, for a youth of fifteen, is not devoid of ingenuity. In his verſion of the Sacred Books, Manetho the high prieſt has identified Sethoſis, or Seſoſtris, with the elder brother of Danaus, who landed in Greece, according to the Parian Marble, fifteen hundred and ten years before Chriſt. But in my ſuppoſition the high prieſt is guilty of a voluntary error; flattery is the prolific parent of falſehood. Manetho's Hiſtory of Egypt is dedicated to Ptolemy Philadelphus, who derived a fabulous or illegitimate pedigree from the Macedonian kings of the race of Hercules. Danaus is the anceſtor of Hercules; and after the failure of the elder branch, his deſcendants, the Ptolemies, are the ſole repreſentatives of the royal family, and may claim by inheritance the kingdom which they hold by conqueſt. Such were my juvenile diſcoveries; at a riper age, I no longer preſume to connect the Greek, the Jewiſh, and the Egyptian antiquities, which are loſt in a diſtant cloud. Nor is this the only inſtance, in which the belief and knowledge of the child are

ſuper-

ſuperſeded by the more rational ignorance of the man. During my ſtay at Buriton, my infant-labour was diligently proſecuted, without much interruption from company or country diverſions; and I already heard the muſic of public applauſe. The diſcovery of my own weakneſs was the firſt ſymptom of taſte. On my return to Oxford, the Age of Seſoſtris was wiſely relinquiſhed; but the imperfect ſheets remained twenty years at the bottom of a drawer, till, in a general clearance of papers, (November 1772,) they were committed to the flames.

After the departure of Dr. Waldegrave, I was transferred, with his other pupils, to his academical heir, whoſe literary character did not command the reſpect of the college. Dr. * * * * well remembered that he had a ſalary to receive, and only forgot that he had a duty to perform. Inſtead of guiding the ſtudies, and watching over the behaviour of his diſciple, I was never ſummoned to attend even the ceremony of a lecture; and, excepting one voluntary viſit to his rooms, during the eight months of his titular office, the tutor and pupil lived in the ſame college as ſtrangers to each other. The want of experience, of advice, and of occupation, ſoon betrayed me into ſome improprieties of conduct, ill-choſen company, late hours, and inconſiderate expence. My growing debts might be ſecret; but my frequent abſence was viſible and ſcandalous; and a tour to Bath, a viſit into Buckinghamſhire, and four excurſions to London in the ſame winter, were coſtly and dangerous frolics. They were, indeed, without a meaning, as without an excuſe. The irkſomeneſs of a cloiſtered life repeatedly tempted me to wander; but my chief pleaſure was that of travelling; and I was too young and baſhful to enjoy, like a manly Oxonian in Town, the pleaſures of London. In all theſe excurſions I eloped from Oxford; I returned to college; in a few days I eloped again, as if I had been an independent ſtranger in a hired lodging, without once hearing the voice of admonition, without once feeling the hand of control. Yet my time was loſt, my expences were multiplied,

tiplied, my behaviour abroad was unknown; folly as well as vice ſhould have awakened the attention of my ſuperiors, and my tender years would have juſtified a more than ordinary degree of reſtraint and diſcipline.

It might at leaſt be expected, that an eccleſiaſtical ſchool ſhould inculcate the orthodox principles of religion. But our venerable mother had contrived to unite the oppoſite extremes of bigotry and indifference; an heretic, or unbeliever, was a monſter in her eyes; but ſhe was always, or often, or ſometimes, remiſs in the ſpiritual education of her own children. According to the ſtatutes of the univerſity, every ſtudent, before he is matriculated, muſt ſubſcribe his aſſent to the thirty-nine articles of the church of England, which are ſigned by more than read, and read by more than believe them. My inſufficient age excuſed me, however, from the immediate performance of this legal ceremony; and the vice-chancellor directed me to return, as ſoon as I ſhould have accompliſhed my fifteenth year; recommending me, in the mean while, to the inſtruction of my college. My college forgot to inſtruct: I forgot to return, and was myſelf forgotten by the firſt magiſtrate of the univerſity. Without a ſingle lecture, either public or private, either chriſtian or proteſtant, without any academical ſubſcription, without any epiſcopal confirmation, I was left by the dim light of my catechiſm to grope my way to the chapel and communion-table, where I was admitted, without a queſtion, how far, or by what means, I might be qualified to receive the ſacrament. Such almoſt incredible neglect was productive of the worſt miſchiefs. From my childhood I had been fond of religious diſputation: my poor aunt has been often puzzled by the myſteries which ſhe ſtrove to believe; nor had the elaſtic ſpring been totally broken by the weight of the atmoſphere of Oxford. The blind activity of idleneſs urged me to advance without armour into the dangerous mazes of controverſy; and at the age of ſixteen, I bewildered myſelf in the errors of the church of Rome.

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The progreſs of my converſion may tend to illuſtrate, at leaſt, the hiſtory of my own mind. It was not long ſince Dr. Middleton's free inquiry had ſounded an alarm in the theological world: much ink and much gall had been ſpilt in the defence of the primitive miracles; and the two dulleſt of their champions were crowned with academic honours by the univerſity of Oxford. The name of Middleton was unpopular; and his proſcription very naturally led me to peruſe his writings, and thoſe of his antagoniſts. His bold criticiſm, which approaches the precipice of infidelity, produced on my mind a ſingular effect; and had I perſevered in the communion of Rome, I ſhould now apply to my own fortune the prediction of the Sybil,

——— Via prima ſalutis,
Quod minimè reris, Graiâ, pandetur ab urbe.

The elegance of ſtyle and freedom of argument were repelled by a ſhield of prejudice. I ſtill revered the character, or rather the names, of the ſaints and fathers whom Dr. Middleton expoſes; nor could he deſtroy my implicit belief, that the gift of miraculous powers was continued in the church, during the firſt four or five centuries of chriſtianity. But I was unable to reſiſt the weight of hiſtorical evidence, that within the ſame period moſt of the leading doctrines of popery were already introduced in theory and practice: nor was my concluſion abſurd, that miracles are the teſt of truth, and that the church muſt be orthodox and pure, which was ſo often approved by the viſible interpoſition of the Deity. The marvellous tales which are ſo boldly atteſted by the Baſils and Chryſoſtoms, the Auſtins and Jeroms, compelled me to embrace the ſuperior merits of celibacy, the inſtitution of the monaſtic life, the uſe of the ſign of the croſs, of holy oil, and even of images, the invocation of ſaints, the worſhip of relics, the rudiments of purgatory in prayers for the dead, and the tremendous myſtery of the ſacrifice of the body and blood of Chriſt, which inſenſibly ſwelled into the

the prodigy of tranſubſtantiation. In theſe diſpoſitions, and already more than half a convert, I formed an unlucky intimacy with a young gentleman of our college, whoſe name I ſhall ſpare. With a character leſs reſolute, Mr. **** had imbibed the ſame religious opinions; and ſome Popiſh books, I know not through what channel, were conveyed into his poſſeſſion. I read, I applauded, I believed: the Engliſh tranſlations of two famous works of Boſſuet Biſhop of Meaux, the Expoſition of the Catholic Doctrine, and the Hiſtory of the Proteſtant Variations, atchieved my converſion, and I ſurely fell by a noble hand*. I have ſince examined the originals with a more diſcerning eye, and ſhall not heſitate to pronounce, that Boſſuet is indeed a maſter of all the weapons of controverſy. In the Expoſition, a ſpecious apology, the orator aſſumes, with conſummate art, the tone of candour and ſimplicity: and the ten-horned monſter is transformed, at his magic touch, into the milk-white hind, who muſt be loved as ſoon as ſhe is ſeen. In the Hiſtory, a bold and well-aimed attack, he diſplays, with a happy mixture of narrative and argument, the faults and follies, the changes and contradictions of our firſt reformers; whoſe variations (as he dexterouſly contends) are the mark of hiſtorical error, while the perpetual unity of the catholic church is the ſign and teſt of infallible truth. To my preſent feelings it ſeems incredible that I ſhould ever believe that I believed in tranſubſtantiation. But my conqueror oppreſſed me with the ſacramental words, "Hoc eſt corpus meum," and daſhed againſt each other the figurative half-meanings of the proteſtant ſects: every objection was reſolved into omnipotence; and after repeating at St. Mary's the Athanaſian creed, I humbly acquieſced in the myſtery of the real preſence.

"To

* Mr. Gibbon never talked with me on the ſubject of his converſion to popery but once; and then, he imputed his change to the works of Parſons the jeſuit, who lived in the reign of Elizabeth, and who, he ſaid, had urged all the beſt arguments in favour of the Roman catholic religion. S.

"To take up half on truſt, and half to try,
"Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
"Both knave and fool, the merchant we may call,
"To pay great ſums, and to compound the ſmall.
"For who would break with Heaven, and would not
"break for all?"

No ſooner had I ſettled my new religion than I reſolved to profeſs myſelf a catholic. Youth is ſincere and impetuous; and a momentary glow of enthuſiaſm had raiſed me above all temporal conſiderations*.

By the keen proteſtants, who would gladly retaliate the example of perſecution, a clamour is raiſed of the increaſe of popery: and they are always loud to declaim againſt the toleration of prieſts and jeſuits, who pervert ſo many of his majeſty's ſubjects from their religion and allegiance. On the preſent occaſion, the fall of one or more of her ſons directed this clamour againſt the univerſity; and it was confidently affirmed that popiſh miſſionaries were ſuffered, under various diſguiſes, to introduce themſelves into the colleges of Oxford. But juſtice obliges me to declare, that, as far as relates to myſelf, this aſſertion is falſe; and that I never converſed with a prieſt, or even with a papiſt, till my reſolution from books was abſolutely fixed. In my laſt excurſion to London, I addreſſed myſelf to Mr. Lewis, a Roman catholic bookſeller in Ruſſell-ſtreet, Covent Garden, who recommended me to a prieſt, of whoſe name and order I am at preſent ignorant. In our firſt interview he ſoon diſcovered that perſuaſion was needleſs. After ſounding the motives and merits of my converſion, he conſented to admit me into the pale of the church; and at his feet, on the eighth of June 1753, I ſolemnly, though privately, abjured the errors of hereſy. The ſeduction of an Engliſh youth of family and fortune was an act of as much danger as

* He deſcribed the letter to his father, announcing his converſion, as written with all the pomp, the dignity, and ſelf-ſatisfaction of a martyr. S.

as glory; but he bravely overlooked the danger, of which I was not then sufficiently informed. "Where a person is "reconciled to the see of Rome, or procures others to be "reconciled, the offence (says Blackstone) amounts to high "treason." And if the humanity of the age would prevent the execution of this sanguinary statute, there were other laws of a less odious cast, which condemned the priest to perpetual imprisonment, and transferred the proselyte's estate to his nearest relation. An elaborate controversial epistle, approved by my director, and addressed to my father, announced and justified the step which I had taken. My father was neither a bigot nor a philosopher; but his affection deplored the loss of an only son; and his good sense was astonished at my strange departure from the religion of my country. In the first sally of passion he divulged a secret which prudence might have suppressed, and the gates of Magdalen College were for ever shut against my return. Many years afterwards, when the name of Gibbon was become as notorious as that of Middleton, it was industriously whispered at Oxford, that the historian had formerly "turned papist:" my character stood exposed to the reproach of inconstancy; and this invidious topic would have been handled without mercy by my opponents, could they have separated my cause from that of the university. For my own part, I am proud of an honest sacrifice of interest to conscience. I can never blush, if my tender mind was entangled in the sophistry that seduced the acute and manly understandings of CHILLINGWORTH and BAYLE, who afterwards emerged from superstition to scepticism.

While Charles the first governed England, and was himself governed by a catholic queen, it cannot be denied that the missionaries of Rome laboured with impunity and success in the court, the country, and even the universities. One of the sheep,

> ——Whom the grim wolf with privy paw
> Daily devours apace, and nothing said,

is

is Mr. William Chillingworth, Master of Arts, and Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; who, at the ripe age of twenty-eight years, was persuaded to elope from Oxford, to the English seminary at Douay in Flanders. Some disputes with Fisher, a subtle jesuit, might first awaken him from the prejudices of education; but he yielded to his own victorious argument, "that there must be somewhere an infallible "judge; and that the church of Rome is the only christian "society which either does or can pretend to that character." After a short trial of a few months, Mr. Chillingworth was again tormented by religious scruples: he returned home, resumed his studies, unravelled his mistakes, and delivered his mind from the yoke of authority and superstition. His new creed was built on the principle, that the Bible is our sole judge, and private reason our sole interpreter: and he ably maintains this principle in the Religion of a Protestant; a book which, after startling the doctors of Oxford, is still esteemed the most solid defence of the Reformation. The learning, the virtue, the recent merits of the author, entitled him to fair preferment: but the slave had now broken his fetters; and the more he weighed, the less was he disposed to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles of the church of England. In a private letter he declares, with all the energy of language, that he could not subscribe to them without subscribing to his own damnation; and that if ever he should depart from this immoveable resolution, he would allow his friends to think him a madman, or an atheist. As the letter is without a date, we cannot ascertain the number of weeks or months that elapsed between this passionate abhorrence and the Salisbury Register, which is still extant. "Ego Gulielmus Chillingworth, ... omnibus hisce ar-"ticulis, ... et singulis in iisdem contentis volens, et "ex animo subscribo, et consensum meum iisdem præbeo. "20 die Julii 1638." But, alas! the chancellor and prebendary of Sarum soon deviated from his own subscription: as he more deeply scrutinized the article of the Trinity, neither scripture nor the primitive fathers could long uphold his

his orthodox belief; and he could not but confeſs, "that "the doctrine of Arius is either a truth, or at leaſt no dam- "nable hereſy." From this middle region of the air, the deſcent of his reaſon would naturally reſt on the firmer ground of the Socinians: and if we may credit a doubtful ſtory, and the popular opinion, his anxious inquiries at laſt ſubſided in philoſophic indifference. So conſpicuous, however, were the candour of his nature and the innocence of his heart, that this apparent levity did not affect the reputation of Chillingworth. His frequent changes proceeded from too nice an inquiſition into truth. His doubts grew out of himſelf; he aſſiſted them with all the ſtrength of his reaſon: he was then too hard for himſelf: but finding as little quiet and repoſe in thoſe victories, he quickly recovered, by a new appeal to his own judgment: ſo that in all his ſallies and retreats, he was in fact his own convert.

Bayle was the ſon of a Calviniſt miniſter in a remote province of France, at the foot of the Pyrenees. For the benefit of education, the proteſtants were tempted to riſk their children in the catholic univerſities; and in the twenty-ſecond year of his age, young Bayle was ſeduced by the arts and arguments of the jeſuits of Thouloufe. He remained about ſeventeen months (19th March 1669—19th Auguſt 1670) in their hands, a voluntary captive; and a letter to his parents, which the new convert compoſed or ſubſcribed (15th April 1670), is darkly tinged with the ſpirit of popery. But Nature had deſigned him to think as he pleaſed, and to ſpeak as he thought: his piety was offended by the exceſſive worſhip of creatures; and the ſtudy of phyſics convinced him of the impoſſibility of tranſubſtantiation, which is abundantly refuted by the teſtimony of our ſenſes. His return to the communion of a falling ſect was a bold and diſintereſted ſtep, that expoſed him to the rigour of the laws; and a ſpeedy flight to Geneva protected him from the reſentment of his ſpiritual tyrants, unconſcious as they were of the full value of the prize, which they had loſt. Had Bayle adhered to the catholic church, had he embraced

the eccleſiaſtical profeſſion, the genius and favour of ſuch a proſelyte might have aſpired to wealth and honours in his native country: but the hypocrite would have found leſs happineſs in the comforts of a benefice, or the dignity of a mitre, than he enjoyed at Rotterdam in a private ſtate of exile, indigence, and freedom. Without a country, or a patron, or a prejudice, he claimed the liberty and ſubſiſted by the labours of his pen: the inequality of his voluminous works is explained and excuſed by his alternately writing for himſelf, for the bookſellers, and for poſterity; and if a ſevere critic would reduce him to a ſingle folio, that relic, like the books of the Sybil, would become ſtill more valuable. A calm and lofty ſpectator of the religious tempeſt, the philoſopher of Rotterdam condemned with equal firmneſs the perſecution of Lewis the Fourteenth, and the republican maxims of the Calviniſts; their vain prophecies, and the intolerant bigotry which ſometimes vexed his ſolitary retreat. In reviewing the controverſies of the times, he turned againſt each other the arguments of the diſputants; ſucceſſively wielding the arms of the catholics and proteſtants, he proves that neither the way of authority, nor the way of examination can afford the multitude any teſt of religious truth; and dexterouſly concludes that cuſtom and education muſt be the ſole grounds of popular belief. The ancient paradox of Plutarch, that atheiſm is leſs pernicious than ſuperſtition, acquires a ten-fold vigor, when it is adorned with the colours of his wit, and pointed with the acuteneſs of his logic. His critical dictionary is a vaſt repoſitory of facts and opinions; and he balances the *falſe* religions in his ſceptical ſcales, till the oppoſite quantities (if I may uſe the language of algebra) annihilate each other. The wonderful power which he ſo boldly exerciſed, of aſſembling doubts and objections, had tempted him jocoſely to aſſume the title of the νεφελιγερετα Ζευς, the cloud-compelling Jove; and in a converſation with the ingenious Abbé (afterwards Cardinal) de Polignac, he freely diſcloſed his univerſal Pyrrhoniſm. "I am moſt truly (ſaid Bayle) a

"pro-

"protestant; for I protest indifferently against all systems "and all sects."

The academical resentment, which I may possibly have provoked, will prudently spare this plain narrative of my studies, or rather of my idleness; and of the unfortunate event which shortened the term of my residence at Oxford. But it may be suggested, that my father was unlucky in the choice of a society, and the chance of a tutor. It will perhaps be asserted, that in the lapse of forty years many improvements have taken place in the college and in the university. I am not unwilling to believe, that some tutors might have been found more active than Dr. Waldegrave, and less contemptible than Dr. ****. About the same time, and in the same walk, a Bentham was still treading in the footsteps of a Burton, whose maxims he had adopted, and whose life he had published. The biographer indeed preferred the school-logic to the new philosophy, Burgursdicius to Locke; and the hero appears, in his own writings, a stiff and conceited pedant. Yet even these men, according to the measure of their capacity, might be diligent and useful; and it is recorded of Burton, that he taught his pupils what he knew; some Latin, some Greek, some ethics and metaphysics; referring them to proper masters for the languages and sciences of which he was ignorant. At a more recent period, many students have been attracted by the merit and reputation of Sir William Scott, then a tutor in University College, and now conspicuous in the profession of the civil law: my personal acquaintance with that gentleman has inspired me with a just esteem for his abilities and knowledge; and I am assured that his lectures on history would compose, were they given to the public, a most valuable treatise. Under the auspices of the present Archbishop of York, Dr. Markham, himself an eminent scholar, a more regular discipline has been introduced, as I am told, at Christ Church*; a course of classical and philosophical

* This was written on the information Mr. Gibbon had received, and the observation he had made, previous to his late residence at Lausanne. During his

ſtudies is propoſed, and even purſued, in that numerous ſeminary: learning has been made a duty, a pleaſure, and even a faſhion; and ſeveral young gentlemen do honour to the college in which they have been educated. According to the will of the donor, the profit of the ſecond part of Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory has been applied to the eſtabliſhment of a riding-ſchool, that the polite exerciſes might be taught; I know not with what ſucceſs, in the univerſity. The Vinerian profeſſorſhip is of far more ſerious importance; the laws of his country are the firſt ſcience of an Engliſhman of rank and fortune, who is called to be a magiſtrate,

his laſt viſit to England, he had an opportunity of ſeeing at Sheffield-place ſome young men of the college above alluded to; he had great ſatisfaction in converſing with them, made many enquiries reſpecting their courſe of ſtudy, applauded the diſcipline of Chriſt Church, and the liberal attention ſhewn by the Dean, to thoſe whoſe only recommendation was their merit. Had Mr. Gibbon lived to reviſe this work, I am ſure he would have mentioned the name of Dr. Jackſon with the higheſt commendation, and alſo that of Dr. Bagot, Biſhop of St. Aſaph, whoſe attention to the duties of his office while he was Dean of Chriſt Church College were unremitted. There are other colleges at Oxford, with whoſe diſcipline my friend was unacquainted, to which, without doubt, he would willingly have allowed their due praiſe, particularly Brazen Noſe and Oriel Colleges; the former under the care of Dr. Cleaver, biſhop of Cheſter; the latter under that of Dr. Eveleigh. It is ſtill greatly to be wiſhed that the general expence, or rather extravagance, of young men at our Engliſh univerſities may be more effectually reſtrained. The expence, in which they are permitted to indulge, is inconſiſtent not only with a neceſſary degree of ſtudy, but with thoſe habits of morality which ſhould be promoted, by all means poſſible, at an early period of life. An academical education in England is at preſent an object of alarm and terror to every thinking parent of moderate fortune. It is the apprehenſion of the expence, of the diſſipation, and other evil conſequences, which ariſe from the want of proper reſtraint at our own univerſities, that forces a number of our Engliſh youths to thoſe of Scotland, and utterly excludes many from any ſort of academical inſtruction. If a charge be true, which I have heard inſiſted on, that the heads of our colleges in Oxford and Cambridge are vain of having under their care chiefly men of opulence, who may be ſuppoſed exempt from the neceſſity of œconomical controul, they are indeed highly cenſurable; ſince the miſchief of allowing early habits of expence and diſſipation is great, in various reſpects, even to thoſe poſſeſſed of large property; and the moſt ſerious evil from this indulgence muſt happen to youths of humbler fortune, who certainly form the majority of ſtudents both at Oxford and Cambridge. S.

giſtrate, and may hope to be a legiſlator. This judicious inſtitution was coldly entertained by the graver doctors, who complained (I have heard the complaint) that it would take the young people from their books: but Mr. Viner's benefaction is not unprofitable, ſince it has at leaſt produced the excellent commentaries of Sir William Blackſtone.

After carrying me to Putney, to the houſe of his friend Mr. Mallet*, by whoſe philoſophy I was rather ſcandalized than reclaimed, it was neceſſary for my father to form a new plan of education, and to deviſe ſome method which, if poſſible, might effect the cure of my ſpiritual malady. After much debate it was determined, from the advice and perſonal experience of Mr. Eliot (now Lord Eliot) to fix me, during ſome years, at Lauſanne in Switzerland. Mr. Frey, a Swiſs gentleman of Baſil, undertook the conduct of the journey: we left London the 19th of June, croſſed the ſea from Dover to Calais, travelled poſt through ſeveral provinces of France, by the direct road of St. Quentin, Rheims, Langres, and Beſançon, and arrived the 30th of June at Lauſanne, where I was immediately ſettled under the roof and tuition of Mr. Pavilliard, a Calviniſt miniſter.

The firſt marks of my father's diſpleaſure rather aſtoniſhed than afflicted me: when he threatened to baniſh, and diſown, and diſinherit a rebellious ſon, I cheriſhed a ſecret hope that he would not be able or willing to effect his menaces; and the pride of conſcience encouraged me to ſuſtain the honourable and important part which I was now acting. My ſpirits were raiſed and kept alive by the rapid motion of my journey, the new and various ſcenes of the Continent, and the civility of Mr. Frey, a man of ſenſe, who was not ignorant of books or the world. But after he had reſigned me into Pavilliard's hands, and I was fixed in my new habitation, I had leiſure to contemplate the ſtrange

* The author of a life of Bacon, which has been rated above its value; of ſome forgotten poems and plays; and of the pathetic ballad of William and Margaret. S.

ſtrange and melancholy proſpect before me. My firſt complaint aroſe from my ignorance of the language. In my childhood I had once ſtudied the French grammar, and I could imperfectly underſtand the eaſy proſe of a familiar ſubject. But when I was thus ſuddenly caſt on a foreign land, I found myſelf deprived of the uſe of ſpeech and of hearing; and, during ſome weeks, incapable not only of enjoying the pleaſures of converſation, but even of aſking or anſwering a queſtion in the common intercourſe of life. To a home-bred Engliſhman every object, every cuſtom was offenſive; but the native of any country might have been diſguſted with the general aſpect of his lodging and entertainment. I had now exchanged my elegant apartment in Magdalen College, for a narrow, gloomy ſtreet, the moſt unfrequented of an unhandſome town, for an old inconvenient houſe, and for a ſmall chamber ill-contrived and ill-furniſhed, which, on the approach of Winter, inſtead of a companionable fire, muſt be warmed by the dull and inviſible heat of a ſtove. From a man I was again degraded to the dependance of a ſchool-boy. Mr. Pavilliard managed my expences, which had been reduced to a diminutive ſtate: I received a ſmall monthly allowance for my pocket-money; and helpleſs and awkward as I have ever been, I no longer enjoyed the indiſpenſable comfort of a ſervant. My condition ſeemed as deſtitute of hope, as it was devoid of pleaſure: I was ſeparated for an indefinite, which appeared an infinite term from my native country; and I had loſt all connection with my catholic friends. I have ſince reflected with ſurpriſe, that as the Romiſh clergy of every part of Europe maintain a cloſe correſpondence with each other, they never attempted, by letters or meſſages, to reſcue me from the hands of the heretics, or at leaſt to confirm my zeal and conſtancy in the profeſſion of the faith. Such was my firſt introduction to Lauſanne; a place where I ſpent nearly five years with pleaſure and profit, which I afterwards reviſited without compulſion, and which I have finally ſelected as the moſt grateful retreat for the decline of my life.

But

But it is the peculiar felicity of youth that the moſt unpleaſing objects and events ſeldom make a deep or laſting impreſſion; it forgets the paſt, enjoys the preſent, and anticipates the future. At the flexible age of ſixteen I ſoon learned to endure, and gradually to adopt, the new forms of arbitrary manners: the real hardſhips of my ſituation were alienated by time. Had I been ſent abroad in a more ſplendid ſtyle, ſuch as the fortune and bounty of my father might have ſupplied, I might have returned home with the ſame ſtock of language and ſcience, which our countrymen uſually import from the Continent. An exile and a priſoner as I was, their example betrayed me into ſome irregularities of wine, of play, and of idle excurſions; but I ſoon felt the impoſſibility of aſſociating with them on equal terms; and after the departure of my firſt acquaintance, I held a cold and civil correſpondence with their ſucceſſors. This ſeclu-ſion from Engliſh ſociety was attended with the moſt ſolid benefits. In the *Pays de Vaud*, the French language is uſed with leſs imperfection than in moſt of the diſtant provinces of France: in Pavilliard's family, neceſſity compelled me to liſten and to ſpeak; and if I was at firſt diſheartened by the apparent ſlowneſs, in a few months I was aſtoniſhed by the rapidity of my progreſs. My pronunciation was formed by the conſtant repetition of the ſame ſounds; the variety of words and idioms, the rules of grammar, and diſtinctions of genders, were impreſſed in my memory: eaſe and freedom were obtained by practice; correctneſs and elegance by labour; and before I was recalled home, French, in which I ſpontaneouſly thought, was more familiar than Engliſh to my ear, my tongue, and my pen. The firſt effect of this opening knowledge was the revival of my love of reading, which had been chilled at Oxford; and I ſoon turned over, without much choice, almoſt all the French books in my tutor's library. Even theſe amuſements were productive of real advantage: my taſte and judgment were now ſomewhat riper. I was introduced to a new mode of ſtyle and literature: by the compariſon of manners and opi-

nions,

nions, my views were enlarged, my prejudices were corrected, and a copious voluntary abſtract of the *Hiſtoir de l'Egliſe et de l'Empire*, by le Sueur, may be placed in a middle line between my childiſh and my manly ſtudies. As ſoon as I was able to converſe with the natives, I began to feel ſome ſatisfaction in their company: my awkward timidity was poliſhed and emboldened; and I frequented, for the firſt time, aſſemblies of men and women. The acquaintance of the Pavilliards prepared me by degrees for more elegant ſociety. I was received with kindneſs and indulgence in the beſt families of Lauſanne; and it was in one of theſe that I formed an intimate and laſting connection with Mr. Deyverdun, a young man of an amiable temper and excellent underſtanding. In the arts of fencing and dancing, ſmall indeed was my proficiency; and ſome months were idly waſted in the riding-ſchool. My unfitneſs to bodily exerciſe reconciled me to a ſedentary life, and the horſe, the favourite of my countrymen, never contributed to the pleaſures of my youth.

My obligations to the leſſons of Mr. Pavilliard, gratitude will not ſuffer me to forget: he was endowed with a clear head and a warm heart; his innate benevolence had aſſuaged the ſpirit of the church; he was rational, becauſe he was moderate: in the courſe of his ſtudies he had acquired a juſt though ſuperficial knowledge of moſt branches of literature; by long practice, he was ſkilled in the arts of teaching; and he laboured with aſſiduous patience to know the character, gain the affection, and open the mind of his Engliſh pupil*. As ſoon as we began to underſtand each other,

* *Extract of a Letter from* M. PAVILLIARD *to* EDWARD GIBBON, eſq.

A Lauſanne, ce 25 Juillet 1753.

Monſieur de Gibbon ſe porte très bien par la Grace de Dieu, et il me paroit qu'il ne ſe trouve pas mal de notre Maiſon; j'ai même lieu de penſer qu'il prend de l'attachement pour moi, ce dont je ſuis charmé et que je travaillerai a augmenter, parce qu'il aura plus de confiance en moi, dans ce que je me propoſe de lui dire.

Je n'ai point encore entrepris de lui parler ſur les matières de religion, parce que je n'entends pas aſſez la langue Angloiſe pour ſoutenir une longue converſation

other, he gently led me, from a blind and undiſtinguiſhing love of reading, into the path of inſtruction. I conſented with pleaſure that a portion of the morning-hours ſhould be conſecrated to a plan of modern hiſtory and geography, and to the critical peruſal of the French and Latin claſſics; and at each ſtep I felt myſelf invigorated by the habits of application and method. His prudence repreſſed and diſſembled ſome youthful ſallies; and as ſoon as I was confirmed in the habits of induſtry and temperance, he gave the reins into my own hands. His favourable report of my behaviour and progreſs gradually obtained ſome latitude of action and expence; and he wiſhed to alleviate the hardſhips of my lodging and entertainment. The principles of philoſophy were aſſociated with the examples of taſte; and by a ſingular chance, the book, as well as the man, which contributed the moſt effectually to my education, has a ſtronger claim on my gratitude than on my admiration. Mr. De Crouſaz, the adverſary of Bayle and Pope, is not diſtinguiſhed by lively fancy or profound reflection; and even in his own country, at the end of a few years, his name and writings are almoſt obliterated. But his philoſophy had been formed in the ſchool of Locke, his divinity in that of Limborch and Le Clerc; in a long

tion en cette langue, quoique je liſe les auteurs Anglois avec aſſez de facilité; et Monſieur de Gibbon n'entend pas aſſez de François, mais il y fait beaucoup de progrès.

Je ſuis fort content de la politeſſe et de la douceur de caractère de Monſieur votre Fils, et je me flatte que je pourai toujours vous parler de lui avec éloge; il s'applique beaucoup à la lecture.

From the Same to the Same.

À Lauſanne, ce 13 Aout 1753.

Monſieur de Gibbon ſe porte bien par la grace de Dieu; je l'aime, et je me ſuis extrêmement attaché à lui parce qu'il eſt doux et tranquille. Pour ce qui regarde ſes ſentimens, quoique je ne lui aye encore rien dit la deſſus, j'ai lieu d'eſpérer qu'il ouvrira les yeux à la vérité. Je le penſe ainſi, parce qu'étant dans mon cabinet, il a choiſi deux livres de controverſe qu'il a pris dans ſa chambre, et qu'il les lit. Il m'a chargé de vous offrir ſes très humble reſpects, et de vous demander la permiſſion de le laiſſer monter au manège: cet exercice pourroit contribuer à donner de la force à ſon corps, c'eſt l'idée qu'il en a.

long and laborious life, several generations of pupils were taught to think, and even to write; his lessons rescued the academy of Lausanne from Calviniſtic prejudice; and he had the rare merit of diffusing a more liberal spirit among the clergy and people of the Pays de Vaud. His system of logic, which in the last editions has swelled to six tedious and prolix volumes, may be praised as a clear and methodical abridgment of the art of reasoning, from our simple ideas to the most complex operations of the human understanding. This system I studied, and meditated, and abstracted, till I have obtained the free command of an universal instrument, which I soon presumed to exercise on my catholic opinions. Pavilliard was not unmindful that his first task, his most important duty, was to reclaim me from the errors of popery. The intermixture of sects has rendered the Swiss clergy acute and learned on the topics of controversy; and I have some of his letters in which he celebrates the dexterity of his attack, and my gradual concessions, after a firm and well-managed defence*. I was willing, and I am now willing, to allow him a handsome share of the honour of my conversion: yet I must observe, that it was principally effected by my private reflections; and I still remember my solitary transport at the discovery of a philosophical argument against the doctrine of transubstantiation: *that* the text of scripture, which seems to inculcate the real presence, is attested only by a single sense—our sight; while the real presence itself is disproved by three of our senses—the sight, the touch, and the taste. The various articles of the Romish creed disappeared like a dream; and after a full conviction, on Christmas-day 1754, I received the sacrament in the church of Lausanne. It was here that I suspended my religious inquiries, acquiescing with implicit belief in the tenets and mysteries,

* M. Pavilliard has described to me the astonishment with which he gazed on Mr. Gibbon standing before him: a thin little figure, with a large head, disputing and urging, with the greatest ability, all the best arguments that had ever been used in favour of popery. Mr. Gibbon many years ago became very fat and corpulent, but he had uncommonly small bones, and was very slight made. S.

ries, which are adopted by the general consent of catholics and protestants *.

Such,

* *Letter from* Mr. PAVILLIARD *to* EDWARD GIBBON, esq.

Monsieur, Juin 26, 1754.

J'espère que vous pardonnerez mon long silence en faveur des nouvelles que j'ai à vous apprendre. Si j'ai tant tardé, ce n'a été ni par oubli, ni par negligence, mais je croyois de semaine en semaine pouvoir vos annoncer que Monsieur votre fils avoit entierement renoncé aux fausses idées qu'il avoit embrassées; mais il a fallu disputer le terrein pied à pied, et je n'ai pas trouvé en lui un homme léger, et qui passe rapidement d'un sentiment à un autre. Souvent après avoir détruit toutes ses idées sur un article de maniere qu'il n'avoit rien à repliquer, ce qu'il avouoit sans detour, il me disoit qu'il ne croioit pas qu'il n'y eût rien à me répondre. La dessus je n'ai pas jugé qu'il fallût le pousser à bout, et extorquer de lui un aveu que son cœur desavoueroit; je lui donnois alors du tems pour réfléchir; tous mes livres etoient à sa disposition; je revenois à la charge quand il m'avouoit qu'il avoit étudié la matiere aussi bien qu'il l'avoit pu, et enfin j'établissois une verité.

Je me persuadois que, quand j'aurois détruit les principales erreurs de l'eglise Romaine, je n'aurois qu'à faire voir que les autres sont des consequences des premières, et qu'elles ne peuvent subsister quand les fondamentales sont renversées; mais, comme je l'ai dit, je me suis trompé, il a fallu traitter chaque article dans son entier. Par la grace de Dieu, je n'ai pas perdu mon tems, et aujourdhui, si meme il conserve quelques restes de ses pernicieuses erreurs, j'ose dire qu'il n'est plus membre de l'eglise Romaine; voici donc où nous en sommes.

J'ai renversé l'infallibilité de l'eglise; j'ai prouvé que jamais St. Pierre n'a été chef des apôtres; que quand il l'auroit été, le pape n'est point son successeur; qu'il est douteux que St. Pierre ait jamais été à Rome, mais supposé qu'il y ait été, il n'a pas été evêque de cette ville: que la transubstantiation est une invention humaine, et peu ancienne dans l'eglise; que l'adoration de l'Eucharistie et le retranchement de la coupe sont contraires à la parole de Dieu: qu'il y a des saints, mais que nous ne savons pas qui ils sont, et par consequent qu'on ne peut pas les prier; que le respect et le culte qu'on rend aux reliques est condamnable; qu'il n'y a point de purgatoire, et que la doctrine des indulgences est fausse: que la Carême et les jeunes du Vendredi et du Samedi sont ridicules aujourdhui, et de la maniere que l'eglise Romaine les prescrit: que les imputations que l'eglise de Rome nous fait de varier dans notre doctrine, et d'avoir pour réformateurs des personnes dont la conduite et les mœurs ont été un scandale, sont entierement fausses.

Vous comprenez bien, Monsieur, que ces articles sont d'une longue discussion, qu'il a fallu du tems à Monsieur votre fils pour méditer mes raisons, et pour y chercher des reponses. Je lui ai demandé plusieurs fois si mes preuves et mes raisons lui paroissoient convainquantes; il m'a toujours assuré qu'oui, de façon que j'ose assurer aussi, comme je le lui aidit à lui meme il y a peu de tems, qu'il n'étoit plus catholique Romain. Je me flatte qu'après avoir obtenu la victoire

Such, from my arrival at Lauſanne, during the firſt eighteen or twenty months (July 1753—March 1755), were my uſeful ſtudies, the foundation of all my future improvements. But every man who riſes above the common level has received two educations: the firſt from his teachers; the ſecond, more perſonal and more important, from himſelf. He will not, like the fanatics of the laſt age, define the moment of grace; but he cannot forget the æra of his life, in which his mind has expanded to its proper form and dimenſions. My worthy tutor had the good ſenſe and modeſty to diſcern how far he could be uſeful: as ſoon as he felt that I advanced beyond his ſpeed and meaſure, he wiſely left me to my genius; and the hours of leſſon were ſoon loſt in the voluntary labour of the whole morning, and ſometimes of the whole day. The deſire of prolonging my time, gradually

victoire ſur ces articles, je l'aurai ſur le reſte avec le ſecours de Dieu. Tellement que je compte vous marquer dans peu que cette ouvrage eſt fini; je dois vous dire encore que, quoique j'ai trouvé M. votre fils très ferme dans ſes idées, je l'ai trouvé raiſonnable, qu'il s'eſt rendu à la lumière, et qu'il n'eſt pas, ce qu'on appelle, chicaneur. Par rapport à l'article du jeune le Vendredi et Samedi, long tems après que je vous eus ecrit qu'il n'avoit jamais marqué qu'il voulût l'obſerver, environ le commencement du mois de Mars je m'apperçus un Vendredi qu'il ne mangeoit point de viande; je lui parlai en particulier pour en ſavoir la raiſon, craignant que ce ne fut par indiſpoſition; il me repondit qu'il l'avoit fait à deſſein, et qu'il avoit cru être obligé de ſe conformer à la pratique d'une egliſe dont il etoit membre: nous parlâmes quelque tems ſur ce ſujet; il m'aſſura qu'il n'enviſageoit cela que comme une pratique bonne à la vérité, et qu'il devoit ſuivre, quoiqu'il ne la crû pas ſainte en elle meme, ni d'inſtitution divine. Je ne crus pas devoir inſiſter pour lors, ni le forcer à agir contre ſes lumières: j'ai traité cet article qui eſt certainement un des moins importans, des moins fondés; et cependant il m'a fallu un tems conſiderable pour le détromper, et pour lui faire comprendre qu'il avoit tort de s'aſſujettir à la pratique d'une Egliſe qu'il ne reconnoiſſoit plus pour infaillible; que ſi meme cette pratique avoit eu quelque utilité dans ſon inſtitution, cependant elle n'en avoit aucune en elle meme, puis qu'elle ne contribuoit en rien à la pureté des mœurs, qu'ainſi il n'y avoit aucune raiſon, ni dans l'inſtitution de cette pratique, ni dans la pratique elle même, qui l'autoriſât à s'y ſoumettre: qu'aujourdhui ce n'etoit qu'une affaire d'intéret, puis qu'avec de l'argent on obtenoit des diſpenſes pour manger gras, &c. de maniere que je l'ai ramené à la liberté Chretienne avec beaucoup de peine et ſeulement depuis quelques ſemaines. Je l'ai engagé a vous écrire, pour vous manifeſter les ſentimens où il eſt, et l'etat de ſa ſanté; et je crois qu'il l'a fait.

gradually confirmed the salutary habit of early rising; to which I have always adhered, with some regard to seasons and situations: but it is happy for my eyes and my health, that my temperate ardour has never been seduced to trespass on the hours of the night. During the last three years of my residence at Lausanne, I may assume the merit of serious and solid application; but I am tempted to distinguish the last eight months of the year 1755, as the period of the most extraordinary diligence and rapid progress *. In my French and Latin translations I adopted an excellent method, which, from my own success, I would recommend to the imitation of students. I chose some classic writer, such as Cicero and Vertot, the most approved for purity and elegance of style. I translated, for instance, an epistle of Cicero into French; and after throwing it aside, till the words and phrases were obliterated from my memory, I re-translated my French into such Latin as I could find; and then compared each sentence of my imperfect version, with the ease, the grace, the propriety of the Roman orator. A similar experiment was made on several pages of the Revolutions of Vertot; I turned them into Latin, returned them after a sufficient interval into my own French, and again scrutinized the resemblance or dissimilitude of the copy and the original. By degrees I was less ashamed, by degrees I was more satisfied with myself: and I persevered in the practice

* JOURNAL, December 1755.]—In finishing this year, I must remark how favourable it was to my studies. In the space of eight months, from the beginning of April, I learned the principles of drawing; made myself complete master of the French and Latin languages, with which I was very superficially acquainted before, and wrote and translated a great deal in both; read Cicero's Epistles ad Familiares, his Brutus, all his Orations, his Dialogues de Amicitiâ, and De Senectute; Terence, twice; and Pliny's Epistles. In French, Giannone's History of Naples, and l'Abbé Bannier's Mythology, and M. de Boehat's Memoirs sur la Suisse, and wrote a very ample relation of my tour. I likewise began to study Greek, and went through the Grammar. I begun to make very large collections of what I read. But what I esteem most of all, from the perusal and meditation of De Crousaz's Logic, I not only understood the principles of that science, but formed my mind to a habit of thinking and reasoning I had no idea of before.

practice of these double translations, which filled several books, till I had acquired the knowledge of both idioms, and the command at least of a correct style. This useful exercise of writing was accompanied and succeeded by the more pleasing occupation of reading the best authors. The perusal of the Roman classics was at once my exercise and reward. Dr. Middleton's History, which I then appreciated above its true value, naturally directed me to the writings of Cicero. The most perfect editions, that of Olivet, which may adorn the shelves of the rich, that of Ernesti, which should lie on the table of the learned, were not in my power. For the familiar epistles I used the text and English commentary of Bishop Ross: but my general edition was that of Verburgius, published at Amsterdam in two large volumes in folio, with an indifferent choice of various notes. I read, with application and pleasure, *all* the epistles, *all* the orations, and the most important treatises of rhetoric and philosophy; and as I read, I applauded the observation of Quintillian, that every student may judge of his own proficiency, by the satisfaction which he receives from the Roman orator. I tasted the beauties of language, I breathed the spirit of freedom, and I imbibed from his precepts and examples the public and private sense of a man. Cicero in Latin, and Xenophon in Greek, are indeed the two ancients whom I would first propose to a liberal scholar; not only for the merit of their style and sentiments, but for the admirable lessons, which may be applied almost to every situation of public and private life. Cicero's Epistles may in particular afford the models of every form of correspondence, from the careless effusions of tenderness and friendship, to the well-guarded declaration of discreet and dignified resentment. After finishing this great author, a library of eloquence and reason, I formed a more extensive plan of reviewing the Latin classics*, under the four divisions of, 1. historians, 2. poets,

* JOURNAL, January 1756.]—I determined to read over the Latin authors in order; and read this year, Virgil, Sallust, Livy, Velleius Paterculus, Valerius

poets, 3. orators, and 4. philoſophers, in a chronological ſeries, from the days of Plautus and Salluſt, to the decline of the language and empire of Rome: and this plan, in the laſt twenty-ſeven months of my reſidence at Lauſanne (January 1756—April 1758), I *nearly* accompliſhed. Nor was this review, however rapid, either haſty or ſuperficial. I indulged myſelf in a ſecond, and even a third peruſal of Terence, Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, &c. and ſtudied to imbibe the ſenſe and ſpirit moſt congenial to my own. I never ſuffered a difficult or corrupt paſſage to eſcape, till I had viewed it in every light of which it was ſuſceptible: though often diſappointed, I always conſulted the moſt learned or ingenious commentators, Torrentius and Dacier on Horace, Catrou and Servius on Virgil, Lipſius on Tacitus, Meziriac on Ovid, &c.; and in the ardour of my inquiries, I embraced a large circle of hiſtorical and critical erudition. My abſtracts of each book were made in the French language: my obſervations often branched into particular eſſays; and I can ſtill read, without contempt, a diſſertation of eight folio pages on eight lines (287—294) of the fourth Georgic of Virgil. Mr. Deyverdun, my friend, whoſe name will be frequently repeated, had joined with equal zeal, though not with equal perſeverance, in the ſame undertaking. To him every thought, every compoſition, was inſtantly communicated; with him I enjoyed the benefits of a free converſation on the topics of our common ſtudies.

But it is ſcarcely poſſible for a mind endowed with any active curioſity to be long converſant with the Latin claſſics, without aſpiring to know the Greek originals, whom they celebrate as their maſters, and of whom they ſo warmly recommend the ſtudy and imitation;

——Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ.

It

lerius Maximus, Tacitus, Suetonius, Quintus Curtius, Juſtin, Florus, Plautus, Terence, and Lucretius. I alſo read and meditated Locke upon the Underſtanding.

It was now that I regretted the early years which had been waſted in ſickneſs or idleneſs, or mere idle reading; that I condemned the perverſe method of our ſchoolmaſters, who, by firſt teaching the mother-language, might deſcend with ſo much eaſe and perſpicuity to the origin and etymology of a derivative idiom. In the nineteenth year of my age I determined to ſupply this defect; and the leſſons of Pavilliard again contributed to ſmooth the entrance of the way, the Greek alphabet, the grammar, and the pronunciation according to the French accent. At my earneſt requeſt we preſumed to open the Iliad; and I had the pleaſure of beholding, though darkly and through a glaſs, the true image of Homer, whom I had long ſince admired in an Engliſh dreſs. After my tutor had left me to myſelf, I worked my way through about half the Iliad, and afterwards interpreted alone a large portion of Xenophon and Herodotus. But my ardour, deſtitute of aid and emulation, was gradually cooled, and, from the barren taſk of ſearching words in a lexicon, I withdrew to the free and familiar converſation of Virgil and Tacitus. Yet in my reſidence at Lauſanne I had laid a ſolid foundation, which enabled me, in a more propitious ſeaſon, to proſecute the ſtudy of Grecian literature.

From a blind idea of the uſefulneſs of ſuch abſtract ſcience, my father had been deſirous, and even preſſing, that I ſhould devote ſome time to the mathematics*; nor could I refuſe

* *Extract of a Letter from* M. PAVILLIARD *to* EDWARD GIBBON, eſq.

Monſieur, January 12th, 1757.

Vous avez ſouhaitté que Monſieur votre fils s'appliquât à l'algebre; le gout qu'il a pour les belles lettres lui faiſoit apprehendre que l'algebre ne nuiſſit à ſes études favorites; je lui ai perſuadé qu'il ne ſe faiſoit pas une juſte idée de cette partie des mathematiques; l'obeiſſance qu'il vous doit, jointe à mes raiſons, l'onte determiné à en faire un cours. Je ne croiois pas qu'avec cette repugnance il y fit de grand progrés: je me ſuis trompé: il fait bien tout ce qu'il fait; il eſt exact à ſes leçons, il s'applique à lire avant ſa leçon, et il repaſſe avec ſoin, de maniere qu'il avance beaucoup, et plus que je ne me ſerois attendu: il eſt charmé d'avoir commencé, et je penſe qu'il fera un petit cours de geometrie, ce que en tout ne lui prendra que ſept à huit mois.

I refuſe to comply with ſo reaſonable a wiſh. During two winters I attended the private lectures of Monſieur de Traytorrens, who explained the elements of algebra and geometry, as far as the conic ſections of the Marquis de l'Hôpital, and appeared ſatisfied with my diligence and improvement*. But as my childiſh propenſity for num-

 bers

mois. Pendant qu'il fait ſes leçons, il ne s'eſt point relaché ſur ſes autres études; il avance beaucoup dans le Grec, et il a preſque lu la moitié de l'Iliade d'Homere; je lui fais régulierement des leçons ſur cet auteur: il a auſſi fini les Hiſtoriens Latins; il en eſt à préſent aux Poëtes; et il a lu entiérement Plaute et Terence, et bientôt il aura fini Lucrece. Au reſte, il ne lit pas ces auteurs à la légère, il veut s'eclaircir ſur tout; de façon qu'avec le génie qu'il a, l'excellente mémoire et l'application, il ira loin dans les ſciences.

J'ai eu l'honneur de vous dire ci-devant, que malgré ſes études il voyoit compagnie; je puis vous le dire encore aujourd, hui.

From the Same to the Same.

Monſieur, Jan. 14, 1758.

J'ai eu l'honneur de vous écrire le 27 Juillet et le 26 8bre paſſés, et je vous ai rendu compte de la ſanté, des études et de la conduite de Monſieur votre fils. Je n'ai rien à ajouter à tout ce que je vous en ai dit: il ſe porte parfaitement bien par la grace de Dieu: il continue à étudier avec application, et je puis vous aſſurer qu'il fait des progrès conſiderables dans les études, et il ſe fait extrêmement eſtimer par tous ceux qui le connoiſſent, et j'eſpere que quand il vous montrera en detail ce qu'il ſait, vous en ſerez très content. Les Belles Lettres qui ſont ſon étude favorite ne l'occupent pas entiérement; il continue les mathématiques, et ſon profeſſeur m'aſſure qu'il n'a jamais vu perſonne avancer autant que lui, ni avoir plus d'ardeur et d'application qu'il n'en a. Son génie heureux et pénétrant eſt ſecondé par uné mémoire des plus heureuſes, tellement qu'il n'oublie preſque rien de ce qui'l apprend. Je n'ai pas moins lieu d'être content de ſa conduite; quoiqu'il étudie beaucoup, il voit cependant compagnie, mais il ne voit que des perſonnes dont le commerce peut lui être utile.

* JOURNAL, January 1757.]—I began to ſtudy algebra under M. de Traytorrens, went through the elements of algebra and geometry, and the three firſt books of the Marquis de l'Hôpital's Conic Sections. I alſo read Tibullus, Catullus, Propertius, Horace (with Dacier's and Torrentius's notes), Virgil, Ovid's Epiſtles, with Meziriac's Commentary, the Ars Amandi, and the Elegies; likewiſe the Auguſtus and Tiberius of Suetonius, and a Latin tranſlation of Dion Caſſius, from the death of Julius Cæſar to the death of Auguſtus.

bers and calculations was totally extinct, I was content to receive the passive impression of my Professor's lectures, without any active exercise of my own powers. As soon as I understood the principles, I relinquished for ever the pursuit of the mathematics; nor can I lament that I desisted, before my mind was hardened by the habit of rigid demonstration, so destructive of the finer feelings of moral evidence, which must, however, determine the actions and opinions of our lives. I listened with more pleasure to the proposal of studying the law of nature and nations, which was taught in the academy of Lausanne by Mr. Vicat, a professor of some learning and reputation. But, instead of attending his public or private course, I preferred in my closet the lessons of his masters, and my own reason. Without being disgusted by Grotius or Puffendorf, I studied in their writings the duties of a man, the rights of a citizen, the theory of justice (it is, alas! a theory), and the laws of peace and war, which have had some influence on the practice of modern Europe. My fatigues were alleviated by the good sense of their commentator Barbeyrac. Locke's Treatise of Government instructed me in the knowledge of Whig principles, which are rather founded in reason than experience; but my delight was in the frequent perusal of Montesquieu, whose energy of style, and boldness of hypothesis, were powerful to awaken and stimulate the genius of the age. The logic of De Crousaz had prepared me to engage with his master Locke, and his antagonist Bayle; of whom the former may be used as a bridle, and the latter applied as a spur, to the curiosity of a young philosopher. According to the nature of their respective

gustus. I also continued my correspondence begun last year with M. Allemand of Bex, and the Professor Breitinger of Zurich; and opened a new one with the Professor Gesner of Gottingen.

N. B. Last year and this, I read St. John's Gospel, with part of Xenophon's Cyropœdia; the Iliad, and Herodotus: but, upon the whole, I rather neglected my Greek.

reſpective works, the ſchools of argument and objection, I carefully went through the Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, and occaſionally conſulted the moſt intereſting articles of the Philoſophic Dictionary. In the infancy of my reaſon I turned over, as an idle amuſement, the moſt ſerious and important treatiſe: in its maturity, the moſt trifling performance could exerciſe my taſte or judgment; and more than once I have been led by a novel into a deep and inſtructive train of thinking. But I cannot forbear to mention three particular books, ſince they may have remotely contributed to form the hiſtorian of the Roman empire. 1. From the Provincial Letters of Paſcal, which almoſt every year I have peruſed with new pleaſure, I learned to manage the weapon of grave and temperate irony, even on ſubjects of eccleſiaſtical ſolemnity. 2. The Life of Julian, by the Abbé de la Bleterie, firſt introduced me to the man and the times; and I ſhould be glad to recover my firſt eſſay on the truth of the miracle which ſtopped the rebuilding of the Temple of Jeruſalem. 3. In Giannone's Civil Hiſtory of Naples, I obſerved with a critical eye the progreſs and abuſe of ſacerdotal power, and the revolutions of Italy in the darker ages. This various reading, which I now conducted with diſcretion, was digeſted, according to the precept and model of Mr. Locke, into a large common-place book; a practice, however, which I do not ſtrenuouſly recommend. The action of the pen will doubtleſs imprint an idea on the mind as well as on the paper: but I much queſtion whether the benefits of this laborious method are adequate to the waſte of time; and I muſt agree with Dr. Johnſon, (Idler, No. 74.) "that what is twice "read, is commonly better remembered, than what is tran-"ſcribed."

During two years, if I forget ſome boyiſh excurſions of a day or a week, I was fixed at Lauſanne; but at the end of the third ſummer, my father conſented that I ſhould make the tour of Switzerland with Pavilliard; and our

ſhort abſence of one month (September 21ſt—October 20th, 1755) was a reward and relaxation of my aſſiduous ſtudies*. The faſhion of climbing the mountains and reviewing the *Glaciers*, had not yet been introduced by foreign travellers, who ſeek the ſublime beauties of nature. But the political face of the country is not leſs diverſified

* *From* EDWARD GIBBON *to* Mrs. PORTEN.

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* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * Now for myſelf. As my father has given me leave to make a journey round Switzerland, we ſet out to-morrow. Buy a map of Switzerland, it will coſt you but a ſhilling, and follow me. I go by Iverdun, Neufchâtel, Bienne or Biel, Soleurre or Solothurn, Bale or Baſil, Bade, Zurich, Lucerne, and Bern. The voyage will be of about four weeks; ſo that *I hope to find a letter from you waiting for me.* As my father had given me leave to learn what I had a mind, I have learned to ride, and learn actually to dance and draw. Beſides that, I often give ten or twelve hours a day to my ſtudies. I find a great many agreeable people here; ſee them ſometimes, and can ſay upon the whole, without vanity, that though I am the Engliſhman here who ſpends the leaſt money, I am he who is the moſt generally liked. I told you that my father had promiſed to ſend me into France and Italy. I have thanked him for it; but if he would follow my plan, he won't do it yet a while. I never liked young travellers; they go too raw to make any great remarks, and they loſe a time which is (in my opinion) the moſt precious part of a man's life. My ſcheme would be, to ſpend this winter at Lauſanne: for though it is a very good place to acquire the air of good company and the French tongue, we have no good profeſſors. To ſpend (I ſay) the winter at Lauſanne; go into England to ſee my friends a couple of months, and after that, finiſh my ſtudies, either at Cambridge (for after what has paſſed one cannot think of Oxford), or at an Univerſity in Holland. If you liked the ſcheme, *could you not propoſe it to my father by Metcalf, or ſomebody* who has *a certain credit over him?* I forgot to aſk you whether, in caſe my father writes to tell me of his marriage, would you adviſe me to compliment my mother-in-law? I think ſo. My health is ſo very regular, that I have nothing to ſay about it.

I have been the whole day writing you this letter; the preparations for our voyage gave me a thouſand interruptions. Beſides that, I was obliged to write in Engliſh. This laſt reaſon will ſeem a paradox, but I aſſure you the French is much more familiar to me. I am, &c.

LAUSANNE, Sept. 20, 1755. E. GIBBON.

fied by the forms and ſpirit of ſo many various republics, from the jealous government of the *few* to the licentious freedom of the *many*. I contemplated with pleaſure the new proſpects of men and manners; though my converſation with the natives would have been more free and inſtructive, had I poſſeſſed the German, as well as the French language. We paſſed through moſt of the principal towns of Switzerland; Neufchâtel, Bienne, Soleurre, Arau, Baden, Zurich, Baſil, and Bern. In every place we viſited the churches, arſenals, libraries, and all the moſt eminent perſons; and after my return, I digeſted my notes in fourteen or fifteen ſheets of a French journal, which I diſpatched to my father, as a proof that my time and his money had not been miſ-ſpent. Had I found this journal among his papers, I might be tempted to ſelect ſome paſſages: but I will not tranſcribe the printed accounts, and it may be ſufficient to notice a remarkable ſpot, which left a deep and laſting impreſſion on my memory. From Zurich we proceeded to the Benedictine Abbey of Einſidlen, more commonly ſtyled Our Lady of the Hermits. I was aſtoniſhed by the profuſe oſtentation of riches in the pooreſt corner of Europe; amidſt a ſavage ſcene of woods and mountains, a palace appears to have been erected by magic; and it was erected by the potent magic of religion. A crowd of palmers and votaries was proſtrate before the altar. The title and worſhip of the Mother of God provoked my indignation; and the lively naked image of ſuperſtition ſuggeſted to me, as in the ſame place it had done to Zuinglius, the moſt preſſing argument for the reformation of the church. About two years after this tour, I paſſed at Geneva a uſeful and agreeable month; but this excurſion, and ſome ſhort viſits in the Pais de Vaud, did not materially interrupt my ſtudious and ſedentary life at Lauſanne.

My thirſt of improvement, and the languid ſtate of ſcience at Lauſanne, ſoon prompted me to ſolicit a literary

correſpondence

correſpondence with ſeveral men of learning, whom I had not an opportunity of perſonally conſulting. 1. In the peruſal of Livy, (xxx. 44.) I had been ſtopped by a ſentence in a ſpeech of Hannibal, which cannot be reconciled by any torture with his character or argument. The commentators diſſemble, or confeſs their perplexity. It occurred to me, that the change of a ſingle letter, by ſubſtituting *otio* inſtead of *odio*, might reſtore a clear and conſiſtent ſenſe; but I wiſhed to weigh my emendation in ſcales leſs partial than my own. I addreſſed myſelf to M. Crevier*, the ſucceſſor of Rollin, and a profeſſor in the univerſity of Paris, who had publiſhed a large and valuable edition of Livy. His anſwer was ſpeedy and polite; he praiſed my ingenuity, and adopted my conjecture. 2. I maintained a Latin correſpondence, at firſt anonymous, and afterwards in my own name, with Profeſſor Breitinger† of Zurich, the learned editor of a Septuagint Bible. In our frequent letters we diſcuſſed many queſtions of antiquity, many paſſages of the Latin claſſics. I propoſed my interpretations and amendments. His cenſures, for he did not ſpare my boldneſs of conjecture, were ſharp and ſtrong; and I was encouraged by the conſciouſneſs of my ſtrength, when I could ſtand in free debate againſt a critic of ſuch eminence and erudition. 3. I correſponded on ſimilar topics with the celebrated Profeſſor Matthew Geſner‡, of the univerſity of Gottingen; and he accepted, as courteouſly as the two former, the invitation of an unknown youth. But his abilities might poſſibly be decayed; his elaborate letters were feeble and prolix; and when I aſked his proper direction, the vain old man covered half a ſheet of paper with the fooliſh enumeration of his titles and offices. 4. Theſe Profeſſors of Paris, Zurich, and Gottingen, were ſtrangers, whom I preſumed to addreſs on the credit of their name; but

* See Appendix, Letters, N°. I.
† Ditto, N°. IV. and V.
‡ Ditto, N°. VI. VII. and VIII.

but Mr. Allamand*, Minister at Bex, was my personal friend, with whom I maintained a more free and interesting correspondence. He was a master of language, of science, and, above all, of dispute; and his acute and flexible logic could support, with equal address, and perhaps with equal indifference, the adverse sides of every possible question. His spirit was active, but his pen had been indolent. Mr. Allamand had exposed himself to much scandal and reproach, by an anonymous letter (1745) to the Protestants of France; in which he labours to persuade them that *public* worship is the exclusive right and duty of the state, and that their numerous assemblies of dissenters and rebels were not authorised by the law or the gospel. His style is animated, his arguments specious; and if the papist may seem to lurk under the mask of a protestant, the philosopher is concealed under the disguise of a papist. After some trials in France and Holland, which were defeated by his fortune or his character, a genius that might have enlightened or deluded the world, was buried in a country living, unknown to fame, and discontented with mankind. *Est sacrificulus in pago, et rusticos decipit.* As often as private or ecclesiastical business called him to Lausanne, I enjoyed the pleasure and benefit of his conversation, and we were mutually flattered by our attention to each other. Our correspondence, in his absence, chiefly turned on Locke's metaphysics, which he attacked, and I defended; the origin of ideas, the principles of evidence; and the doctrine of liberty;

And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

By fencing with so skilful a master, I acquired some dexterity in the use of my philosophic weapons; but I was still the slave of education and prejudice. He had some measures

* See Appendix, Letters, N°. II. and III.

ſures to keep; and I much ſuſpect that he never ſhewed me the true colours of his ſecret ſcepticiſm.

Before I was recalled from Switzerland, I had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the moſt extraordinary man of the age; a poet, an hiſtorian, a philoſopher, who has filled thirty quartos, of proſe and verſe, with his various productions, often excellent, and always entertaining. Need I add the name of Voltaire? After forfeiting, by his own miſconduct, the friendſhip of the firſt of kings, he retired, at the age of ſixty, with a plentiful fortune, to a free and beautiful country, and reſided two winters (1757 and 1758) in the town or neighbourhood of Lauſanne. My deſire of beholding Voltaire, whom I then rated above his real magnitude, was eaſily gratified. He received me with civility as an Engliſh youth; but I cannot boaſt of any peculiar notice or diſtinction, *Virgilium vidi tantum.*

The ode which he compoſed on his firſt arrival on the banks of the Leman Lake, *O Maiſon d'Ariſtippe! O Jardin d'Epicure, &c.* had been imparted as a ſecret to the gentleman by whom I was introduced. He allowed me to read it twice; I knew it by heart; and as my diſcretion was not equal to my memory, the author was ſoon diſpleaſed by the circulation of a copy. In writing this trivial anecdote, I wiſhed to obſerve whether my memory was impaired, and I have the comfort of finding that every line of the poem is ſtill engraved in freſh and indelible characters. The higheſt gratification which I derived from Voltaire's reſidence at Lauſanne, was the uncommon circumſtance of hearing a great poet declaim his own productions on the ſtage. He had formed a company of gentlemen and ladies, ſome of whom were not deſtitute of talents. A decent theatre was framed at Monrepos, a country-houſe at the end of a ſuburb; dreſſes and ſcenes were provided at the expence of the actors; and the author directed the rehearſals with the zeal and attention of paternal love. In two ſucceſſive winters his tragedies of Zayre, Alzire, Zulime, and his ſentimental comedy of the Enfant Prodigue,

Prodigue, were played at the theatre of Monrepos. Voltaire repreſented the characters beſt adapted to his years, Luſignan, Alvaréz, Benaſſar, Euphemon. His declamation was faſhioned to the pomp and cadence of the old ſtage; and he expreſſed the enthuſiaſm of poetry, rather than the feelings of nature. My ardour, which ſoon became conſpicuous, ſeldom failed of procuring me a ticket. The habits of pleaſure fortified my taſte for the French theatre, and that taſte has perhaps abated my idolatry for the gigantic genius of Shakeſpeare, which is inculcated from our infancy as the firſt duty of an Engliſhman. The wit and philoſophy of Voltaire, his table and theatre, refined, in a viſible degree, the manners of Lauſanne; and, however addicted to ſtudy, I enjoyed my ſhare of the amuſements of ſociety. After the repreſentation of Monrepos I ſometimes ſupped with the actors. I was now familiar in ſome, and acquainted in many houſes; and my evenings were generally devoted to cards and converſation, either in private parties or numerous aſſemblies.

I heſitate, from the apprehenſion of ridicule, when I approach the delicate ſubject of my early love. By this word I do not mean the polite attention, the gallantry, without hope or deſign, which has originated in the ſpirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I underſtand by this paſſion the union of deſire, friendſhip, and tenderneſs, which is inflamed by a ſingle female, which prefers her to the reſt of her ſex, and which ſeeks her poſſeſſion as the ſupreme or the ſole happineſs of our being. I need not bluſh at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love was diſappointed of ſucceſs, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling ſuch a pure and exalted ſentiment. The perſonal attractions of Mademoiſelle Suſan Curchod were embelliſhed by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was reſpectable. Her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country. The profeſſion

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of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper, and he lived content with a small salary and laborious duty, in the obscure lot of minister of Crassy, in the mountains that separate the Pays de Vaud from the county of Burgundy *. In the solitude of a sequestered village he bestowed a liberal, and even learned, education on his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes by her proficiency in the sciences and languages; and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, and erudition of Mademoiselle Curchod were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity; I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three visits at her father's house. I passed some happy days there, in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honourably encouraged the connection. In a calm retirement the gay vanity of youth

* *Extracts from the Journal.*

March 1757.	I wrote some critical observations upon Plautus.
March 8th.	I wrote a long dissertation on some lines of Virgil.
June.	I saw Mademoiselle Curchod—*Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.*
August.	I went to Crassy, and staid two days.
Sept. 15th.	I went to Geneva.
Oct. 15th.	I came back to Lausanne, having passed through Crassy.
Nov. 1st.	I went to visit M. de Watteville at Loin, and saw Mademoiselle Curchod in my way through Rolle.
Nov. 17th.	I went to Crassy, and staid there six days.
Jan. 1758.	In the three first months of this year I read Ovid's Metamorphoses, finished the conic sections with M. de Traytorrens, and went as far as the infinite series; I likewise read Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology, and wrote my critical observations upon it.
Jan. 23d.	I saw Alzire acted by the society at Monrepos. Voltaire acted Alvares; D'Hermanches, Zamore; de St. Cierge, Guzman; M. de Gentil, Monteze; and Madame Denys, Alzire.

youth no longer fluttered in her bosom; she listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity: but on my return to England, I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate: I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son *; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided in friendship and esteem. The minister of Crassy soon afterwards died; his stipend died with him: his daughter retired to Geneva, where, by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother; but in her lowest distress she maintained a spotless reputation, and a dignified behaviour. A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune and good sense to discover and possess this inestimable treasure; and in the capital of taste and luxury she resisted the temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. The genius of her husband has exalted him to the most conspicuous station in Europe. In every change of prosperity and disgrace he has reclined on the bosom of a faithful friend; and Mademoiselle Curchod is now the wife of M. Neckar, the minister, and perhaps the legislator, of the French monarchy.

Whatsoever have been the fruits of my education, they must be ascribed to the fortunate banishment which placed me at Lausanne. I have sometimes applied to my own fate the verses of Pindar, which remind an Olympic champion that his victory was the consequence of his exile; and that at

* See Oeuvres de Rousseau, tom. xxxiii. p. 88, 89. octavo edition. As an author I shall not appeal from the judgment, or taste, or caprice of *Jean Jaques:* but that extraordinary man, whom I admire and pity, should have been less precipitate in condemning the moral character and conduct of a stranger.

at home, like a domeſtic fowl, his days might have rolled away inactive or inglorious.

. . . ἦτοι καὶ τεά κεν,
Ἐνδομάχας ἄτ' ἀλέκτωρ,
Συγγόνω παρ' ἑσλία
Ἀκλεὴς τιμὰ κατεφυλλορόησε ποδῶν.
Εἰ μὴ σλάσις ἀνλιάνειρα
Κνωσίας ἄμερσε πάτρας *. *Olymp.* xii.

If my childiſh revolt againſt the religion of my country had not ſtripped me in time of my academic gown, the five important years, ſo liberally improved in the ſtudies and converſation of Lauſanne, would have been ſteeped in port and prejudice among the monks of Oxford. Had the fatigue of idleneſs compelled me to read, the path of learning would not have been enlightened by a ray of philoſophic freedom. I ſhould have grown to manhood ignorant of the life and language of Europe, and my knowledge of the world would have been confined to an Engliſh cloiſter. But my religious error fixed me at Lauſanne, in a ſtate of baniſhment and diſgrace. The rigid courſe of diſcipline and abſtinence, to which I was condemned, invigorated the conſtitution of my mind and body; poverty and pride eſtranged me from my countrymen. One miſchief, however, and in their eyes a ſerious and irreparable miſchief, was derived from the ſucceſs of my Swiſs education: I had ceaſed to be an Engliſhman. At the flexible period of youth, from the age of ſixteen to twenty-one, my opinions, habits, and ſentiments were caſt in a foreign mould; the faint and diſtant remembrance

* Thus, like the creſted bird of Mars, at home
Engag'd in foul domeſtic jars,
And waſted with inteſtine wars,
Inglorious had'ſt thou ſpent thy vig'rous bloom:
Had not ſedition's civil broils
Expell'd thee from thy native *Crete*,
And driv'n thee with more glorious toils
Th' *Olympic* crown in *Piſa's* plain to meet. *Weſt's Pindar.*

brance of England was almoſt obliterated; my native language was grown leſs familiar; and I ſhould have cheerfully accepted the offer of a moderate independence on the terms of perpetual exile. By the good ſenſe and temper of Pavilliard my yoke was inſenſibly lightened: he left me maſter of my time and actions; but he could neither change my ſituation, nor increaſe my allowance, and with the progreſs of my years and reaſon I impatiently ſighed for the moment of my deliverance. At length, in the Spring of the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty-eight, my father ſignified his permiſſion and his pleaſure that I ſhould immediately return home. We were then in the midſt of a war: the reſentment of the French at our taking their ſhips without a declaration, had rendered that polite nation ſomewhat peeviſh and difficult. They denied a paſſage to Engliſh travellers, and the road through Germany was circuitous, toilſome, and perhaps in the neighbourhood of the armies, expoſed to ſome danger. In this perplexity, two Swiſs officers of my acquaintance in the Dutch ſervice, who were returning to their garriſons, offered to conduct me through France as one of their companions; nor did we ſufficiently reflect that my borrowed name and regimentals might have been conſidered, in caſe of a diſcovery, in a very ſerious light. I took my leave of Lauſanne on the 11th of April 1758, with a mixture of joy and regret, in the firm reſolution of reviſiting, as a man, the perſons and places which had been ſo dear to my youth. We travelled ſlowly, but pleaſantly, in a hired coach, over the hills of Franche-compté and the fertile province of Lorraine, and paſſed, without accident or inquiry, through ſeveral fortified towns of the French frontier: from thence we entered the wild Ardennes of the Auſtrian dutchy of Luxembourg; and after croſſing the Meuſe at Liege, we traverſed the heaths of Brabant, and reached, on the fifteenth day, our Dutch garriſon of Bois le Duc. In our paſſage through Nancy, my eye was gratified by the aſpect of a regular and beautiful city, the work of Staniſlaus, who, after the

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ſtorms of Poliſh royalty, repoſed in the love and gratitude of his new ſubjects of Lorraine. In our halt at Maeſtricht I viſited Mr. de Beaufort, a learned critic, who was known to me by his ſpecious arguments againſt the five firſt centuries of the Roman Hiſtory. After dropping my regimental companions, I ſtepped aſide to viſit Rotterdam and the Hague. I wiſhed to have obſerved a country, the monument of freedom and induſtry; but my days were numbered, and a longer delay would have been ungraceful. I haſtened to embark at the Brill, landed the next day at Harwich, and proceeded to London, where my father awaited my arrival. The whole term of my firſt abſence from England was four years ten months and fifteen days.

In the prayers of the church our perſonal concerns are judiciouſly reduced to the threefold diſtinction of *mind*, *body*, and *eſtate*. The ſentiments of the mind excite and exerciſe our ſocial ſympathy. The review of my moral and literary character is the moſt intereſting to myſelf and to the public; and I may expatiate, without reproach, on my private ſtudies; ſince they have produced the public writings, which can alone entitle me to the eſteem and friendſhip of my readers. The experience of the world inculcates a diſcreet reſerve on the ſubject of our perſon and eſtate, and we ſoon learn that a free diſcloſure of our riches or poverty would provoke the malice of envy, or encourage the inſolence of contempt.

The only perſon in England whom I was impatient to ſee was my aunt Porten, the affectionate guardian of my tender years. I haſtened to her houſe in College-ſtreet, Weſtminſter; and the evening was ſpent in the effuſions of joy and confidence. It was not without ſome awe and apprehenſion that I approached the preſence of my father. My infancy, to ſpeak the truth, had been neglected at home; the ſeverity of his look and language at our laſt parting ſtill dwelt on my memory; nor could I form any notion of his character, or my probable reception. They were both more agreeable than I could expect. The domeſtic diſcipline of our anceſ-

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tors has been relaxed by the philoſophy and ſoftneſs of the age; and if my father remembered that he had trembled before a ſtern parent, it was only to adopt with his own ſon an oppoſite mode of behaviour. He received me as a man and a friend; all conſtraint was baniſhed at our firſt interview, and we ever afterwards continued on the ſame terms of eaſy and equal politeneſs. He applauded the ſucceſs of my education; every word and action was expreſſive of the moſt cordial affection; and our lives would have paſſed without a cloud, if his œconomy had been equal to his fortune, or if his fortune had been equal to his deſires. During my abſence he had married his ſecond wife, Miſs Dorothea Patton, who was introduced to me with the moſt unfavourable prejudice. I conſidered his ſecond marriage as an act of diſpleaſure, and I was diſpoſed to hate the rival of my mother. But the injuſtice was in my own fancy, and the imaginary monſter was an amiable and deſerving woman. I could not be miſtaken in the firſt view of her underſtanding, her knowledge, and the elegant ſpirit of her converſation: her polite welcome, and her aſſiduous care to ſtudy and gratify my wiſhes, announced at leaſt that the ſurface would be ſmooth; and my ſuſpicions of art and falſehood were gradually diſpelled by the full diſcovery of her warm and exquiſite ſenſibility. After ſome reſerve on my ſide, our minds aſſociated in confidence and friendſhip; and as Mrs. Gibbon had neither children nor the hopes of children, we more eaſily adopted the tender names and genuine characters of mother and of ſon. By the indulgence of theſe parents, I was left at liberty to conſult my taſte or reaſon in the choice of place, of company, and of amuſements; and my excurſions were bounded only by the limits of the iſland, and the meaſure of my income. Some faint efforts were made to procure me the employment of ſecretary to a foreign embaſſy; and I liſtened to a ſcheme which would again have tranſported me to the continent. Mrs. Gibbon, with ſeeming wiſdom, exhorted me to take chambers in the Temple, and devote my leiſure to the ſtudy of the law. I cannot repent

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of having neglected her advice. Few men, without the spur of necessity, have resolution to force their way through the thorns and thickets of that gloomy labyrinth. Nature had not endowed me with the bold and ready eloquence which makes itself heard amidst the tumult of the bar; and I should probably have been diverted from the labours of literature, without acquiring the fame or fortune of a successful pleader. I had no need to call to my aid the regular duties of a profession; every day, every hour, was agreeably filled; nor have I known, like so many of my countrymen, the tediousness of an idle life.

Of the two years (May 1758—May 1760,) between my return to England and the embodying of the Hampshire militia, I passed about nine months in London, and the remainder in the country. The metropolis affords many amusements, which are open to all. It is itself an astonishing and perpetual spectacle to the curious eye; and each taste, each sense may be gratified by the variety of objects which will occur in the long circuit of a morning walk. I assiduously frequented the theatres at a very propitious æra of the stage, when a constellation of excellent actors, both in tragedy and comedy, was eclipsed by the meridian brightness of Garrick in the maturity of his judgment, and vigour of his performance. The pleasures of a town-life are within the reach of every man who is regardless of his health, his money, and his company. By the contagion of example I was sometimes seduced; but the better habits, which I had formed at Lausanne, induced me to seek a more elegant and rational society; and if my search was less easy and successful than I might have hoped, I shall at present impute the failure to the disadvantages of my situation and character. Had the rank and fortune of my parents given them an annual establishment in London, their own house would have introduced me to a numerous and polite circle of aequaintance. But my father's taste had always preferred the highest and the lowest company, for which he was equally qualified; and after a twelve years retirement, he was no longer in the

memory

memory of the great with whom he had aſſociated. I found myſelf a ſtranger in the midſt of a vaſt and unknown city; and at my entrance into life I was reduced to ſome dull family parties, and ſome ſcattered connections, which were not ſuch as I ſhould have choſen for myſelf. The moſt uſeful friends of my father were the Mallets: they received me with civility and kindneſs at firſt on his account, and afterwards on my own; and (if I may uſe Lord Cheſterfield's words) I was ſoon *domeſticated* in their houſe. Mr. Mallet, a name among the Engliſh poets, is praiſed by an unforgiving enemy, for the eaſe and elegance of his converſation, and his wife was not deſtitute of wit or learning. By his aſſiſtance I was introduced to lady Hervey, the mother of the preſent earl of Briſtol. Her age and infirmities confined her at home: her dinners were ſelect; in the evening her houſe was open to the beſt company of both ſexes and all nations; nor was I diſpleaſed at her preference and affectation of the manners, the language, and the literature of France. But my progreſs in the Engliſh world was in general left to my own efforts, and thoſe efforts were languid and ſlow. I had not been endowed by art or nature with thoſe happy gifts of confidence and addreſs, which unlock every door and every boſom; nor would it be reaſonable to complain of the juſt conſequences of my ſickly childhood, foreign education, and reſerved temper. While coaches were rattling through Bond-ſtreet, I have paſſed many a ſolitary evening in my lodging with my books. My ſtudies were ſometimes interrupted by a ſigh, which I breathed towards Lauſanne; and on the approach of Spring, I withdrew without reluctance from the noiſy and extenſive ſcene of crowds without company, and diſſipation without pleaſure. In each of the twenty-five years of my acquaintance with London (1758—1783) the proſpect gradually brightened; and this unfavourable picture moſt properly belongs to the firſt period after my return from Switzerland.

My father's reſidence in Hampſhire, where I have paſſed many light, and ſome heavy hours, was at Buriton, near Petersfield, one mile from the Portſmouth road, and at the eaſy diſtance of fifty-eight miles from London*. An old manſion, in a ſtate of decay, had been converted into the faſhion and convenience of a modern houſe: and if ſtrangers had nothing to ſee, the inhabitants had little to deſire. The ſpot was not happily choſen, at the end of the village and the bottom of the hill: but the aſpect of the adjacent grounds was various and cheerful; the downs commanded a noble proſpect, and the long hanging woods in ſight of the houſe could not perhaps have been improved by art or expence. My father kept in his own hands the whole of the eſtate, and even rented ſome additional land; and whatſoever might be the balance of profit and loſs, the farm ſupplied him with amuſement and plenty. The produce maintained a number of men and horſes, which were multiplied by the intermixture of domeſtic and rural ſervants; and in the intervals of labour the favourite team, a handſome ſet of bays or greys, was harneſſed to the coach. The œconomy of the houſe was regulated by the taſte and prudence of Mrs. Gibbon. She prided herſelf in the elegance of her occaſional dinners; and from the uncleanly avarice of Madame Pavilliard, I was ſuddenly tranſported to the daily neatneſs and luxury of an Engliſh table. Our immediate neighbourhood was rare and ruſtic; but from the verge of our hills, as far as Chicheſter and Goodwood, the weſtern diſtrict of Suſſex was interſperſed with noble ſeats and hoſpitable families, with whom we cultivated a friendly, and might have enjoyed a very frequent, intercourſe. As my ſtay at Buriton was always voluntary, I was received and diſmiſſed with ſmiles; but the comforts of my retirement did not depend on the ordinary pleaſures of the country. My father could never inſpire me with his love and

* The eſtate and manor of Beriton, otherwiſe Buriton, were conſiderable, and were ſold a few years ago to Lord Stawell. S.

and knowledge of farming. I never handled a gun, I ſeldom mounted an horſe; and my philoſophic walks were ſoon terminated by a ſhady bench, where I was long detained by the ſedentary amuſement of reading or meditation. At home I occupied a pleaſant and ſpacious apartment; the library on the ſame floor was ſoon conſidered as my peculiar domain; and I might ſay with truth, that I was never leſs alone than when by myſelf. My ſole complaint, which I piouſly ſuppreſſed, aroſe from the kind reſtraint impoſed on the freedom of my time. By the habit of early riſing I always ſecured a ſacred portion of the day, and many ſcattered moments were ſtolen and employed by my ſtudious induſtry. But the family hours of breakfaſt, of dinner, of tea, and of ſupper, were regular and long: after breakfaſt Mrs. Gibbon expected my company in her dreſſing-room; after tea my father claimed my converſation and the peruſal of the newſpapers; and in the midſt of an intereſting work I was often called down to receive the viſit of ſome idle neighbours. Their dinners and viſits required, in due ſeaſon, a ſimilar return; and I dreaded the period of the full moon, which was uſually reſerved for our more diſtant excurſions. I could not refuſe attending my father, in the ſummer of 1759, to the races at Stockbridge, Reading, and Odiam, where he had entered a horſe for the hunter's plate; and I was not diſpleaſed with the ſight of our Olympic games, the beauty of the ſpot, the fleetneſs of the horſes, and the gay tumult of the numerous ſpectators. As ſoon as the militia buſineſs was agitated, many days were tediouſly conſumed in meetings of deputy-lieutenants at Petersfield, Alton, and Wincheſter. In the cloſe of the ſame year, 1759, Sir Simeon (then Mr.) Stewart attempted an unſucceſsful conteſt for the county of Southampton, againſt Mr. Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer: a well-known conteſt, in which Lord Bute's influence was firſt exerted and cenſured. Our canvas at Portſmouth and Goſport laſted ſeveral days; but the interruption of my ſtudies

was compenſated in ſome degree by the ſpectacle of Engliſh manners, and the acquiſition of ſome practical knowledge.

If in a more domeſtic or more diſſipated ſcene my application was ſomewhat relaxed, the love of knowledge was inflamed and gratified by the command of books; and I compared the poverty of Lauſanne with the plenty of London. My father's ſtudy at Buriton was ſtuffed with much traſh of the laſt age, with much high church divinity and politics, which have long ſince gone to their proper place: yet it contained ſome valuable editions of the claſſics and the fathers, the choice, as it ſhould ſeem, of Mr. Law; and many Engliſh publications of the times had been occaſionally added. From this ſlender beginning I have gradually formed a numerous and ſelect library, the foundation of my works, and the beſt comfort of my life, both at home and abroad. On the receipt of the firſt quarter, a large ſhare of my allowance was appropriated to my literary wants. I cannot forget the joy with which I exchanged a bank-note of twenty pounds for the twenty volumes of the Memoirs of the Academy of Inſcriptions; nor would it have been eaſy, by any other expenditure of the ſame ſum, to have procured ſo large and laſting a fund of rational amuſement. At a time when I moſt aſſiduouſly frequented this ſchool of antient literature, I thus expreſſed my opinion of a learned and various collection, which ſince the year 1759 has been doubled in magnitude, though not in merit—"Une de ces ſociétes, qui ont "mieux immortaliſé Louis XIV. qu'un ambition ſouvent "pernicieuſe aux hommes, commençoit deja ces recherches "qui réuniſſent la juſteſſe de l'eſprit, l'ameneté & l'erudi-"tion: où l'on voit tant des decouvertes, et quelquefois, "ce qui ne cede qu'à peine aux decouvertes, une *ignorance* "modeſte et *ſavante*." The review of my library muſt be reſerved for the period of its maturity; but in this place I may allow myſelf to obſerve, that I am not conſcious of having ever bought a book from a motive of oſtentation,

that

that every volume, before it was depoſited on the ſhelf, was either read or ſufficiently examined, and that I ſoon adopted the tolerating maxim of the elder Pliny, "nullum "eſſe librum tam malum ut non ex aliquâ parte prodeſſet." I could not yet find leiſure or courage to renew the purſuit of the Greek language, excepting by reading the leſſons of the Old and New Teſtament every Sunday, when I attended the family to church. The ſeries of my Latin authors was leſs ſtrenuouſly completed; but the acquiſition, by inheritance or purchaſe, of the beſt editions of Cicero, Quintilian, Livy, Tacitus, Ovid, &c. afforded a fair proſpect, which I ſeldom neglected. I perſevered in the uſeful method of abſtracts and obſervations; and a ſingle example may ſuffice, of a note which had almoſt ſwelled into a work. The ſolution of a paſſage of Livy (xxxviii. 38.) involved me in the dry and dark treatiſes of Greaves, Arbuthnot, Hooper, Bernard, Eiſenſchmidt, Gronovius, La Barré, Freret, &c.; and in my French eſſay (chap. 20.) I ridiculouſly ſend the reader to my own *manuſcript* remarks on the weights, coins, and meaſures of the ancients, which were abruptly terminated by the militia drum.

As I am now entering on a more ample field of ſociety and ſtudy, I can only hope to avoid a vain and prolix garrulity, by overlooking the vulgar crowd of my acquaintance, and confining myſelf to ſuch intimate friends among books and men, as are beſt entitled to my notice by their own merit and reputation, or by the deep impreſſion which they have left on my mind. Yet I will embrace this occaſion of recommending to the young ſtudent a practice, which about this time I myſelf adopted. After glancing my eye over the deſign and order of a new book, I ſuſpended the peruſal till I had finiſhed the taſk of ſelf-examination, till I had revolved, in a ſolitary walk, all that I knew or believed, or had thought on the ſubject of the whole work, or of ſome particular chapter: I was then qualified to diſcern how much the author added to my original

ginal ſtock; and I was ſometimes ſatisfied by the agreement, I was ſometimes armed by the oppoſition, of our ideas. The favourite companions of my leiſure were our Engliſh writers ſince the Revolution: they breathe the ſpirit of reaſon and liberty; and they moſt ſeaſonably contributed to reſtore the purity of my own language, which had been corrupted by the long uſe of a foreign idiom. By the judicious advice of Mr. Mallet, I was directed to the writings of Swift and Addiſon; wit and ſimplicity are their common attributes: but the ſtyle of Swift is ſupported by manly original vigour; that of Addiſon is adorned by the female graces of elegance and mildneſs. The old reproach, that no Britiſh altars had been raiſed to the muſe of hiſtory, was recently diſproved by the firſt performances of Robertſon and Hume, the hiſtories of Scotland and of the Stuarts. I will aſſume the preſumption of ſaying, that I was not unworthy to read them: nor will I diſguiſe my different feelings in the repeated peruſals. The perfect compoſition, the nervous language, the well-tuned periods of Dr. Robertſon, inflamed me to the ambitious hope that I might one day tread in his footſteps: the calm philoſophy, the careleſs inimitable beauties of his friend and rival, often forced me to cloſe the volume with a mixed ſenſation of delight and deſpair.

The deſign of my firſt work, the Eſſay on the Study of Literature, was ſuggeſted by a refinement of vanity, the deſire of juſtifying and praiſing the object of a favourite purſuit. In France, to which my ideas were confined, the learning and language of Greece and Rome were neglected by a philoſophic age. The guardian of thoſe ſtudies, the Academy of Inſcriptions, was degraded to the loweſt rank among the three royal ſocieties of Paris: the new appellation of Erudits was contemptuouſly applied to the ſucceſſors of Lipſius and Caſaubon; and I was provoked to hear (ſee M. d'Alembert Diſcours preliminaire à l'Encyclopedie) that the exerciſe of the memory, their ſole merit, had been ſuperſeded by the nobler faculties of the imagination and the judgment,

judgment. I was ambitious of proving by my own example, as well as by my precepts, that all the faculties of the mind may be exercised and displayed by the study of ancient literature: I began to select and adorn the various proofs and illustrations which had offered themselves in reading the classics; and the first pages or chapters of my essay were composed before my departure from Lausanne. The hurry of the journey, and of the first weeks of my English life, suspended all thoughts of serious application: but my object was ever before my eyes; and no more than ten days, from the first to the eleventh of July, were suffered to elapse after my summer establishment at Buriton. My essay was finished in about six weeks; and as soon as a fair copy had been transcribed by one of the French prisoners at Petersfield, I looked round for a critic and judge of my first performance. A writer can seldom be content with the doubtful recompence of solitary approbation; but a youth ignorant of the world, and of himself, must desire to weigh his talents in some scales less partial than his own: my conduct was natural, my motive laudable, my choice of Dr. Maty judicious and fortunate. By descent and education Dr. Maty, though born in Holland, might be considered as a Frenchman; but he was fixed in London by the practice of physic, and an office in the British Museum. His reputation was justly founded on the eighteen volumes of the *Journal Britannique*, which he had supported, almost alone, with perseverance and success. This humble though useful labour, which had once been dignified by the genius of Bayle and the learning of Le Clerc, was not disgraced by the taste, the knowledge, and the judgment of Maty: he exhibits a candid and pleasing view of the state of literature in England during a period of six years (January 1750—December 1755); and, far different from his angry son, he handles the rod of criticism with the tenderness and reluctance of a parent. The author of the *Journal Britannique* sometimes aspires to the character of a poet and philosopher: his style is pure and elegant; and in his virtues, or even in his defects, he may

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be ranked as one of the laſt diſciples of the ſchool of Fontenelle. His anſwer to my firſt letter was prompt and polite: after a careful examination he returned my manuſcript, with ſome animadverſion and much applauſe; and when I viſited London in the enſuing winter, we diſcuſſed the deſign and execution in ſeveral free and familiar converſations. In a ſhort excurſion to Buriton I reviewed my eſſay, according to his friendly advice; and after ſuppreſſing a third, adding a third, and altering a third, I conſummated my firſt labour by a ſhort preface, which is dated February 3d, 1759. Yet I ſtill ſhrunk from the preſs with the terrors of virgin-modeſty: the manuſcript was ſafely depoſited in my deſk; and as my attention was engaged by new objects, the delay might have been prolonged till I had fulfilled the precept of Horace, "nonumque prematur in annum." Father Sirmond, a learned jeſuit, was ſtill more rigid, ſince he adviſed a young friend to expect the mature age of fifty, before he gave himſelf or his writings to the public (Olivet Hiſtoire de l'Academie Françoiſe, tom. ii. p. 143.) The counſel was ſingular; but it is ſtill more ſingular that it ſhould have been approved by the example of the author. Sirmond was himſelf fifty-five years of age when he publiſhed (in 1614) his firſt work, an edition of Sidonius Apollinaris, with many valuable annotations: (ſee his life, before the great edition of his works in five volumes folio, Paris, 1696, é Typographiâ Regiâ).

Two years elapſed in ſilence: but in the ſpring of 1761 I yielded to the authority of a parent, and complied, like a pious ſon, with the wiſh of my own heart*. My private reſolves

* JOURNAL, March 8th, 1758.]—I began my Eſſai ſur l'Etude de la Litterature, and wrote the 23 firſt chapters, (excepting the following ones, 11, 12, 13, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22.) before I left Switzerland.

July 11th. I again took in hand my Eſſay; and in about ſix weeks finiſhed it, from C. 23—55. (excepting 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33. and note to C. 38.) beſides a number of chapters from C. 55. to the end, which are now ſtruck out.

Feb. 11th, 1759. I wrote the chapters of my Eſſay, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. the note to C. 38. and the firſt part of the preface.

April

reſolves were influenced by the ſtate of Europe. About this time the belligerent powers had made and accepted overtures of peace; our Engliſh plenipotentiaries were named to aſſiſt at the Congreſs of Augſbourg, which never met: I wiſhed to attend them as a gentleman or a ſecretary; and my father fondly believed that the proof of ſome literary talents might introduce me to public notice, and ſecond the recommendations of my friends. After a laſt reviſal I conſulted with Mr. Mallet and Dr. Maty, who approved the deſign and promoted the execution. Mr. Mallet, after hearing me read my manuſcript, received it from my hands, and delivered it into thoſe of Becket, with whom he made an agreement in my name; an eaſy agreement: I required only a certain number of copies; and, without transferring my property, I devolved on the bookſeller the charges and profits of the edition. Dr. Maty undertook, in my abſence, to correct the ſheets: he inſerted, without my knowledge, an elegant and flattering epiſtle to the author; which is compoſed, however, with ſo much art, that, in caſe of a defeat, his favourable report might have been aſcribed to the indulgence of a friend for the raſh attempt of a *young Engliſh* gentleman. The work was printed and publiſhed, under the title of Eſſai ſur l'Etude de la Litterature, à Londres, chez T. Becket et P. A. de Hondt, 1761, in a ſmall volume in duodecimo: my dedication to my father, a proper

April 23, 1761. Being at length, by my father's advice, determined to publiſh my Eſſay, I reviſed it with great care, made many alterations, ſtruck out a conſiderable part, and wrote the chapters from 57—78, which I was obliged myſelf to copy out fair.

June 10th, 1761. Finding the printing of my book proceeded but ſlowly, I went up to town, where I found the whole was finiſhed. I gave Becket orders for the preſents; 20 for Lauſanne; copies for the Duke of Richmond, Marquis of Carnarvon, Lords Waldegrave, Litchfield, Bath, Granville, Bute, Shelbourn, Cheſterfield, Hardwicke, Lady Hervey, Sir Joſeph Yorke, Sir Matthew Featherſtone, M. M. Mallet, Maty, Scott, Wray, Lord Egremont, M. de Buffy, Mademoiſelle la Ducheſſe d'Aguillon, and M. le Comte de Caylus:—great part of theſe were only my father's or Mallet's acquaintance.

proper and pious addreſs, was compoſed the twenty-eighth of May: Dr. Maty's letter is dated the 16th of June; and I received the firſt copy (June 23) at Alresford, two days before I marched with the Hampſhire militia. Some weeks afterwards, on the ſame ground, I preſented my book to the late Duke of York, who breakfaſted in Colonel Pitt's tent. By my father's direction, and Mallet's advice, many literary gifts were diſtributed to ſeveral eminent characters in England and France; two books were ſent to the Count de Caylus, and the Ducheſſe d'Aiguillon, at Paris: I had reſerved twenty copies for my friends at Lauſanne, as the firſt fruits of my education, and a grateful token of my remembrance: and on all theſe perſons I levied an unavoidable tax of civility and compliment. It is not ſurpriſing that a work, of which the ſtyle and ſentiments were ſo totally foreign, ſhould have been more ſucceſsful abroad than at home. I was delighted by the copious extracts, the warm commendations, and the flattering predictions of the Journals of France and Holland: and the next year (1762) a new edition (I believe at Geneva) extended the fame, or at leaſt the circulation, of the work. In England it was received with cold indifference, little read, and ſpeedily forgotten: a ſmall impreſſion was ſlowly diſperſed; the bookſeller murmured, and the author (had his feelings been more exquiſite) might have wept over the blunders and baldneſs of the Engliſh tranſlation. The publication of my Hiſtory fifteen years afterwards revived the memory of my firſt performance, and the Eſſay was eagerly ſought in the ſhops. But I refuſed the permiſſion which Becket ſolicited of reprinting it: the public curioſity was imperfectly ſatisfied by a pirated copy of the bookſellers of Dublin; and when a copy of the original edition has been diſcovered in a ſale, the primitive value of half-a-crown has riſen to the fanciful price of a guinea or thirty ſhillings.

I have expatiated on the petty circumſtances and period of my firſt publication, a memorable æra in the life of a ſtudent,

ſtudent, when he ventures to reveal the meaſure of his mind: his hopes and fears are multiplied by the idea of ſelf-importance, and he believes for a while that the eyes of mankind are fixed on his perſon and performance. Whatever may be my preſent reputation, it no longer reſts on the merit of this firſt eſſay; and at the end of twenty-eight years I may appreciate my juvenile work with the impartiality, and almoſt with the indifference, of a ſtranger. In his anſwer to Lady Hervey, the Count de Caylus admires, or affects to admire, "les livres ſans nombre que Mr. Gibbon a lus et tres bien lus*." But, alas! my ſtock of erudition at that time was ſcanty and ſuperficial; and if I allow myſelf the liberty of naming the Greek maſters, my genuine and perſonal acquaintance was confined to the Latin claſſics. The moſt ſerious defect of my Eſſay is a kind of obſcurity and abruptneſs which always fatigues, and may often elude, the attention of the reader. Inſtead of a preciſe and proper definition of the title itſelf, the ſenſe of the word *Litterature* is looſely and variouſly applied: a number of remarks and examples, hiſtorical, critical, philoſophical, are heaped on each other without method or connection: and if we except ſome introductory pages, all the remaining chapters might indifferently be reverſed or tranſpoſed. The obſcurity of many paſſages is often affected, *brevis eſſe laboro, obſcurus fio*; the deſire of expreſſing perhaps a common idea with ſententious and oracular brevity: alas! how fatal has been the imitation of Monteſquieu! But this obſcurity ſometimes proceeds from a mixture of light and darkneſs in the author's mind; from a partial ray which ſtrikes upon an angle, inſtead of ſpreading itſelf over the ſurface of an object. After this fair confeſſion I ſhall preſume to ſay, that the Eſſay does credit to a young writer of two and twenty years of age, who had read with taſte, who thinks with freedom, and who writes in a foreign language with ſpirit and elegance. The defence of the early Hiſtory of Rome and the New Chronology of Sir Iſaac Newton form a ſpe-

* See Appendix, Letter, N°. X.

a ſpecious argument. The patriotic and political deſign of the Georgics is happily conceived; and any probable conjecture, which tends to raiſe the dignity of the poet and the poem, deſerves to be adopted, without a rigid ſcrutiny. Some dawnings of a philoſophic ſpirit enlighten the general remarks on the ſtudy of hiſtory and of man. I am not diſpleaſed with the inquiry into the origin and nature of the gods of polytheiſm, which might deſerve the illuſtration of a riper judgment. Upon the whole, I may apply to the firſt labour of my pen the ſpeech of a far ſuperior artiſt, when he ſurveyed the firſt productions of his pencil. After viewing ſome portraits which he had painted in his youth, my friend Sir Joſhua Reynolds acknowledged to me, that he was rather humbled than flattered by the compariſon with his preſent works; and that after ſo much time and ſtudy, he had conceived his improvement to be much greater than he found it to have been.

At Lauſanne I compoſed the firſt chapters of my Eſſay in French, the familiar language of my converſation and ſtudies, in which it was eaſier for me to write than in my mother-tongue. After my return to England I continued the ſame practice, without any affectation, or deſign of repudiating (as Dr. Bentley would ſay) my vernacular idiom. But I ſhould have eſcaped ſome Anti-gallican clamour, had I been content with the more natural character of an Engliſh author. I ſhould have been more conſiſtent had I rejected Mallet's advice, of prefixing an Engliſh dedication to a French book; a confuſion of tongues that ſeemed to accuſe the ignorance of my patron. The uſe of a foreign dialect might be excuſed by the hope of being employed as a negociator, by the deſire of being generally underſtood on the continent; but my true motive was doubtleſs the ambition of new and ſingular fame, an Engliſhman claiming a place among the writers of France. The Latin tongue had been conſecrated by the ſervice of the church, it was refined by the imitation of the ancients; and in the fifteenth and ſixteenth centuries the ſcholars of Europe enjoyed the advantage,

vantage, which they have gradually resigned, of conversing and writing in a common and learned idiom. As that idiom was no longer in any country the vulgar speech, they all stood on a level with each other; yet a citizen of old Rome might have smiled at the best Latinity of the Germans and Britons: and we may learn from the *Ciceronianus* of Erasmus, how difficult it was found to steer a middle course between pedantry and barbarism. The Romans themselves had sometimes attempted a more perilous task, of writing in a living language, and appealing to the taste and judgment of the natives. The vanity of Tully was doubly interested in the Greek memoirs of his own consulship; and if he modestly supposes that some Latinisms might be detected in his style, he is confident of his own skill in the art of Isocrates and Aristotle; and he requests his friend Atticus to disperse the copies of his work at Athens, and in the other cities of Greece, (*ad Atticum*, i. 19. ii. 1.) But it must not be forgotten, that from infancy to manhood Cicero and his contemporaries had read and declaimed, and composed with equal diligence in both languages; and that he was not allowed to frequent a Latin school till he had imbibed the lessons of the Greek grammarians and rhetoricians. In modern times, the language of France has been diffused by the merit of her writers, the social manners of the natives, the influence of the monarchy, and the exile of the protestants. Several foreigners have seized the opportunity of speaking to Europe in this common dialect, and Germany may plead the authority of Leibnitz and Frederic, of the first of her philosophers, and the greatest of her kings. The just pride and laudable prejudice of England has restrained this communication of idioms; and of all the nations on this side of the Alps, my countrymen are the least practised, and least perfect in the exercise of the French tongue. By Sir William Temple and Lord Chesterfield it was only used on occasions of civility and business, and their printed letters will not be quoted as models of composition. Lord Bolingbroke may have published in French a sketch of his

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Reflections on Exile: but his reputation now repoſes on the addreſs of Voltaire, "Docte ſermones utriuſque linguæ;" and by his Engliſh dedication to Queen Caroline, and his Eſſay on Epic Poetry, it ſhould ſeem that Voltaire himſelf wiſhed to deſerve a return of the ſame compliment. The exception of Count Hamilton cannot fairly be urged; though an Iriſhman by birth, he was educated in France from his childhood. Yet I am ſurpriſed that a long reſidence in England, and the habits of domeſtic converſation, did not affect the eaſe and purity of his inimitable ſtyle; and I regret the omiſſion of his Engliſh verſes, which might have afforded an amuſing object of compariſon. I might therefore aſſume the *primus ego in patriam*, &c.; but with what ſucceſs I have explored this untrodden path muſt be left to the deciſion of my French readers. Dr. Maty, who might himſelf be queſtioned as a foreigner, has ſecured his retreat at my expence. "Je ne crois pas que vous vous piquiez "d'être moins facile à reconnoitre pour un Anglois que "Lucullus pour un Romain." My friends at Paris have been more indulgent, they received me as a countryman, or at leaſt as a provincial; but they were friends and Pariſians*. The defects which Maty inſinuates, "Ces traits "ſaillans, ces figures hardies, ce ſacrifice de la régle au "ſentiment, et de la cadence à la force," are the faults of the youth, rather than of the ſtranger: and after the long and laborious exerciſe of my own language, I am conſcious that my French ſtyle has been ripened and improved.

I have already hinted, that the publication of my Eſſay was delayed till I had embraced the military profeſſion. I ſhall now amuſe myſelf with the recollection of an active ſcene, which bears no affinity to any other period of my ſtudious and ſocial life.

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* The copious extracts which were given in the *Journal Etranger* by Mr. Suard, a judicious critic, muſt ſatisfy both the author and the public. I may here obſerve, that I have never ſeen in any literary review a tolerable account of my Hiſtory. The manufacture of journals, at leaſt on the continent, is miſerably debaſed.

In the outset of a glorious war, the English people had been defended by the aid of German mercenaries. A national militia has been the cry of every patriot since the Revolution; and this measure, both in parliament and in the field, was supported by the country gentlemen or Tories, who insensibly transferred their loyalty to the house of Hanover: in the language of Mr. Burke, they have changed the idol, but they have preserved the idolatry. In the act of offering our names and receiving our commissions, as major and captain in the Hampshire regiment, (June 12th, 1759,) we had not supposed that we should be dragged away, my father from his farm, myself from my books, and condemned, during two years and a half, (May 10, 1760—December 23, 1762,) to a wandering life of military servitude. But a weekly or monthly exercise of thirty thousand provincials would have left them useless and ridiculous; and after the pretence of an invasion had vanished, the popularity of Mr. Pitt gave a sanction to the illegal step of keeping them till the end of the war under arms, in constant pay and duty, and at a distance from their respective homes. When the King's order for our embodying came down, it was too late to retreat, and too soon to repent. The South battalion of the Hampshire militia was a small independent corps of four hundred and seventy-six, officers and men, commanded by lieutenant-colonel Sir Thomas Worsley, who, after a prolix and passionate contest, delivered us from the tyranny of the lord lieutenant, the Duke of Bolton. My proper station, as first captain, was at the head of my own, and afterwards of the grenadier company; but in the absence, or even in the presence, of the two field officers, I was entrusted by my friend and my father with the effective labour of dictating the orders, and exercising the battalion. With the help of an original journal, I could write the history of my bloodless and inglorious campaigns; but as these events have lost much of their importance in my own eyes, they shall be dispatched in a few words. From Winchester, the first place of assembly, (June 4, 1760,) we were removed, at our

our own requeſt, for the benefit of a foreign education. By the arbitrary, and often capricious, orders of the War-office, the battalion ſucceſſively marched to the pleaſant and hoſpitable Blandford (June 17); to Hilſea barracks, a ſeat of diſeaſe and diſcord (September 1); to Cranbrook in the weald of Kent (December 11); to the ſea-coaſt of Dover (December 27); to Wincheſter camp (June 25, 1761); to the populous and diſorderly town of Devizes (October 23); to Saliſbury (February 28, 1762); to our beloved Blandford a ſecond time (March 9); and finally, to the faſhionable reſort of Southampton (June 2); where the colours were fixed till our final diſſolution (December 23). On the beach at Dover we had exerciſed in ſight of the Gallic ſhores. But the moſt ſplendid and uſeful ſcene of our life was a four months encampment on Wincheſter Down, under the command of the Earl of Effingham. Our army conſiſted of the thirty-fourth regiment of foot and ſix militia corps. The conſciouſneſs of our defects was ſtimulated by friendly emulation. We improved our time and opportunities in morning and evening field-days: and in the general reviews the South Hampſhire were rather a credit than a diſgrace to the line. In our ſubſequent quarters of the Devizes and Blandford, we advanced with a quick ſtep in our military ſtudies; the ballot of the enſuing ſummer renewed our vigour and youth; and had the militia ſubſiſted another year, we might have conteſted the prize with the moſt perfect of our brethren.

The loſs of ſo many buſy and idle hours was not compenſated by any elegant pleaſure; and my temper was inſenſibly ſoured by the ſociety of our ruſtic officers. In every ſtate there exiſts, however, a balance of good and evil. The habits of a ſedentary life were uſefully broken by the duties of an active profeſſion: in the healthful exerciſe of the field I hunted with a battalion, inſtead of a pack; and at that time I was ready, at any hour of the day or night, to fly from quarters to London, from London to quarters, on the ſlighteſt call of private or regimental buſineſs. But my prin-

principal obligation to the militia, was the making me an Engliſhman, and a ſoldier. After my foreign education, with my reſerved temper, I ſhould long have continued a ſtranger in my native country, had I not been ſhaken in this various ſcene of new faces and new friends: had not experience forced me to feel the characters of our leading men, the ſtate of parties, the forms of office, and the operation of our civil and military ſyſtem. In this peaceful ſervice, I imbibed the rudiments of the language, and ſcience of tactics, which opened a new field of ſtudy and obſervation. I diligently read, and meditated, the *Memoires Militaires* of Quintus Icilius, (Mr. Guichardt,) the only writer who has united the merits of a profeſſor and a veteran. The diſcipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion; and the captain of the Hampſhire grenadiers (the reader may ſmile) has not been uſeleſs to the hiſtorian of the Roman empire.

A youth of any ſpirit is fired even by the play of arms, and in the firſt ſallies of my enthuſiaſm I had ſeriouſly attempted to embrace the regular profeſſion of a ſoldier. But this military fever was cooled by the enjoyment of our mimic Bellona, who ſoon unveiled to my eyes her naked deformity. How often did I ſigh for my proper ſtation in ſociety and letters. How often (a proud compariſon) did I repeat the complaint of Cicero in the command of a provincial army: "Clitellæ bovi ſunt impoſitæ. Eſt incredi-"bile quam me negotii tædeat. Non habet ſatis magnum "campum ille tibi non ignotus curſus animi; et induſtriæ "meæ præclara opera ceſſat. Lucem, *libros*, urbem, do-"mum, vos deſidero. Sed feram, ut potero; ſit modo an-"nuum. Si prorogatur, actum eſt*." From a ſervice without danger I might indeed have retired without diſgrace; but as often as I hinted a wiſh of reſigning, my fetters were rivetted by the friendly intreaties of the colonel, the parental authority of the major, and my own regard for the honour and welfare of the battalion. When I felt that my perſonal

* Epiſt. ad Atticum, lib. v. 15.

perſonal eſcape was impracticable, I bowed my neck to the yoke: my ſervitude was protracted far beyond the annual patience of Cicero; and it was not till after the preliminaries of peace that I received my diſcharge, from the act of government which diſembodied the militia*.

When

* JOURNAL, January 11th, 1761.]—In theſe ſeven or eight months of a moſt diſagreeably active life, I have had no ſtudies to ſet down; indeed, I hardly took a book in my hand the whole time. The firſt two months at Blandford, I might have done ſomething; but the novelty of the thing, of which for ſome time I was ſo fond as to think of going into the army, our field-days, our dinners abroad, and the drinking and late hours we got into, prevented any ſerious reflections. From the day we marched from Blandford I had hardly a moment I could call my own, almoſt continually in motion; if I was fixed for a day, it was in the guard-room, a barrack, or an inn. Our diſputes conſumed the little time I had left. Every letter, every memorial relative to them fell to my ſhare; and our evening conferences were uſed to hear all the morning hours ſtrike. At laſt I got to Dover, and Sir Thomas left us for two months. The charm was over, I was ſick of ſo hateful a ſervice; I was ſettled in a comparatively quiet ſituation. Once more I began to taſte the pleaſure of thinking.

Recollecting ſome thoughts I had formerly had in relation to the ſyſtem of Paganiſm, which I intended to make uſe of in my Eſſay, I reſolved to read Tully de Naturâ Deorum, and finiſhed it in about a month. I loſt ſome time before I could recover my habit of application.

Oct. 23.]—Our firſt deſign was to march through Marlborough; but finding on inquiry that it was a bad road, and a great way about, we reſolved to puſh for the Devizes in one day, though nearly thirty miles. We accordingly arrived there about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Nov. 2d.]—I have very little to ſay for this and the following month. Nothing could be more uniform than the life I led there. The little civility of the neighbouring gentlemen gave us no opportunity of dining out; the time of year did not tempt us to any excurſions round the country; and at firſt my indolence, and afterwards a violent cold, prevented my going over to Bath. I believe in the two months I never dined or lay from quarters. I can therefore only ſet down what I did in the literary way. Deſigning to recover my Greek, which I had ſomewhat neglected, I ſet myſelf to read Homer, and finiſhed the four firſt books of the Iliad, with Pope's tranſlation and notes; at the ſame time, to underſtand the geography of the Iliad, and particularly the catalogue, I read the 8th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 13th, and 14th books of Strabo, in Caſaubon's Latin tranſlation: I likewiſe read Hume's Hiſtory of England to the Reign of Henry the Seventh, juſt publiſhed, *ingenious but ſuperficial*; and the *Journals des Scavans* for Auguſt, September, and October 1761, with the *Bibliotheque des Sciences*, &c. from July to October: Both theſe Journals ſpeak very handſomely of my book.

December

When I complain of the loſs of time, juſtice to myſelf and to the militia muſt throw the greateſt part of that re-

 proach

December 25th, 1761.]—When, upon finiſhing the year, I take a review of what I have done, I am not diſſatisfied with what I did in it, upon making proper allowances. On the one hand, I could begin nothing before the middle of January. The Deal duty loſt me part of February; although I was at home part of March, and all April, yet electioneering is no friend to the Muſes. May, indeed, though diſſipated by our ſea parties, was pretty quiet; but June was abſolutely loſt, upon the march, at Alton, and ſettling ourſelves in camp. The four ſucceeding months in camp allowed me little leiſure, and little quiet. November and December were indeed as much my own as any time can be whilſt I remain in the militia; but ſtill it is, at beſt, not a life for a man of letters. However, in this tumultuous year, (beſides ſmaller things which I have ſet down,) I read four books of Homer in Greek, ſix of Strabo in Latin, Cicero de Naturâ Deorum, and the great philoſophical and theological work of M. de Beauſobre: I wrote in the ſame time a long diſſertation on the ſucceſſion of Naples; reviewed, fitted for the preſs, and augmented above a fourth, my Eſſai ſur l'Etude de la Litterature.

In the ſix weeks I paſſed at Beriton, as I never ſtirred from it, every day was like the former. I had neither viſits, hunting, or walking. My only reſources were myſelf, my books, and family converſations.—But to me theſe were great reſources.

April 24th, 1762.]—I waited upon Colonel Harvey in the morning, to get him to apply for me to be brigade major to Lord Effingham, as a poſt I ſhould be very fond of, and for which I am not unfit. Harvey received me with great good-nature and candour, told me he was both willing and able to ſerve me; that indeed he had already applied to Lord Effingham for *****, one of his own officers, and though there would be more than one brigade major, he did not think he could properly recommend two; but that if I could get ſome other perſon to break the ice, he would ſecond it, and believed he ſhould ſucceed: ſhould that fail, as ***** was in bad circumſtances, he believed he could make a compromiſe with him (this was my deſire) to let me do the duty without pay. I went from him to the Mallets, who promiſed to get Sir Charles Howard to ſpeak to Lord Effingham.

Auguſt 22d.]—I went with Ballard to the French church, where I heard a moſt indifferent ſermon preached by M. ******. A very bad ſtyle, a worſe pronunciation and action, and a very great vacuity of ideas, compoſed this excellent performance. Upon the whole, which is preferable, the philoſophic method of the Engliſh, or the rhetoric of the French preachers? The firſt (though leſs glorious) is certainly ſafer for the preacher. It is difficult for a man to make himſelf ridiculous, who propoſes only to deliver plain ſenſe on a ſubject he has thoroughly ſtudied. But the inſtant he diſcovers the leaſt pretenſions towards the ſublime, or the pathetic, there is no medium; we

muſt

proach on the first seven or eight months, while I was obliged to learn as well as to teach. The dissipation of Blandford, and the disputes of Portsmouth, consumed the hours which

must either admire or laugh: and there are so many various talents requisite to form the character of an orator, that it is more than probable we shall laugh. As to the advantage of the hearer, which ought to be the great consideration, the dilemma is much greater. Excepting in some particular cases, where we are blinded by popular prejudices, we are in general so well acquainted with our duty, that it is almost superfluous to convince us of it. It is the heart, and not the head, that holds out; and it is certainly possible, by a moving eloquence, to rouse the sleeping sentiments of that heart, and incite it to acts of virtue. Unluckily it is not so much acts, as habits of virtue, we should have in view; and the preacher who is inculcating, with the eloquence of a Bourdaloue, the necessity of a virtuous life, will dismiss his assembly full of emotions, which a variety of other objects, the coldness of our northern constitutions, and no immediate opportunity of exerting their good resolutions, will dissipate in a few moments.

August 24th.]—The same reason that carried so many people to the assembly to-night, was what kept me away; I mean the dancing.

28th.]—To-day Sir Thomas came to us to dinner. The Spa has done him a great deal of good, for he looks another man. Pleased to see him, we kept bumperizing till after roll-calling; Sir Thomas assuring us, every fresh bottle, how infinitely sober he was grown.

29th.]—I felt the usual consequences of Sir Thomas's company, and lost a morning, because I had lost the day before. However, having finished Voltaire, I returned to Le Clerc, (I mean for the amusement of my leisure hours); and laid aside for some time his *Bibliotheque Universelle*, to look into the *Bibliotheque Choisie*, which is by far the better work.

September the 23d.]—Colonel Wilkes, of the Buckinghamshire militia, dined with us, and renewed the acquaintance Sir Thomas and myself had begun with him at Reading. I scarcely ever met with a better companion; he has inexhaustible spirits, infinite wit and humour, and a great deal of knowledge. He told us himself, that in this time of public dissention he was resolved to make his fortune. Upon this principle he has connected himself closely with Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt, commenced a public adversary to Lord Bute, whom he abuses weekly in the North Briton, and other political papers in which he is concerned. This proved a very debauched day: we drank a good deal both after dinner and supper; and when at last Wilkes had retired, Sir Thomas and some others (of whom I was not one) broke into his room, and made him drink a bottle of claret in bed.

October 5th.]—The review, which lasted about three hours, concluded, as usual, with marching by Lord Effingham, by grand divisions. Upon the whole,

which were not employed in the field; and amid the perpetual hurry of an inn, a barrack, or a guard-room, all literary

whole, considering the camp had done both the Wincheſter and the Goſport duties all the ſummer, they behaved very well, and made a fine appearance. As they marched by, I had my uſual curioſity to count their files. The following is my field return: I think it a curioſity; I am ſure it is more exact than is commonly made to a reviewing general.

		Number of Files.	Number of Men.	Eſtabliſhment.
Berkſhire,	Grenadiers, 19 / Battalion, 72	91	273	560
W. Eſſex,	Grenadiers, 15 / Battalion, 80	95	285	480
S. Gloſter,	Grenadiers, 20 / Battalion, 84	104	312	600
N. Gloſter,	Grenadiers, 13 / Battalion, 52	65	195	360
Lancaſhire,	Grenadiers, 20 / Battalion, 88	108	324	800
Wiltſhire,	Grenadiers, 24 / Battalion, 120	144	432	800
	Total,	607	1821	3600

N. B. The Goſport detachment from the Lancaſhire conſiſted of two hundred and fifty men. The Buckinghamſhire took the Wincheſter duty that day.

So that this camp in England, ſuppoſed complete, with only one detachment, had under arms, on the day of the grand review, little more than half their eſtabliſhment. This amazing deficiency (though exemplified in every regiment I have ſeen) is an extraordinary military phœnomenon; what muſt it be upon foreign ſervice? I doubt whether a nominal army of an hundred thouſand men often brings fifty into the field.

Upon our return to Southampton in the evening, we found Sir Thomas Worſley.

October 21ſt.]—One of thoſe impulſes, which it is neither very eaſy nor very neceſſary to withſtand, drew me from Longinus to a very different ſubject, the Greek Calendar. Laſt night, when in bed, I was thinking of a diſſertation of M. de la Nauze upon the Roman calendar, which I read laſt year. This led me to conſider what was the Greek, and finding myſelf very ignorant of it, I determined to read a ſhort, but very excellent extract of Mr. Dodwell's book de Cyclis, by the famous Dr. Halley. It is only twenty-five pages; but as I meditated it thoroughly, and verified all the calculations, it was a very good morning's work.

October

literary ideas were baniſhed from my mind. After this long faſt, the longeſt which I have ever known, I once more taſted

October 28th.]—I looked over a new Greek Lexicon which I have juſt received from London. It is that of Robert Conſtantine, Lugdun. 1637. It is a very large volume in folio, in two parts, compriſing in the whole 1785 pages. After the great Theſaurus, this is eſteemed the beſt Greek Lexicon. It ſeems to be ſo. Of a variety of words for which I looked, I always found an exact definition; the various ſenſes well diſtinguiſhed, and properly ſupported, by the beſt authorities. However, I ſtill prefer the radical method of Scapula to this alphabetical one.

December 11th.]—I have already given an idea of the Goſport duty; I ſhall only add a trait which characterizes admirably our unthinking ſailors. At a time when they knew that they ſhould infallibly be diſcharged in a few weeks, numbers, who had conſiderable wages due to them, were continually jumping over the walls, and riſquing the loſing of it for a few hours amuſement at Portſmouth.

17th.]—We found old Captain Meard at Alresford, with the ſecond diviſion of the fourteenth. He and all his officers ſupped with us, and made the evening rather a drunken one.

18th.]—About the ſame hour our two corps paraded to march off. They, an old corps of regulars, who had been two years quiet in Dover caſtle. We, part of a young body of militia, two-thirds of our men recruits, of four months ſtanding, two of which they had paſſed upon very diſagreeable duty. Every advantage was on their ſide, and yet our ſuperiority, both as to appearance and diſcipline, was ſo ſtriking, that the moſt prejudiced regular could not have heſitated a moment. At the end of the town our two companies ſeparated; my father's ſtruck off for Petersfield, whilſt I continued my rout to Alton; into which place I marched my company about noon; two years ſix months and fifteen days after my firſt leaving it. I gave the men ſome beer at roll-calling, which they received with great cheerfulneſs and decency. I dined and lay at Harriſon's, where I was received with that old-faſhioned breeding, which is at once ſo honourable and ſo troubleſome.

23d.]—Our two companies were diſembodied; mine at Alton, and my father's at Beriton. Smith marched them over from Petersfield: they fired three vollies, lodged the major's colours, delivered up their arms, received their money, partook of a dinner at the major's expence, and then ſeparated with great cheerfulneſs and regularity. Thus ended the militia; I may ſay ended, ſince our annual aſſemblies in May are ſo very precarious, and can be of ſo little uſe. However, our ſerjeants and drums are ſtill kept up, and quartered at the rendezvous of their company, and the adjutant remains at Southampton in full pay.

As

tasted at Dover the pleasures of reading and thinking; and the hungry appetite with which I opened a volume of Tully's philosophical works is still present to my memory. The last review of my Essay before its publication, had prompted me to investigate the *nature of the gods*; my inquiries led me to the Histoire Critique du Manichèisme of Beausobre,

As this was an extraordinary scene of life, in which I was engaged above three years and a half from the date of my commission, and above two years and a half from the time of our embodying, I cannot take my leave of it without some few reflections. When I engaged in it, I was totally ignorant of its nature and consequences. I offered, because my father did, without ever imagining that we should be called out, till it was too late to retreat with honour. Indeed, I believe it happens throughout, that our most important actions have been often determined by chance, caprice, or some very inadequate motive. After our embodying, many things contributed to make me support it with great impatience. Our continual disputes with the duke of Bolton; our unsettled way of life, which hardly allowed me books or leisure for study; and more than all, the disagreeable society in which I was forced to live.

After mentioning my sufferings, I must say something of what I found agreeable. Now it is over, I can make the separation much better than I could at the time. 1. The unsettled way of life itself had its advantages. The exercise and change of air and of objects amused me, at the same time that it fortified my health. 2. A new field of knowledge and amusement opened itself to me; that of military affairs, which, both in my studies and travels, will give me eyes for a new world of things, which before would have passed unheeded. Indeed, in that respect I can hardly help wishing our battalion had continued another year. We had got a fine set of new men, all our difficulties were over; we were perfectly well clothed and appointed; and, from the progress our recruits had already made, we could promise ourselves that we should be one of the best militia corps by next summer: a circumstance that would have been the more agreeable to me, as I am now established the real acting major of the battalion. But what I value most, is the knowledge it has given me of mankind in general, and of my own country in particular. The general system of our government, the methods of our several offices, the departments and powers of their respective officers, our provincial and municipal administration, the views of our several parties, the characters, connections, and influence of our principal people, have been impressed on my mind, not by vain theory, but by the indelible lessons of action and experience. I have made a number of valuable acquaintance, and am myself much better known, than (with my reserved character) I should have been in ten years, passing regularly my summers at Beriton, and my winters in London. So that the sum of all is, that I am glad the militia has been, and glad that it is no more.

ſobre, who diſcuſſes many deep queſtions of Pagan and Chriſtian theology: and from this rich treaſury of facts and opinions, I deduced my own conſequences, beyond the holy circle of the author. After this recovery I never relapſed into indolence; and my example might prove, that in the life moſt averſe to ſtudy, ſome hours may be ſtolen, ſome minutes may be ſnatched. Amidſt the tumult of Winchester camp I ſometimes thought and read in my tent; in the more ſettled quarters of the Devizes, Blandford, and Southampton, I always ſecured a ſeparate lodging, and the neceſſary books; and in the ſummer of 1762, while the new militia was raiſing, I enjoyed at Beriton two or three months of literary repoſe*. In forming a new plan of ſtudy, I heſitated between the mathematics and the Greek language; both of which I had neglected ſince my return from Lauſanne. I conſulted a learned and friendly mathematician, Mr. George Scott, a pupil of de Moivre; and his map of a country which I have never explored, may perhaps be more ſerviceable to others †. As ſoon as I had given the preference to Greek, the example of Scaliger and my own reaſon

* JOURNAL, May 8th, 1762.]—This was my birth-day, on which I entered into the twenty-ſixth year of my age. This gave me occaſion to look a little into myſelf, and conſider impartially my good and bad qualities. It appeared to me, upon this inquiry, that my character was virtuous, incapable of a baſe action, and formed for generous ones; but that it was proud, violent, and diſagreeable in ſociety. Theſe qualities I muſt endeavour to cultivate, extirpate, or reſtrain, according to their different tendency. Wit I have none. My imagination is rather ſtrong than pleaſing. My memory both capacious and retentive. The ſhining qualities of my underſtanding are extenſiveneſs and penetration; but I want both quickneſs and exactneſs. As to my ſituation in life, though I may ſometimes repine at it, it perhaps is the beſt adapted to my character. I can command all the conveniencies of life, and I can command too that independence, (that firſt earthly bleſſing,) which is hardly to be met with in a higher or lower fortune. When I talk of my ſituation, I muſt exclude that temporary one, of being in the militia. Though I go through it with ſpirit and application, it is both unfit for, and unworthy of me.

† See Appendix, Letter, N° XIV. *excellent*, from Mr. Scott to Mr. Gibbon.

ſon determined me on the choice of Homer, the father of poetry, and the Bible of the ancients: but Scaliger ran through the Iliad in one and twenty days; and I was not diſſatisfied with my own diligence for performing the ſame labour in an equal number of weeks. After the firſt difficulties were ſurmounted, the language of nature and harmony ſoon became eaſy and familiar, and each day I ſailed upon the ocean with a briſker gale and a more ſteady courſe.

Ἐν δ' ἄνεμος πρῆσεν μέσον ἱστίον, ἀμφί δε κῦμα
Στείρῃ πορφύρεον μεγάλ' ἴαχε, νηὸς ἰούσης·
Ἡ δ' ἔθεεν κατα κῦμα διαπρήσσουσα κέλευθα*. *Ilias*, A. 481.

In the ſtudy of a poet who has ſince become the moſt intimate of my friends, I ſucceſſively applied many paſſages and fragments of Greek writers; and among theſe I ſhall notice a life of Homer, in the Opuſcula Mythologica of Gale, ſeveral books of the geography of Strabo, and the entire treatiſe of Longinus, which, from the title and the ſtyle, is equally worthy of the epithet of *ſublime*. My grammatical ſkill was improved, my vocabulary was enlarged; and in the militia I acquired a juſt and indelible knowledge of the firſt of languages. On every march, in every journey, Horace was always in my pocket, and often in my hand: but I ſhould not mention his two critical epiſtles, the amuſement of a morning, had they not been accompanied by the elaborate commentary of Dr. Hurd, now Biſhop of Worceſter. On the intereſting ſubjects of compoſition and imitation of epic and dramatic poetry, I preſumed to think for myſelf; and thirty cloſe-written pages in folio could ſcarcely compriſe my full and free diſcuſſion of the ſenſe of the maſter and the pedantry of the ſervant†.

After

* —— Fair wind, and blowing freſh,
Apollo ſent them; quick they rear'd the maſt,
Then ſpread th' unfullied canvas to the gale,
And the wind fill'd it. Roar'd the ſable flood
Around the bark, that ever as ſhe went
Daſh'd wide the brine, and ſcudded ſwift away. COWPER'S *Homer*.

† See Vol. II. Miſcellaneous Works.

After his oracle Dr. Johnſon, my friend Sir Joſhua Reynolds denies all original genius, any natural propenſity of the mind to one art or ſcience rather than another. Without engaging in a metaphyſical or rather verbal diſpute, I *know*, by experience, that from my early youth I aſpired to the character of an hiſtorian. While I ſerved in the militia, before and after the publication of my eſſay, this idea ripened in my mind; nor can I paint in more lively colours the feelings of the moment, than by tranſcribing ſome paſſages, under their reſpective dates, from a journal which I kept at that time.

Beriton, April 14, 1761.

(In a ſhort excurſion from Dover.)

"Having thought of ſeveral ſubjects for an hiſtorical "compoſition, I choſe the expedition of Charles VIII. of "France into Italy. I read two memoirs of Mr. de Fon-"cemagne in the Academy of Inſcriptions (tom. xvii. p. "539—607.), and abſtracted them. I likewiſe finiſhed this "day a diſſertation, in which I examine the right of Char-"les VIII. to the crown of Naples, and the rival claims of "the Houſe of Anjou and Arragon; it conſiſts of ten folio "pages, beſides large notes*."

Beriton, Auguſt 4, 1761.

(In a week's excurſion from Wincheſter camp.)

"After having long revolved ſubjects for my intended "hiſtorical eſſay, I renounced my firſt thought of the expe-"dition of Charles VIII. as too remote from us, and rather "an introduction to great events, than great and important "in itſelf. I ſucceſſively choſe and rejected the cruſade of "Richard the Firſt, the barons' wars againſt John and "Henry the Third, the hiſtory of Edward the Black Prince, "the lives and compariſons of Henry V. and the Emperor "Titus, the life of Sir Philip Sidney, and that of the Mar-"quis of Montroſe. At length I have fixed on Sir Walter "Raleigh

* See Vol. II. p. 6.

" Raleigh for my hero. His eventful ſtory is varied by the " characters of the ſoldier and ſailor, the courtier and hiſto- " rian; and it may afford ſuch a fund of materials as I deſire, " which have not yet been properly manufactured. At pre- " ſent I cannot attempt the execution of this work. Free " leiſure, and the opportunity of conſulting many books, " both printed and manuſcript, are as neceſſary as they are " impoſſible to be attained in my preſent way of life. How- " ever, to acquire a general inſight into my ſubject and re- " ſources, I read the life of Sir Walter Raleigh by Dr. Birch, " his copious article in the General Dictionary by the ſame " hand, and the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James the " Firſt in Hume's Hiſtory of England."

Beriton, January 1762.

(In a month's abſence from the Devizes.)

" During this interval of repoſe, I again turned my " thoughts to Sir Walter Raleigh, and looked more cloſely " into my materials. I read the two volumes in quarto of " the Bacon papers, publiſhed by Dr. Birch; the Frag- " menta Regalia of Sir Robert Naunton, Mallet's Life of " Lord Bacon, and the political treatiſes of that great man in " the firſt volume of his works, with many of his letters in " the ſecond; Sir William Monſon's Naval Tracts, and " the elaborate Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, which Mr. " Oldys has prefixed to the beſt edition of his Hiſtory of the " World. My ſubject opens upon me, and in general im- " proves upon a nearer proſpect."

Beriton, July 26, 1762.

(During my ſummer reſidence.)

" I am afraid of being reduced to drop my hero; but my " time has not, however, been loſt in the reſearch of his " ſtory, and of a memorable æra of our Engliſh annals. " The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, by Oldys, is a very " poor performance; a ſervile panegyric, or flat apology, " tediouſly minute, and compoſed in a dull and affected

" ſtyle.

" ſtyle. Yet the author was a man of diligence and learn-
" ing, who had read every thing relative to his ſubject, and
" whoſe ample collections are arranged with perſpicuity and
" method. Excepting ſome anecdotes lately revealed in the
" Sidney and Bacon papers, I know not what I ſhould be
" able to add. My ambition (excluſive of the uncertain
" merit of ſtyle and ſentiment) muſt be confined to the hope
" of giving a good abridgment of Oldys. I have even the
" diſappointment of finding ſome parts of this copious work
" very dry and barren; and theſe parts are unluckily ſome of
" the moſt characteriſtic: Raleigh's colony of Virginia, his
" quarrels with Eſſex, the true ſecret of his conſpiracy,
" and, above all, the detail of his private life, the moſt eſ-
" ſential and important to a biographer. My beſt reſource
" would be in the circumjacent hiſtory of the times, and
" perhaps in ſome digreſſions artfully introduced, like the
" fortunes of the Peripatetic philoſophy in the portrait of
" Lord Bacon. But the reigns of Elizabeth and James the
" Firſt are the periods of Engliſh hiſtory, which have been
" the moſt variouſly illuſtrated: and what new lights could I
" reflect on a ſubject, which has exerciſed the accurate induſ-
" try of *Birch*, the lively and curious acuteneſs of *Walpole*,
" the critical ſpirit of *Hurd*, the vigorous ſenſe of *Mallet*
" and *Robertſon*, and the impartial philoſophy of *Hume?*
" Could I even ſurmount theſe obſtacles, I ſhould ſhrink
" with terror from the modern hiſtory of England, where
" every character is a problem, and every reader a friend or
" an enemy; where a writer is ſuppoſed to hoiſt a flag of
" party, and is devoted to damnation by the adverſe faction.
" Such would be *my* reception at home: and abroad, the
" hiſtorian of Raleigh muſt encounter an indifference far
" more bitter than cenſure or reproach. The events of his
" life are intereſting; but his character is ambiguous, his
" actions are obſcure, his writings are Engliſh, and his
" fame is confined to the narrow limits of our language and
" our iſland. I muſt embrace a ſafer and more extenſive
" theme.

" There

" There is one which I ſhould prefer to all others, *The* " *Hiſtory of the Liberty of the Swiſs*, of that independence " which a brave people reſcued from the Houſe of Auſtria, " defended againſt a Dauphin of France, and finally ſealed " with the blood of Charles of Burgundy. From ſuch a " theme, ſo full of public ſpirit, of military glory, of exam- " ples of virtue, of leſſons of government, the dulleſt ſtranger " would catch fire: what might not *I* hope, whoſe talents, " whatſoever they may be, would be inflamed with the zeal " of patriotiſm. But the materials of this hiſtory are inac- " ceſſible to me, faſt locked in the obſcurity of an old barba- " rous German dialect, of which I am totally ignorant, and " which I cannot reſolve to learn for this ſole and peculiar " purpoſe.

" I have another ſubject in view, which is the contraſt of " the former hiſtory: the one a poor, warlike, virtuous re- " public, which emerges into glory and freedom; the other " a commonwealth, ſoft, opulent, and corrupt; which, by " juſt degrees, is precipitated from the abuſe to the loſs of " her liberty: both leſſons are, perhaps, equally inſtructive. " This ſecond ſubject is, *The Hiſtory of the Republic of Flo-* " *rence, under the Houſe of Medicis:* a period of one hun- " dred and fifty years, which riſes or deſcends from the dregs " of the Florentine democracy, to the title and dominion of " Coſmo de Medicis in the Grand Duchy of Tuſcany. I " might deduce a chain of revolutions not unworthy of the " pen of Vertot; ſingular men, and ſingular events; the " Medicis four times expelled, and as often recalled; and " the Genius of Freedom reluctantly yielding to the arms of " Charles V. and the policy of Coſmo. The character and " fate of Savanerola, and the revival of arts and letters in " Italy, will be eſſentially connected with the elevation of " the family and the fall of the republic. The Medicis " (ſtirps quaſi fataliter nata ad inſtauranda vel fovenda ſtu- " dia (Lipſius ad Germanos et Gallos, Epiſt. viii.) were il- " luſtrated by the patronage of learning; and enthuſiaſm was " the moſt formidable weapon of their adverſaries. On this

" ſplendid

"splendid subject I shall most probably fix; but *when*, or "*where*, or *how* will it be executed? I behold in a dark "and doubtful perspective."

Res altâ terrâ, et caligine mersas*.

The

* JOURNAL, July 27, 1762.]—The reflections which I was making yesterday I continued and digested to-day. I don't absolutely look on that time as lost, but that it might have been better employed than in revolving schemes, the execution of which is so far distant. I must learn to check these wanderings of my imagination.

Nov. 24.]—I dined at the Cocoa Tree with ******; who, under a great appearance of oddity, conceals more real honour, good sense, and even knowledge, than half those who laugh at him. We went thence to the play (the Spanish Friar); and when it was over, returned to the Cocoa Tree. That respectable body, of which I have the honour of being a member, affords every evening a sight truly English. Twenty or thirty, perhaps, of the first men in the kingdom, in point of fashion and fortune, supping at little tables covered with a napkin, in the middle of a coffee-room, upon a bit of cold meat, or a Sandwich, and drinking a glass of punch. At present, we are full of king's counsellors and lords of the bedchamber; who, having jumped into the ministry, make a very singular medley of their old principles and language, with their modern ones.

Nov. 26.]—I went with Mallet to breakfast with Garrick; and thence to Drury-lane House, where I assisted at a very private rehearsal, in the Green-room, of a new tragedy of Mallet's, called Elvira. As I have since seen it acted, I shall defer my opinion of it till then; but I cannot help mentioning here the surprising versatility of Mrs. Pritchard's talents, who rehearsed, almost at the same time, the part of a furious queen in the Green-room, and that of a coquette on the stage; and passed several times from one to the other with the utmost ease and happiness.

Dec. 30.]—Before I close the year I must balance my accounts—not of money, but of time. I may divide my studies into four branches: 1. Books that I have read for themselves, classic writers, or capital treatises upon any science; such books as ought to be perused with attention, and meditated with care. Of these I read *the twenty last books of the Iliad twice, the three first books of the Odyssey, the Life of Homer*, and *Longinus* περὶ Ὕψους. 2. Books which I have read, or consulted, to illustrate the former. Such as this year, *Blackwall's Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, Burke's Sublime and Beautiful, Hurd's Horace, Guichard's Memoires Militaires*, a great variety of passages of the ancients occasionally useful: large extracts from *Mezeriac, Bayle*, and *Potter*; and many memoirs and abstracts from the *Academy of Belles Lettres*: among these I shall only mention here two long and curious suites of dissertations—*the one upon the Temple of Delphi, the Amphictyonic Council, and the Holy Wars*,

The youthful habits of the language and manners of France had left in my mind an ardent desire of revisiting the Continent on a larger and more liberal plan. According to the law of custom, and perhaps of reason, foreign travel completes the education of an English gentleman: my father had consented to my wish, but I was detained above four years by my rash engagement in the militia. I eagerly grasped the first moments of freedom: three or four weeks in Hampshire and London were employed in the preparations of my journey, and the farewell visits of friendship and civility: my last act in town was to applaud Mallet's new tragedy of Elvira†; a post-chaise conveyed me to Dover, the packet

Wars, by M. M. Hardion and de Valois; the other upon the Games of the Grecians, by M. M. Burette, Gedoyne, and de la Barre. 3. Books of amusement and instruction, perused at my leisure hours, without any reference to a regular plan of study. Of these, perhaps, I read too many, since I went through the Life of Erasmus, by Le Clerc and Burigny, many extracts from Le Clerc's *Bibliotheques, The Ciceronianus, and Colloquies of Erasmus, Barclay's Argenis, Terasson's Sethos, Voltaire's Siecle de Louis XIV. Madame de Motteville's Memoirs,* and *Fontenelle's Works.* 4. Compositions of my own. I find hardly any, except *this Journal,* and the *Extract of Hurd's Horace,* which (like a chapter of Montaigne) contains many things very different from its title. To these four heads I must this year add a fifth. 5. Those treatises of English history which I read in January, with a view to my now abortive scheme of the *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh.* I ought indeed to have known my own mind better before I undertook them. Upon the whole, after making proper allowances, I am not dissatisfied with the year.

The three weeks which I passed at Beriton, at the end of this and the beginning of the ensuing year, are almost a blank. I seldom went out; and as the scheme of my travelling was at last entirely settled, the hurry of impatience, the cares of preparations, and the tenderness of friends I was going to quit, allowed me hardly any moments for study.

† JOURNAL, January 11th, 1763.]—I called upon Dr. Maty in the morning. He told me that the Duke de Nivernois desired to be acquainted with me. It was indeed with that view that I had written to Maty from Beriton to present, in my name, a copy of my book to him. Thence I went to Becket, paid him his bill, (fifty-four pounds,) and gave him back his translation. It must be printed, though very indifferent. My comfort is, that my misfortune is not an uncommon one. We dined and supped at the Mallets.

12th. I went with Maty to visit the Duke in Albemarle-Street. He is a little emaciated figure, but appears to possess a good understanding, taste and knowledge.

packet to Boulogne, and such was my diligence, that I reached Paris on the 28th of January, 1763, only thirty-six days after the disbanding of the militia. Two or three years were loosely defined for the term of my absence; and I was left at liberty to spend that time in such places and in such a manner as was most agreeable to my taste and judgment.

In

knowledge. He offered me very politely letters for Paris. We dined at our lodgings. I went to Covent Garden to see Woodward in Bobadil, and supped with the Mallets at George Scott's.

JOURNAL, Jan. 19th, 1763.]—I waited upon Lady Hervey and the Duke de Nivernois, and received my credentials. Lady Hervey's are for M. le Comte de Caylus, and Madame Geoffrin. The Duke received me civilly, but (perhaps through Maty's fault) treated me more as a man of letters than as a man of fashion. His letters are entirely in that style; for the Count de Caylus and M. M. de la Bleterie, de Ste. Palaye, Caperonier, du Clos, de Forcemagne, and d'Alembert. I then undressed for the play. My father and I went to the Rose, in the passage of the play-house, where we found Mallet, with about thirty friends. We dined together, and went thence into the pit, where we took our places in a body, ready to silence all opposition. However, we had no occasion to exert ourselves. Notwithstanding the malice of party, Mallet's nation, connections, and, indeed, imprudence, we heard nothing but applause. I think it was deserved. The plan was borrowed from de la Motte, but the details and language have great merit. A fine vein of dramatic poetry runs through the piece. The scenes between the father and son awaken almost every sensation of the human breast; and the counsel would have equally moved, but for the inconvenience unavoidable upon all theatres, that of entrusting fine speeches to indifferent actors. The perplexity of the catastrophe is much, and I believe justly, criticised. But another defect made a stronger impression upon me. When a poet ventures upon the dreadful situation of a father who condemns his son to death, there is no medium, the father must either be a monster or a hero. His obligations of justice, of the public good, must be as binding, as apparent, as perhaps those of the first Brutus. The cruel necessity consecrates his actions, and leaves no room for repentance. The thought is shocking, if not carried into action. In the execution of Brutus's sons I am sensible of that fatal necessity. Without such an example, the unsettled liberty of Rome would have perished the instant after its birth. But Alonzo might have pardoned his son for a rash attempt, the cause of which was a private injury, and whose consequences could never have disturbed an established government. He might have pardoned such a crime in any other subject; and as the laws could exact only an equal rigour for a son, a vain appetite for glory, and a mad affectation of heroism, could alone have influenced him to exert an unequal and superior severity.

In this firſt viſit I paſſed three months and a half, (January 28—May 9,) and a much longer ſpace might have been agreeably filled, without any intercourſe with the natives. At home we are content to move in the daily round of pleaſure and buſineſs; and a ſcene which is always preſent is ſuppoſed to be within our knowledge, or at leaſt within our power. But in a foreign country, curioſity is our buſineſs and our pleaſure; and the traveller, conſcious of his ignorance, and covetous of his time, is diligent in the ſearch and the view of every object that can deſerve his attention. I devoted many hours of the morning to the circuit of Paris and the neighbourhood, to the viſit of churches and palaces conſpicuous by their architecture, to the royal manufactures, collections of books and pictures, and all the various treaſures of art, of learning, and of luxury. An Engliſhman may hear without reluctance, that in theſe curious and coſtly articles Paris is ſuperior to London; ſince the opulence of the French capital ariſes from the defects of its government and religion. In the abſence of Louis XIV. and his ſucceſſors, the Louvre has been left unfiniſhed: but the millions which have been laviſhed on the ſands of Verſailles, and the moraſs of Marli, could not be ſupplied by the legal allowance of a Britiſh king. The ſplendour of the French nobles is confined to their town reſidence; that of the Engliſh is more uſefully diſtributed in their country ſeats; and we ſhould be aſtoniſhed at our own riches, if the labours of architecture, the ſpoils of Italy and Greece, which are now ſcattered from Inverary to Wilton, were accumulated in a few ſtreets between Marybone and Weſtminſter. All ſuperfluous ornament is rejected by the cold frugality of the proteſtants; but the catholic ſuperſtition, which is always the enemy of reaſon, is often the parent of the arts. The wealthy communities of prieſts and monks expend their revenues in ſtately edifices; and the pariſh church of St. Sulpice, one of the nobleſt ſtructures in Paris, was built and adorned by the private induſtry of a late curé. In this outſet, and ſtill more in the ſequel of my tour, my eye

was amuſed; but the pleaſing viſion cannot be fixed by the pen; the particular images are darkly ſeen through the medium of five-and-twenty years, and the narrative of my life muſt not degenerate into a book of travels*.

But the principal end of my journey was to enjoy the ſociety of a poliſhed and amiable people, in whoſe favour I was ſtrongly prejudiced, and to converſe with ſome authors, whoſe converſation, as I fondly imagined, muſt be far more pleaſing and inſtructive than their writings. The moment was happily choſen. At the cloſe of a ſucceſsful war the Britiſh name was reſpected on the continent.

Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus.

Our opinions, our faſhions, even our games, were adopted in France, a ray of national glory illuminated each individual, and every Engliſhman was ſuppoſed to be born a patriot and a philoſopher. For myſelf, I carried a perſonal recommendation; my name and my Eſſay were already

* JOURNAL, 21 Fevrier 1763.]—Aujourdhui j'ai commencé ma tournée, pour voir les endroits dignes d'attention dans la ville. D'Augny m'a accompagné. Nous ſommes allés d'abord à la bibliotheque de l'Abbayé de St. Germain des Prez, où tout le monde étoit occupé à l'arrangement d'un cabinet de curioſités, et à l'hôpital des invalides, où le dôme étoit fermé à cauſe des reparations qu'on y faiſoit. Il faut donc differer la viſite et la deſcription de ces deux endroits. De là nous ſommes allés voir l'école militaire. Comme ce bâtiment s'éleve à coté des Invalides, bien des gens y verroient un moyen aſſez facile d'apprecier les ames differentes de leurs fondateurs. Dans l'un tout eſt grand et faſtueux, dans l'autre tout eſt petit et meſquin. De petits corps de logis blancs et aſſez propres, qui, au lieu de 500 gentilſhommes, dont on a parlé, en contiennent 258, compoſent tout l'etabliſſement; car le manége et les ecuries ne ſont rien. Il eſt vrai qu'on dit que ces batimens ne ſont qu'un échaffaudage, qu'on doit ôter, pour élever le véritable ouvrage ſur ces débris. Il faut bien en effet qu'on n'ait pas bâti pour l'éternité, puiſque dans vingt ans la plûpart des poutres ſe ſont pourries. Nous jettâmes enſuite un coup d'oeil ſur l'égliſe de St. Sulpice, dont la façade (le prétexte et le fruit de tant de lotteries) n'eſt point encore achevée.

ready known; the compliment of having written in the French language entitled me to ſome returns of civility and gratitude. I was conſidered as a man of letters, who wrote for amuſement. Before my departure I had obtained from the Duke de Nivernois, Lady Hervey, the Mallets, Mr. Walpole, &c. many letters of recommendation to their private or literary friends. Of theſe epiſtles the reception and ſucceſs were determined by the character and ſituation of the perſons by whom and to whom they were addreſſed: the ſeed was ſometimes caſt on a barren rock, and it ſometimes multiplied an hundred fold in the production of new ſhoots, ſpreading branches, and exquiſite fruit. But upon the whole, I had reaſon to praiſe the national urbanity, which from the court has diffuſed its gentle influence to the ſhop, the cottage, and the ſchools. Of the men of genius of the age, Monteſquieu and Fontenelle were no more; Voltaire reſided on his own eſtate near Geneva; Rouſſeau in the preceding year had been driven from his hermitage of Montmorency; and I bluſh at my having neglected to ſeek, in this journey, the acquaintance of Buffon. Among the men of letters whom I ſaw, D'Alembert and Diderot held the foremoſt rank in merit, or at leaſt in fame. I ſhall content myſelf with enumerating the well-known names of the Count de Caylus, of the Abbé de la Bleterie, Barthelemy, Reynal, Arnaud, of Meſſieurs de la Condamine, du Clos, de Ste. Palaye, de Bougainville, Caperonnier, de Guignes, Suard, &c. without attempting to diſcriminate the ſhades of their characters, or the degrees of our connection. Alone, in a morning viſit, I commonly found the artiſts and authors of Paris leſs vain, and more reaſonable, than in the circles of their equals, with whom they mingle in the houſes of the rich. Four days in a week I had a place, without invitation, at the hoſpitable tables of Meſdames Geoffrin and du Bocage, of the celebrated Helvetius, and of the Baron d'Holbach. In theſe ſympoſia the pleaſures of the table were improved by lively and liberal con-

verſation; the company was ſelect, though various and voluntary*.

The ſociety of Madame du Bocage was more ſoft and moderate than that of her rivals, and the evening converſations of M. de Foncemagne were ſupported by the good ſenſe and learning of the principal members of the Academy of Inſcriptions. The opera and the Italians I occaſionally viſited; but the French theatre, both in tragedy

* JOURNAL, Fevrier 23, 1763.]—Je fis une viſite à l'Abbé de la Bleterie, qui veut me mener chez la Ducheſſe d'Aiguillon; je me fis ecrire chez M. de Bougainville que j'ai grande envie de connoitre, et me rendis enſuite chez le Baron d'Olbach, ami de M. Helvetius. C'etoit ma premiére viſite, et le premier pas dans une fort bonne maiſon. Le Baron a de l'eſprit et des connoiſſances, et ſurtout il donne ſouvent et fort bien à diner.

Fevrier 24.]—L'Abbé Barthelemy eſt fort aimable et n'a de l'antiquaire qu'une très grande érudition. Je finis la ſoirée par un ſouper très agréable chez Madame Bontems avec M. le Marquis de Mirabeau. Cet homme eſt ſingulier; il a aſſez d'imagination pour dix autres, et pas aſſez de ſens raſſis pour lui ſeul. Je lui ai fait beaucoup de queſtions ſur les titres de la nobleſſe Francoiſe; mais tout ce que j'en ai pu comprendre, c'eſt que perſonne n'a là deſſus des idées bien nettes.

Mai 1763.]—Muni d'une double lettre de recommandation pour M. le Comte de Caylus, je m'etois imaginé que je trouverois reunis en lui l'homme de lettres et l'homme de qualité. Je le vis trois ou quatre fois, et je vis un homme ſimple, uni, bon, et qui me temoignoit une bonté extrême. Si je n'en ai point profité, je l'attribue moins à ſon caractére qu'à ſon genre de vie. Il ſe leve de grand matin, court les atteliers des artiſtes pendant tout le jour, et rentre chez lui à ſix heurs du ſoir pour ſe mettre en robe de chambre, et s'enfermer dans ſon cabinet. Le moyen de voir ſes amis?

Si ces recommandations etoient ſteriles, il y en eut d'autres que dévinrent auſſi fécondes par leurs ſuites, qu'elles etoient agréables en elles mêmes. Dans une capitale comme Paris, il eſt neceſſaire, il eſt juſte que des lettres de recommandation vous ayent diſtingué de la foule. Mais déſque de la glace eſt rompue, vos connoiſſances ſe multiplient, et vos nouveaux amis ſe font un plaiſir de vous en procurer d'autres plus nouveaux encore. Heureux effet de ce caractere leger et aimable du François, qui a établi dans Paris une douceur et une liberté dans la ſociété, inconnues à l'antiquité, et encore ignorées des autres nations. A Londres il faut faire ſon chemin dans les maiſons que ne s'ouvrent qu'avec peine. Là on croit vous faire plaiſir en vous recevant. Ici on croit s'en faire à ſoi-meme. Auſſi je connois plus de maiſons à Paris qu'à Londres: le fait n'eſt pas vraiſemblable, mais il eſt vrai.

gedy and comedy, was my daily and favourite amuſement. Two famous actreſſes then divided the public applauſe. For my own part, I preferred the conſummate art of the Clairon, to the intemperate ſallies of the Dumeſnil, which were extolled by her admirers, as the genuine voice of nature and paſſion. Fourteen weeks inſenſibly ſtole away; but had I been rich and independent, I ſhould have prolonged, and perhaps have fixed, my reſidence at Paris.

Between the expenſive ſtyle of Paris and of Italy it was prudent to interpoſe ſome months of tranquil ſimplicity; and at the thoughts of Lauſanne I again lived in the pleaſures and ſtudies of my early youth. Shaping my courſe through Dijon and Beſançon, in the laſt of which places I was kindly entertained by my couſin Acton, I arrived in the month of May 1763 on the banks of the Leman Lake. It had been my intention to paſs the Alps in the autumn, but ſuch are the ſimple attractions of the place, that the year had almoſt expired before my departure from Lauſanne in the enſuing ſpring. An abſence of five years had not made much alteration in manners, or even in perſons. My old friends, of both ſexes, hailed my voluntary return; the moſt genuine proof of my attachment. They had been flattered by the preſent of my book, the produce of their ſoil; and the good Pavilliard ſhed tears of joy as he embraced a pupil, whoſe literary merit he might fairly impute to his own labours. To my old liſt I added ſome new acquaintance, and among the ſtrangers I ſhall diſtinguiſh Prince Lewis of Wirtemberg, the brother of the reigning Duke, at whoſe country-houſe, near Lauſanne, I frequently dined: a wandering meteor, and at length a falling ſtar, his light and ambitious ſpirit had ſucceſſively dropped from the firmament of Pruſſia, of France, and of Auſtria; and his faults, which he ſtiled his misfortunes, had driven him into philoſophic exile in the Pais de Vaud. He could now moralize on the vanity of the world, the equality of mankind, and the happineſs of a private ſtation. His addreſs was affable

affable and polite, and as he had ſhone in courts and armies, his memory could ſupply, and his eloquence could adorn, a copious fund of intereſting anecdotes. His firſt enthuſiaſm was that of charity and agriculture; but the ſage gradually lapſed in the ſaint, and Prince Lewis of Wirtemberg is now buried in a hermitage near Mayence, in the laſt ſtage of myſtic devotion. By ſome eccleſiaſtical quarrel, Voltaire had been provoked to withdraw himſelf from Lauſanne, and retire to his caſtle at Ferney, where I again viſited the poet and the actor, without ſeeking his more intimate acquaintance, to which I might now have pleaded a better title. But the theatre which he had founded, the actors whom he had formed, ſurvived the loſs of their maſter; and recent from Paris, I attended with pleaſure at the repreſentation of ſeveral tragedies and comedies. I ſhall not deſcend to ſpecify particular names and characters; but I cannot forget a private inſtitution, which will diſplay the innocent freedom of Swiſs manners. My favourite ſociety had aſſumed, from the age of its members, the proud denomination of the ſpring *(la ſociété du printems)*. It conſiſted of fifteen or twenty young unmarried ladies, of genteel, though not of the very firſt families; the eldeſt perhaps about twenty, all agreeable, ſeveral handſome, and two or three of exquiſite beauty. At each other's houſes they aſſembled almoſt every day, without the controul, or even the preſence, of a mother or an aunt; they were truſted to their own prudence, among a crowd of young men of every nation in Europe. They laughed, they ſung, they danced, they played at cards, they acted comedies; but in the midſt of this careleſs gaiety, they reſpected themſelves, and were reſpected by the men; the inviſible line between liberty and licentiouſneſs was never tranſgreſſed by a geſture, a word, or a look, and their virgin chaſtity was never ſullied by the breath of ſcandal or ſuſpicion. A ſingular inſtitution, expreſſive of the innocent ſimplicity of Swiſs manners. After having taſted the luxury of England and Paris, I could not have returned with ſatisfaction to the coarſe and homely table of Madame Pavilliard;

villard; nor was her husband offended that I now entered myself as a *pensionaire*, or boarder, in the elegant house of Mr. De Mesery, which may be entitled to a short remembrance, as it has stood above twenty years, perhaps, without a parallel in Europe. The house in which we lodged was spacious and convenient, in the best street, and commanding, from behind, a noble prospect over the country and the Lake. Our table was served with neatness and plenty; the boarders were select; we had the liberty of inviting any guests at a stated price; and in the summer the scene was occasionally transferred to a pleasant villa, about a league from Lausanne. The characters of Master and Mistress were happily suited to each other, and to their situation. At the age of seventy-five, Madame de Mesery, who has survived her husband, is still a graceful, I had almost said a handsome woman. She was alike qualified to preside in her kitchen and her drawing-room; and such was the equal propriety of her conduct, that of two or three hundred foreigners, none ever failed in respect, none could complain of her neglect, and none could ever boast of her favour. Mesery himself, of the noble family of De Crousaz, was a man of the world, a jovial companion, whose easy manners and natural sallies maintained the cheerfulness of his house. His wit could laugh at his own ignorance: he disguised, by an air of profusion, a strict attention to his interest; and in this situation, he appeared like a nobleman who spent his fortune and entertained his friends. In this agreeable society I resided nearly eleven months (May 1763—April 1764); and in this second visit to Lausanne, among a crowd of my English companions, I knew and esteemed Mr. Holroyd (now Lord Sheffield); and our mutual attachment was renewed and fortified in the subsequent stages of our Italian journey. Our lives are in the power of chance, and a slight variation on either side, in time or place, might have deprived me of a friend, whose activity in the ardour of youth was always prompted by

by a benevolent heart, and directed by a ſtrong underſtanding*.

If

* JOURNAL, Septembre 16, 1763.]—**** et **** nous ont quitté. Le premier eſt une mechante bête, groſſier, ignorant, et ſans uſage du monde. Sa violence lui a fait vingt mauvaiſes affaires ici. On vouloit cependant lui faire entreprendre le voyage d'Italie, mais **** refuſant de l'y accompagner, on a pris le partie de le rapeller en Angleterre en le faiſant paſſer par Paris. **** eſt philoſophe, et fort inſtruit, mais froid et nullement homme d'eſprit. Il eſt las de courir le monde avec des jeunes foux. Apres avoir rendu celui-ci à ſa famille, il compte venir chercher le repos et la retraite dans ce pays. Qu'il a raiſon!

Septembre 21.]—J'ai eſſuyé une petite mortification au cercle. Le départ de Frey ayant fait vacquer l'emploi de directeur des etrangers, on m'avoit fait entrevoir qu'on me le deſtinoit, et ma franchiſe naturelle ne m'avoit pas permis de diſſimuler que je le recevrois avec plaiſir, et que je m'y attendois. Cependant le pluralité des voix l'a donné à M. Roel Hollandois. J'ai vu qu'on a ſaiſi le premier moment que les loix permettoient de balloter, et que, ſi j'avois voulu raſſembler mes amis, je l'aurois emporté; mais je fais en même tems que l'aurois eu il y a trois mois, ſans y ſonger un moment. Ma reputation baiſſe ici avec quelque raiſon, et j'ai des ennemis.

Septembre 25me.]—J'ai paſſé l'après diner chez Madame de *****. Je ne l'avois pas vue depuis le 14 de ce mois. Elle ne m'a point parlé, ni n'a paru s'etre apperçue de mon abſence. Ce ſilence m'a fait de la peine. J'avois une très belle reputation ici pour les mœurs, mais je vois qu'on commence à me confondre avec mes compatriotes et à me regarder comme un homme qui aime le vin et le deſordre.

Octobre 15.]—J'ai paſſé l'après midi chez Madame de Meſery. Elle vouloit me faire rencontrer avec une Demoiſelle Françoiſe qu'elle a prié à ſouper; cette Demoiſelle, qui s'apelle Le Franc, a ſix pieds de haut. Sa taille, ſa figure, ſon ton, ſa converſation, tout annonce le grenadier le plus déterminé, mais un grenadier, qui a de l'eſprit, des connoiſſances, et l'uſage du monde. Auſſi ſon ſexe, ſon nom, ſon etat, tout eſt myſtere. Elle ſe dit Pariſienne, fille de condition, qui s'eſt retirée dans ce pays pour cauſe de religion. Ne ſeroit ce pas plûtot pour une affaire d'honneur?

Lauſanne, Decembre 16, 1763.]—Je me ſuis levé tard, et une viſite fort amicale de M. de Chandieu Villars*, m'a enlevé ce qui me reſtoit de la matinée. M de Chandieu a ſervi en France avec diſtinction, et s'eſt retiré avec le grade de maréchal de camp. C'eſt une homme d'une grande politeſſe, d'un eſprit vif et facile; il ſeroit aujourdhui à ſoixante ans, l'agrément d'une ſociété de jeunes filles. C'eſt preſque le ſeul étranger qui ait pu acquérir l'aiſance des maniéres Françoiſes, ſans en prendre en même tems les airs bruyans et étourdis.

* The father of Madame de Severy, whoſe family were Mr. Gibbon's moſt intimate friends, after he had ſettled at Lauſanne in the year 1783. S.

Lauſanne,

If my ſtudies at Paris had been confined to the ſtudy of the world, three or four months would not have been unprofitably ſpent. My viſits, however ſuperficial, to the Academy

Lauſanne, Décembre 18, 1763.]—C'étoit un Dimenche de Communion. Les cérémonies religieuſes ſont bien entendues dans ce pays. Elles ſont rares, et par là même plus reſpectées ; les Viellards ſe plaignent à la vérité du refroidiſſement de la dévotion ; cependant un jour, comme celui-ci, offre encore un ſpectacle très édifiant. Point d'affaires, point d'aſſemblée ; on s'interdit juſqu'au *whiſt* ſi néceſſaire a l'exiſtence d'un Lauſannois.

Décembre 31.]—Jettons un coup d'œil ſur cette année 1763. Voyons comment j'ai employé cette portion de mon exiſtence qui s'eſt écoulée et qui ne reviendra plus. Le mois de Janvier s'eſt paſſé dans le ſein de ma famille à qui il fallo.t ſacrifier tous mes momens, parcequ'ils étoient les derniers dans les ſoins d'un départ et dans l'embarras d'un voyage. Dans ce voyage cependant je trouvai moyen de lire les lettres de *Buſbequius*, Miniſtre Imperial à la Porte. Elles ſont auſſi intéreſſantes qu'inſtructives. Je reſtai à Paris depuis le 28 JANVIER juſqu'au 9 MAI. Pendant tout ce tems je n'étudiai point. Les amuſements m'occupoient beaucoup, et l'habitude de la diſſipation, qu'on prend ſi facilement dans les grandes villes, ne me permettoient pas de mettre à profit les tems qui me demeuroit. A la verité, ſi j'ai peu feuilleté les livres, l'obſervation de tous les objets curieux qui ſe preſentent dans une grande capitale, et la converſation avec les plus grands hommes du ſiécle, m'ont inſtruit de beaucoup de choſes que je n'aurois point trouvé dans les livres. Les ſept ou huit derniers mois de cette année ont été plus tranquilles. Dès que je me ſuis vu etabli à Lauſanne, j'ai entrepris une étude ſuivie ſur la géographie ancienne de l'Italie. Mon ardeur s'eſt très bien ſoutenue pendant ſix ſemaines juſqu'à la fin du mois de Juin. Ce fut alors qu'un voyage de Geneve interrompit un peu mon aſſiduité, que le ſejour de Meſery m'offrit mille diſtractions, et que la ſociété de Sauſſure acheva de me faire perdre mon tems. Je repris mon travail avec ce Journal au milieu *d'Aout*, et depuis ce tems, juſqu'au commencement de *Novembre*, j'ai mis a profit tous mes inſtans ; j'avoue que pendant les deux derniers mois mon ardeur s'eſt un peu rallantie. I. Dans cette étude ſuivie j'ai lu : 1. Près de deux livres de la géographie de *Strabon* ſur l'Italie deux fois. 2. Une partie du deuxiéme livre de l'hiſtoire naturelle de *Pline*. 3. Le quatriéme chapitre du deuxiéme livre de *Pomponius Mela*. 4. Les Itineraires d'Antonin, et de Jeruſalem pour ce qui regarde l'Italie. Je les ai lus avec les Commentaires de Weſſeling, &c. J'en ai tiré des tables de toutes les grandes routes de l'Italie, reduiſant partout les milles Romains, en milles Anglois, et en lieues de France, ſelon les calculs de M. d'Anville. 5. L'Hiſtoire des Grands Chemins de l'Empire Romain, par M. Bergier, deux volumes in 4°. 5. Quelques Extraits choiſis de Ciceron, Tite Live, Velleius Paterculus, Tacite, et les deux Plines. La *Roma Vetus* de Nardini et pluſieurs autres opuſcules ſur le même ſujet qui compoſent preſque

Academy of Medals and the public libraries, opened a new field of inquiry; and the view of so many manuscripts of different

que tout le quatriéme tome du Tresor des Antiquités Romaines de Grævius. 7. L'*Italia Antiqua* de Cluvier, en deux volumes in folio. 8. L'*Iter* ou le Voyage de Cl. Rutillius Numatianus dans les Gaules. 9. Les Catalogues de Virgile. 10. Celui de Silius Italicus. 11. Le Voyage d'Horace a Brundusium. N. B. J'ai lu deux fois ces trois derniers morceaux. 12. Le Traité sur les Mesures Itineraires par M. d'Anville, et quelques Memoires de l'Academie des Belles Lettres. II. On me fit attendre Nardini de la Bibliotheque de Geneve. Je voulus remplir ce moment de vuide par la lecture de *Juvenal*, poëte qui je ne connoissois encore que de réputation. Je le lu deux fois avec plaisir et avec soin. III. Pendant l'année j'ai lu quelques journaux, entre autres le Journal Etranger depuis son commencement, un tome des Nouvelles de Bayle, et les xxxv premiers volumes de la Bibliotheque raisonnée. IV. J'ai beaucoup ecrit de mon Recueil Géographique de l'Italie qui est deja bien ample et assez curieux. V. Je ne dois point oublier ce journal même qui est devenu un ouvrage; 214 pages en quatre mois et demi et des pages des mieux fournies sont un objet considerable. Aussi sans compter un grand nombre d'observations détachées, il s'y trouve des dissertations savantes et raisonées. Celle du passage d'Annibal contient dix pages, et celle sur le guerre sociale en a douze. Mais ces morceaux sont trop etendus, et le journal même a besoin d'une reforme qui lui retranche quantité de pieces qui sont assez étrangeres à son veritable plan. Après avoir un peu reflechi là dessus, voici quelques regles que je me suis faites sur les objets qui lui conviennent. I. Toute ma vie civile et privée, mes amusemens, mes liaisons, mes ecarts même, et toutes mes réfléxions qui ne roulent que sur des sujets qui me sont personels, je conviens que tout cela n'est interessant que pour moi, mais aussi ce n'est que pour moi que j'ecris mon journal. II. Tout ce que j'apprens par l'observation ou la conversation. A l'egard de celle-ci je ne rapporterai que ce que je tiens de personnes tout à la fois instruites et véridiques, lorsqu'il est question de faits, ou du petit nombre de ceux qui meritent le titre de grand homme, s'il s'agit de sentimens et d'opinions. III. J'y mettrai soigneusement tout ce qu'on peut appeller la partie materielle de mes études; combien d'heures j'ai travaillé, combien de pages j'ai ecrit ou lu, avec une courte notice du sujet qu'elles contenoient. IV. Je serois faché de lire sans réfléchir sur mes lectures, sans porter des jugemens raisonnés sur mes auteurs, et sans éplucher avec soin leurs idées et leurs expressions. Mais toute lecture ne fournit pas egalement. Il y a des livres qu'on parcourt, et il y en a qu'on lit; il y en a enfin qu'on doit étudier. Mes observations sur ceux de la premiere classe ne peuvent qu'etre courtes et detachées. Elles conviennent au journal. Celles qui regardent la seconde classe n'y entreront qu'autant qu'elles auront le même caractère. V. Mes réfléxions sur ce petit nombre d'auteurs classiques, qu'on medite avec soin, seront naturellement plus approfondies et plus suivies. C'est pour elles, et pour des pieces plus etendues

different ages and characters induced me to consult the two great Benedictine works, the *Diplomatica* of Mabillon, and the *Palæographia* of Montfaucon. I studied the theory without attaining the practice of the art; nor should I complain

etendues et plus originales, aux quelles la lecture ou la meditation peut donner lieu, que je ferai un recueil séparé. Je conserverai cependant sa liaison avec le journal par des renvois constans qui marqueront le numero de chaque piece avec le tems et l'occasion de sa composition. Moyennant ces précautions mon journal ne peut que m'être utile. Ce compte exact de mon tems m'en fera mieux sentir le prix; il dissipera par son detail, l'illusion qu'on se fait d'envisager seulement les années et les mois et de mepriser les heures et les jours. Je ne dis rien de l'agrément. C'est est un bien grand cependant de pouvoir repasser chaque epoque de sa vie, et de se placer, dès qu'on le veut, au milieu de toutes les petites scenes qu'on a joué, ou qu'on a vu jouer.

6 Avril 1764.]—J'ai été eveillé par Pavilliard et H**** pour arrêter une facheuse affaire qui s'etoit passée au bal après notre départ. G**** qui faisoit sa cour a Mademoiselle ****** depuis long tems, voyoit avec peine que ****** (******) menacoit de le supplanter. Il ne répondoit jamais aux politesses de son rival, que par des brusqueries; et a la fin a l'occasion de la main de Mademoiselle ****** il s'emporta contre lui le plus mal à propos du monde, et le traita devant tout le monde *d'impertinent*, &c. J'ai appris de Pavilliard que ****** lui avoit envoyé un cartel, et que la reponse de G**** ne l'ayant point contenté ils devoient se rencontrer à cinq heures du soir. Au déséspoir de voir mon ami engagé dans une affaire qui ne pouvoit que lui faire du tort, j'ai couru chez M. de Crousaz où demeuroit ******. J'ai bientot vu qu'il ne lui falloit qu'une explication assez légere, jointe a quelque apologie de la part de G**** pour le désarmer, et je suis retourné chez lui avec H **** pour l'engager a la donner. Nous lui avons fait comprendre que l'aveu d'une veritable tort ne blessoit jamais l'honneur, et que son insulte envers les dames aussi bien qu'envers ***** étoit sans excuse. Je lui ai dicté un billet convenable, mais sans la moindre bassesse, que j'ai porté au Hollandois. Il a rendu les armes sur le champ, lui a fait la réponse la plus polie, et m'a remercié mille fois du rôle que j'avois fait. En vérité cet homme n'est pas difficile. Après diner j'ai vu nos dames à qui j'ai porté une lettre d'excuses. La mere n'en veut plus a G****, mais Mademoiselle ****** est desolée du tort que cette affaire peut lui faire dans le monde. Cette négociation m'a pris le jour entier; mais peut on mieux employer un jour qu'à sauver la vie, peutêtre a deux personnes, et a conserver la réputation d'un ami? Au reste j'ai vu au fond plus d'un caractére. G**** est brave, vrai, et sensé, mais d'une impétuosité qui n'est que plus dangereuse pour être supprimée a l'ordinaire. C***** est d'une étourderie d'enfant. De S**** d'une indifference qui vient bien plus d'un défaut de sensibilité, que d'un excès de raison. J'ai conçu une véritable amitié pour H****. Il a beaucoup de raison et des sentimens d'honneur avec un cœur des mieux placé.

plain of the intricacy of Greek abbreviations and Gothic alphabets, since every day, in a familiar language, I am at a loss to decypher the hieroglyphics of a female note. In a tranquil scene, which revived the memory of my first studies, idleness would have been less pardonable: the public libraries of Lausanne and Geneva liberally supplied me with books; and if many hours were lost in dissipation, many more were employed in literary labour. In the country, Horace and Virgil, Juvenal and Ovid, were my assiduous companions: but, in town, I formed and executed a plan of study for the use of my Transalpine expedition: the topography of old Rome, the ancient geography of Italy, and the science of medals. 1. I diligently read, almost always with my pen in my hand, the elaborate treatises of Nardini, Donatus, &c. which fill the fourth volume of the Roman Antiquities of Grævius. 2. I next undertook and finished the *Italia Antiqua* of Cluverius, a learned native of Prussia, who had measured, on foot, every spot, and has compiled and digested every passage of the ancient writers. These passages in Greek or Latin authors I perused in the text of Cluverius, in two folio volumes: but I separately read the descriptions of Italy by Strabo, Pliny, and Pomponius Mela, the Catalogues of the Epic poets, the Itineraries of Wesseling's Antoninus, and the coasting Voyage of Rutilius Numatianus; and I studied two kindred subjects in the Mesures Itineraires of d'Anville, and the copious work of Bergier, *Histoire des grands Chemins de l'Empire Romain*. From these materials I formed a table of roads and distances reduced to our English measure; filled a folio common-place book with my collections and remarks on the geography of Italy; and inserted in my journal many long and learned notes on the insulæ and populousness of Rome, the social war, the passage of the Alps by Hannibal, &c. 3. After glancing my eye over Addison's agreeable dialogues, I more seriously read the great work of Ezechiel Spanheim *de Præstantiâ et Usû Numismatum*, and applied with him the medals of the kings and emperors, the families

lies and colonies, to the illuſtration of ancient hiſtory. And thus was I armed for my Italian journey *.

I ſhall advance with rapid brevity in the narrative of this tour, in which ſomewhat more than a year (April 1764—May 1765) was agreeably employed. Content with tracing my line of march, and ſlightly touching on my perſonal feelings, I ſhall wave the minute inveſtigation of the ſcenes which have been viewed by thouſands, and deſcribed by hun-

* JOURNAL, Lauſanne, Avril 17, 1764.]—Guiſe et moi, nous avons donné un diner excellent et beaucoup de vin à Dupleix, et à beaucoup d'autres. Après diner nous nous ſommes échappés pour faire quelques viſites aux ***, aux **, et aux ***. Je pars avec quelques regrets : cependant un peu de vin, et une gayeté dont je ne pouvois rendre raiſon, m'ont rendu d'une étourderie ſans pareille, vis-a-vis de ces petites. Je leur ai dit cent folies, et nous nous ſommes embraſſés en riant. Meſery nous a donné un très beau ſouper avec une partie de la compagnie du matin, augmentée de Bourgeois et de Pavilliard. Ce ſouper, les adieux ſur tout a Pavilliard, que j'aime véritablement, et les préparatifs du départ, m'ont occupé juſqu' deux heures du matin.

Je quitte Lauſanne avec moins de regret que la première fois. Je n'y laiſſe plus que des connoiſſances. C'etoit la maitreſſe et l'ami dont je pleurois la perte. D'aillieurs je voyois Lauſanne avec les yeux encore novices d'un jeune homme, qui lui devoit la partie raiſonable de ſon exiſtence, et qui jugeoit ſans objets de comparaiſon. Aujourdhui j'y vois une ville mal batie, au milieu d'un pays delicieux, qui jouit de la paix et du repos, et qui les prend pour la liberté. Un peuple nombreux et bien élevé, qui aime la ſociété, qui y eſt propre, et qui admet avec plaiſir les étrangers dans ſes cotteries, qui ſeroient bien plus agréables, ſi la converſation n'avoit pas cédé la place au jeu. Les femmes ſont jolies, et malgré leur grande liberté, elles ſont très ſages. Tout au plus peuvent elles être un peu complaiſantes, dans l'idée honnête, mais incertaine, de prendre un étranger dans leurs filets. L'affectation eſt le péché originel des Lauſannois. Affectation de depenſe, affectation de nobleſſe, affectation d'eſprit : les deux premières ſont fort repandues, pendant que la troiſiéme eſt fort rare. Comme ce vice ſe choque a tout inſtant avec celui des autres, Lauſanne ſe trouve partagée dans un grand nombre d'etats, dont les principes et le langage varient a l'infini, et qui n'ont de commun que leur mepris reciproque les uns pour les autres. Leur gout pour la depenſe s'accorde mal avec celui de la nobleſſe. Ils périroient plutot que de renoncer a leurs grandeurs, ou d'embraſſer la ſeule profeſſion qui puiſſe les y ſoutenir. La maiſon de M. de Meſery eſt charmante : le caractére franc et genereux du Mari, les agrémens de la femme, une ſituation délicieuſe, une chere excellente, la compagnie de ſes compatriotes, et une liberté parfaite, font aimer ce ſéjour a tout Anglois. Que je voudrois en trouver un ſemblable a Londres ! J'y regrette encore Holroyd, mais il nous ſuit de près.

hundreds, of our modern travellers. ROME is the great object of our pilgrimage: and 1ſt, the journey; 2d, the reſidence; and 3d, the return; will form the moſt proper and perſpicuous diviſion. 1. I climbed Mount Cenis, and deſcended into the plain of Piedmont, not on the back of an elephant, but on a light oſier ſeat, in the hands of the dextrous and intrepid chairmen of the Alps. The architecture and government of Turin preſented the ſame aſpect of tame and tireſome uniformity: but the court was regulated with decent and ſplendid œconomy; and I was introduced to his Sardinian majeſty* Charles Emanuel, who, after the incomparable Frederic, held the ſecond rank (proximus longo tamen intervallo) among the kings of Europe. The ſize and populouſneſs of Milan could not ſurpriſe an inhabitant of London: but the fancy is amuſed by a viſit to the Boromean Iſlands, an enchanted palace, a work of the fairies in the midſt of a lake encompaſſed with mountains, and far removed from the haunts of men. I was leſs amuſed by the marble palaces of Genoa, than by the recent memorials of her deliverance (in December 1746) from the Auſtrian tyranny; and I took a military ſurvey of every ſcene of action within the incloſure of her double walls. My ſteps were detained at Parma and Modena, by the precious relics of the Farneſe and Eſte collections: but, alas! the far greater part had been already tranſported, by inheritance or purchaſe, to Naples and Dreſden. By the road of Bologna and the Apennine I at laſt reached Florence, where I repoſed from June to September, during the heat of the ſummer months. In the Gallery, and eſpecially in the Tribune, I firſt acknowledged, at the feet of the Venus of Medicis, that the chiſſel may diſpute the pre-eminence with the pencil, a truth in the fine arts which cannot on this ſide of the Alps be felt or underſtood. At home I had taken ſome leſſons of Italian: on the ſpot I read, with a learned native, the claſſics of the Tuſcan idiom: but the ſhortneſs of my time, and

* See Appendix, Letter, No. XVIII.

the use of the French language, prevented my acquiring any facility of speaking; and I was a silent spectator in the conversations of our envoy, Sir Horace Mann, whose most serious business was that of entertaining the English at his hospitable table*. After leaving Florence, I compared the solitude of Pisa with the industry of Lucca and Leghorn, and continued my journey through Sienna to Rome, where I arrived in the beginning of October. 2. My temper is not very susceptible of enthusiasm; and the enthusiasm which I do not feel, I have ever scorned to affect. But, at the distance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the *eternal city*. After a sleepless night, I trod, with a lofty step, the ruins of the Forum; each memorable spot where Romulus *stood*, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye; and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation. My guide was Mr. Byers, a Scotch antiquary of experience and taste; but, in the daily labour of eighteen weeks, the powers of attention were sometimes fatigued, till I was myself qualified, in a last review, to select and study the capital works of ancient and modern art. Six weeks were borrowed for my tour of Naples, the most populous of cities, relative to its size, whose luxurious inhabitants seem to dwell on the confines of paradise and hell-fire. I was presented to the boy-king by our new envoy, Sir William Hamilton; who, wisely diverting his correspondence from the Secretary of State to the Royal Society and British Museum, has elucidated

* JOURNAL, Florence, Aout 9, 1764.]—Cocchi à diné avec nous. Nous avons beaucoup causé, mais je ne lui trouve pas le genie qu'on lui attribue, c'est peutêtre, parceque les notres ne sont pas analogues. J'entrevois de l'extravagance dans ses idées, de l'affectation dans ses manières. Il se plaint à tout moment de sa pauvreté. Il connoit peu la veritable dignité d'un homme de lettres. S'il a beaucoup de science, elle est bornée à la physique. Il m'a demandé si Lord Spenser ne pouvoit pas faire des éveques, et m'a fait un conte de Lord Lyttelton (dont il ne peut souffrir le fils) ou il étoit question des Parlemens de Campagne.

dated a country of ſuch ineſtimable value to the naturaliſt and antiquarian. On my return, I fondly embraced, for the laſt time, the miracles of Rome; but I departed without kiſſing the feet of Rezzonico (Clement XIII.), who neither poſſeſſed the wit of his predeceſſor Lambertini, nor the virtues of his ſucceſſor Ganganelli. 3. In my pilgrimage from Rome to Loretto I again croſſed the Apennine; from the coaſt of the Adriatic I traverſed a fruitful and populous country, which could alone diſprove the paradox of Monteſquieu, that modern Italy is a deſert. Without adopting the excluſive prejudice of the natives, I ſincerely admire the paintings of the Bologna ſchool. I haſtened to eſcape from the ſad ſolitude of Ferrara, which in the age of Cæſar was ſtill more deſolate. The ſpectacle of Venice afforded ſome hours of aſtoniſhment; the univerſity of Padua is a dying taper: but Verona ſtill boaſts her amphitheatre, and his native Vicenza is adorned by the claſſic architecture of Palladio: the road of Lombardy and Piedmont (did Monteſquieu find them without inhabitants?) led me back to Milan, Turin, and the paſſage of Mount Cenis, where I again croſſed the Alps in my way to Lyons.

The uſe of foreign travel has been often debated as a general queſtion; but the concluſion muſt be finally applied to the character and circumſtances of each individual. With the education of boys, *where* or *how* they may paſs over ſome juvenile years with the leaſt miſchief to themſelves or others, I have no concern. But after ſuppoſing the previous and indiſpenſable requiſites of age, judgment, a competent knowledge of men and books, and a freedom from domeſtic prejudices, I will briefly deſcribe the qualifications which I deem moſt eſſential to a traveller. He ſhould be endowed with an active, indefatigable vigour of mind and body, which can ſeize every mode of conveyance, and ſupport, with a careleſs ſmile, every hardſhip of the road, the weather, or the inn. The benefits of foreign travel will correſpond with the degrees of theſe qualifications: but,

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in this ſketch, thoſe to whom I am known will not accuſe me of framing my own panegyric. It was at Rome, on the 15th of October 1764, as I ſat muſing amidſt the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed fryars were ſinging veſpers in the Temple of Jupiter*, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city firſt ſtarted to my mind. But my original plan was circumſcribed to the decay of the city rather than of the empire: and, though my reading and reflections began to point towards that object, ſome years elapſed, and ſeveral avocations intervened, before I was ſeriouſly engaged in the execution of that laborious work.

I had not totally renounced the ſouthern provinces of France, but the letters which I found at Lyons were expreſſive of ſome impatience. Rome and Italy had ſatiated my curious appetite, and I was now ready to return to the peaceful retreat of my family and books. After a happy fortnight I reluctantly left Paris, embarked at Calais, again landed at Dover, after an interval of two years and five months, and haſtily drove through the ſummer duſt and ſolitude of London. On the 25th of June 1765 I arrived at my father's houſe: and the five years and a half between my travels and my father's death (1770) are the portion of my life which I paſſed with the leaſt enjoyment, and which I remember with the leaſt ſatisfaction. Every ſpring I attended the monthly meeting and exerciſe of the militia at Southampton; and by the reſignation of my father, and the death of Sir Thomas Worſley, I was ſucceſſively promoted to the rank of major and lieutenant-colonel commandant: but I was each year more diſguſted with the inn, the wine, the company, and the tireſome repetition of annual attendance and daily exerciſe. At home, the œconomy of the family and farm ſtill maintained the ſame creditable appearance. My connection with Mrs. Gibbon was mellowed into a warm and ſolid attachment: my growing years abo-

* Now the church of the Zoccolants, or Franciſcan Friars. S.

liſhed the diſtance that might yet remain between a parent and a ſon, and my behaviour ſatisfied my father, who was proud of the ſucceſs, however imperfect in his own life-time, of my literary talents. Our ſolitude was ſoon and often enlivened by the viſit of the friend of my youth, Mr. Deyverdun, whoſe abſence from Lauſanne I had ſincerely lamented. About three years after my firſt departure, he had emigrated from his native lake to the banks of the Oder in Germany. The *res anguſta domi*, the waſte of a decent patrimony, by an improvident father, obliged him, like many of his countrymen, to confide in his own induſtry; and he was entruſted with the education of a young prince, the grandſon of the Margrave of Schavedt, of the Royal Family of Pruſſia. Our friendſhip was never cooled, our correſpondence was ſometimes interrupted; but I rather wiſhed than hoped to obtain Mr. Deyverdun for the companion of my Italian tour. An unhappy, though honourable paſſion, drove him from his German court; and the attractions of hope and curioſity were fortified by the expectation of my ſpeedy return to England. During four ſucceſſive ſummers he paſſed ſeveral weeks or months at Beriton, and our free converſations, on every topic that could intereſt the heart or underſtanding, would have reconciled me to a deſert or a priſon. In the winter months of London my ſphere of knowledge and action was ſomewhat enlarged, by the many new acquaintance which I had contracted in the militia and abroad; and I muſt regret, as more than an acquaintance, Mr. Godfrey Clarke of Derbyſhire, an amiable and worthy young man, who was ſnatched away by an untimely death. A weekly convivial meeting was eſtabliſhed by myſelf and travellers, under the name of the Roman Club*.

The

* The members were Lord Mountſtuart (now Earl of Bute), Colonel Edmonſtone, Weddal, Palgrave, Lord Berkley, Godfrey Clarke, Holroyd (Lord Sheffield), Major Ridley, Sir William Guize, Sir John Aubrey, Lord Abingdon, Hon. Peregrine Bertie, Cleaver, Hon. John Damer, Hon. George Damer (Lord Milton), Sir Thomas Gaſcoygne, Sir John Hort, E. Gibbon.

The renewal, or perhaps the improvement, of my English life was embittered by the alteration of my own feelings. At the age of twenty-one I was, in my proper station of a youth, delivered from the yoke of education, and delighted with the comparative state of liberty and affluence. My filial obedience was natural and easy; and in the gay prospect of futurity, my ambition did not extend beyond the enjoyment of my books, my leisure, and my patrimonial estate, undisturbed by the cares of a family and the duties of a profession. But in the militia I was armed with power; in my travels, I was exempt from controul; and as I approached, as I gradually passed my thirtieth year, I began to feel the desire of being master in my own house. The most gentle authority will sometimes frown without reason, the most cheerful submission will sometimes murmur without cause: and such is the law of our imperfect nature, that we must either command or obey; that our personal liberty is supported by the obsequiousness of our own dependants. While so many of my acquaintance were married or in parliament, or advancing with a rapid step in the various roads of honour and fortune, I stood alone, immoveable and insignificant; for after the monthly meeting of 1770, I had even withdrawn myself from the militia, by the resignation of an empty and barren commission. My temper is not susceptible of envy, and the view of successful merit has always excited my warmest applause. The miseries of a vacant life were never known to a man whose hours were insufficient for the inexhaustible pleasures of study. But I lamented that at the proper age I had not embraced the lucrative pursuits of the law or of trade, the chances of civil office or India adventure, or even the fat slumbers of the church; and my repentance became more lively as the loss of time was more irretrievable. Experience shewed me the use of grafting my private consequence on the importance of a great professional body; the benefits of those firm connections which are cemented by hope and interest, by grati-

tude and emulation, by the mutual exchange of ſervices and favours. From the emoluments of a profeſſion I might have derived an ample fortune, or a competent income, inſtead of being ſtinted to the ſame narrow allowance, to be increaſed only by an event which I ſincerely deprecated. The progreſs and the knowledge of our domeſtic diſorders aggravated my anxiety, and I began to apprehend that I might be left in my old age without the fruits either of induſtry or inheritance.

In the firſt ſummer after my return, whilſt I enjoyed at Beriton the ſociety of my friend Deyverdun, our daily converſations expatiated over the field of antient and modern literature; and we freely diſcuſſed my ſtudies, my firſt Eſſay, and my future projects. The Decline and Fall of Rome I ſtill contemplated at an awful diſtance: but the two hiſtorical deſigns which had balanced my choice were ſubmitted to his taſte; and in the parallel between the Revolutions of Florence and Switzerland, our common partiality for a country which was *his* by birth, and *mine* by adoption, inclined the ſcale in favour of the latter. According to the plan, which was ſoon conceived and digeſted, I embraced a period of two hundred years, from the aſſociation of the three peaſants of the Alps to the plenitude and proſperity of the Helvetic body in the ſixteenth century. I ſhould have deſcribed the deliverance and victory of the Swiſs, who have never ſhed the blood of their tyrants but in a field of battle; the laws and manners of the confederate ſtates; the ſplendid trophies of the Auſtrian, Burgundian, and Italian wars; and the wiſdom of a nation, who, after ſome ſallies of martial adventure, has been content to guard the bleſſings of peace with the ſword of freedom.

——— Manus hæc inimica tyrannis
Enſe petit placidam ſub libertate quietem.

My judgment, as well as my enthuſiaſm, was ſatisfied with the glorious theme; and the aſſiſtance of Deyverdun ſeemed to remove an inſuperable obſtacle. The French or Latin memo-

memorials, of which I was not ignorant, are inconſiderable in number and weight; but in the perfect acquaintance of my friend with the German language, I found the key of a more valuable collection. The moſt neceſſary books were procured; he tranſlated, for my uſe, the folio volume of Schilling, a copious and contemporary relation of the war of Burgundy; we read and marked the moſt intereſting parts of the great chronicle of Tſchudi; and by his labour, or that of an inferior aſſiſtant, large extracts were made from the Hiſtory of Lauffer and the Dictionary of Lew: yet ſuch was the diſtance and delay, that two years elapſed in theſe preparatory ſteps; and it was late in the third ſummer (1767) before I entered, with theſe ſlender materials, on the more agreeable taſk of compoſition. A ſpecimen of my Hiſtory, the firſt book, was read the following winter in a literary ſociety of foreigners in London; and as the author was unknown, I liſtened, without obſervation, to the free ſtrictures, and unfavourable ſentence, of my judges*. The momen-

* Mr. Hume ſeems to have had a different opinion of this work.

From Mr. HUME *to* Mr. GIBBON.

SIR,

It is but a few days ago ſince Mr. Deyverdun put your manuſcript into my hands, and I have peruſed it with great pleaſure and ſatisfaction. I have only one objection, derived from the language in which it is written. Why do you compoſe in French, and carry faggots into the wood, as Horace ſays with regard to Romans who wrote in Greek? I grant that you have a like motive to thoſe Romans, and adopt a language much more generally diffuſed than your native tongue: but have you not remarked the fate of thoſe two ancient languages in following ages? The Latin, though then leſs celebrated, and confined to more narrow limits, has in ſome meaſure outlived the Greek, and is now more generally underſtood by men of letters. Let the French, therefore, triumph in the preſent diffuſion of their tongue. Our ſolid and increaſing eſtabliſhments in America, where we need leſs dread the inundation of Barbarians, promiſe a ſuperior ſtability and duration to the Engliſh language.

Your uſe of the French tongue has alſo led you into a ſtyle more poetical and figurative, and more highly coloured, than our language ſeems to admit

of

momentary ſenſation was painful; but their condemnation was ratified by my cooler thoughts. I delivered my imperfect ſheets to the flames †, and for ever renounced a deſign in which ſome expence, much labour, and more time, had been ſo vainly conſumed. I cannot regret the loſs of a ſlight and ſuperficial eſſay; for ſuch the work muſt have been in the hands of a ſtranger, uninformed by the ſcholars and ſtateſmen, and remote from the libraries and archives of the Swiſs republics. My antient habits, and the preſence of Deyverdun, encouraged me to write in French for the continent of Europe; but I was conſcious myſelf that my ſtyle, above proſe and below poetry, degenerated into a verboſe and turgid declamation. Perhaps I may impute the failure to the injudicious choice of a foreign language. Perhaps I may ſuſpect that the language itſelf is ill adapted to ſuſtain the vigour and dignity of an important narrative. But if France, ſo rich in literary merit, had produced a great original hiſtorian, his genius would have formed and fixed

of in hiſtorical productions: for ſuch is the practice of French writers, particularly the more recent ones, who illuminate their pictures more than cuſtom will permit us. On the whole, your Hiſtory, in my opinion, is written with ſpirit and judgment; and I exhort you very earneſtly to continue it. The objections that occurred to me on reading it, were ſo frivolous, that I ſhall not trouble you with them, and ſhould, I believe, have a difficulty to recollect them. I am, with great eſteem,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient,

and moſt humble Servant,

(Signed) DAVID HUME.

LONDON,

24th of Oct. 1767.

† He neglected to burn them. He left at Sheffield-Place the introduction, or firſt book, in forty-three pages folio, written in a very ſmall hand, beſides a conſiderable number of notes. If Mr. Gibbon had not declared his judgment, perhaps Mr. Hume's opinion, expreſſed in the letter in the laſt note, might have juſtified the publication of it. S.

fixed the idiom to the proper tone, the peculiar mode of hiſtorical eloquence.

It was in ſearch of ſome liberal and lucrative employment that my friend Deyverdun had viſited England. His remittances from home were ſcanty and precarious. My purſe was always open, but it was often empty; and I bitterly felt the want of riches and power, which might have enabled me to correct the errors of his fortune. His wiſhes and qualifications ſolicited the ſtation of the travelling governor of ſome wealthy pupil; but every vacancy provoked ſo many eager candidates, that for a long time I ſtruggled without ſucceſs; nor was it till after much application that I could even place him as a clerk in the office of the ſecretary of ſtate. In a reſidence of ſeveral years he never acquired the juſt pronunciation and familiar uſe of the Engliſh tongue, but he read our moſt difficult authors with eaſe and taſte: his critical knowledge of our language and poetry was ſuch as few foreigners have poſſeſſed; and few of our countrymen could enjoy the theatre of Shakeſpeare and Garrick with more exquiſite feeling and diſcernment. The conſciouſneſs of his own ſtrength, and the aſſurance of my aid, emboldened him to imitate the example of Dr. Maty, whoſe *Journal Britannique* was eſteemed and regretted; and to improve his model, by uniting with the tranſactions of literature a philoſophic view of the arts and manners of the Britiſh nation. Our Journal for the year 1767, under the title of *Memoires Literaires de la Grand Bretagne*, was ſoon finiſhed and ſent to the preſs. For the firſt article, Lord Lyttelton's Hiſtory of Henry II. I muſt own myſelf reſponſible; but the public has ratified my judgment of that voluminous work, in which ſenſe and learning are not illuminated by a ray of genius. The next ſpecimen was the choice of my friend, *the Bath Guide*, a light and whimſical performance, of local, and even verbal, pleaſantry. I ſtarted at the attempt: he ſmiled at my fears: his courage was juſtified by ſucceſs; and a maſter of both languages will applaud

plaud the curious felicity with which he has transfuſed into French proſe the ſpirit, and even the humour, of the Engliſh verſe. It is not my wiſh to deny how deeply I was intereſted in theſe Memoirs, of which I need not ſurely be aſhamed; but at the diſtance of more than twenty years, it would be impoſſible for me to aſcertain the reſpective ſhares of the two aſſociates. A long and intimate communication of ideas had caſt our ſentiments and ſtyle in the ſame mould. In our ſocial labours we compoſed and corrected by turns; and the praiſe which I might honeſtly beſtow, would fall perhaps on ſome article or paſſage moſt properly my own. A ſecond volume (for the year 1768) was publiſhed of theſe Memoirs. I will preſume to ſay, that their merit was ſuperior to their reputation; but it is not leſs true, that they were productive of more reputation than emolument. They introduced my friend to the protection, and myſelf to the acquaintance, of the Earl of Cheſterfield, whoſe age and infirmities ſecluded him from the world; and of Mr. David Hume, who was under-ſecretary to the office in which Deyverdun was more humbly employed. The former accepted a dedication, (April 12th, 1769,) and reſerved the author for the future education of his ſucceſſor: the latter enriched the Journal with a reply to Mr. Walpole's Hiſtorical Doubts, which he afterwards ſhaped into the form of a note. The materials of the third volume were almoſt completed, when I recommended Deyverdun as governor to Sir Richard Worſley, a youth, the ſon of my old Lieutenant-colonel, who was lately deceaſed. They ſet forwards on their travels; nor did they return to England till ſome time after my father's death.

My next publication was an accidental ſally of love and reſentment; of my reverence for modeſt genius, and my averſion for inſolent pedantry. The ſixth book of the Æneid is the moſt pleaſing and perfect compoſition of Latin poetry. The deſcent of Æneas and the Sybil to the infernal regions, to the world of ſpirits, expands an awful and

and boundleſs proſpect, from the nocturnal gloom of the Cumæan grot,

Ibant obſcuri ſolâ ſub nocte per umbram,

to the meridian brightneſs of the Elyſian fields;

Largior hic campos æther et lumine veſtit
Purpureo ———

from the dreams of ſimple Nature, to the dreams, alas! of Egyptian theology, and the philoſophy of the Greeks. But the final diſmiſſion of the hero through the ivory gate, whence

Falſa ad cœlum mittunt inſomnia manes,

ſeems to diſſolve the whole enchantment, and leaves the reader in a ſtate of cold and anxious ſcepticiſm. This moſt lame and impotent concluſion has been variouſly imputed to the taſte or irreligion of Virgil; but, according to the more elaborate interpretation of Biſhop Warburton, the deſcent to hell is not a falſe, but a mimic ſcene; which repreſents the initiation of Æneas, in the character of a law-giver, to the Eleuſinian myſteries. This hypotheſis, a ſingular chapter in the Divine Legation of Moſes, had been admitted by many as true; it was praiſed by all as ingenuous; nor had it been expoſed, in a ſpace of thirty years, to a fair and critical diſcuſſion. The learning and the abilities of the author had raiſed him to a juſt eminence; but he reigned the dictator and tyrant of the world of literature. The real merit of Warburton was degraded by the pride and preſumption with which he pronounced his infallible decrees; in his polemic writings he laſhed his antagoniſts without mercy or moderation; and his ſervile flatterers, (ſee the baſe and malignant Eſſay on the *Delicacy of Friendſhip*,) exalting the maſter critic far above Ariſtotle and Longinus, aſſaulted every modeſt diſſenter who refuſed to conſult the oracle, and to adore the idol. In a land of liberty, ſuch deſpotiſm muſt

muſt provoke a general oppoſition, and the zeal of oppoſition is ſeldom candid or impartial. A late profeſſor of Oxford, (Dr. Lowth,) in a pointed and poliſhed epiſtle, (Auguſt 31ſt, 1765,) defended himſelf, and attacked the Biſhop; and, whatſoever might be the merits of an inſignificant controverſy, his victory was clearly eſtabliſhed by the ſilent confuſion of Warburton and his ſlaves. *I* too, without any private offence, was ambitious of breaking a lance againſt the giant's ſhield; and in the beginning of the year 1770, my Critical Obſervations on the Sixth Book of the Æneid were ſent, without my name, to the preſs. In this ſhort Eſſay, my firſt Engliſh publication, I aimed my ſtrokes againſt the perſon and the hypotheſis of Biſhop Warburton. I proved, at leaſt to my own ſatisfaction, *that* the antient lawgivers did not invent the myſteries, and *that* Æneas was never inveſted with the office of lawgiver: *that* there is not any argument, any circumſtance, which can melt a fable into allegory, or remove the ſcene from the Lake Avernus to the Temple of Ceres: *that* ſuch a wild ſuppoſition is equally injurious to the poet and the man: *that* if Virgil was not initiated he could not, if he were he would not, reveal the ſecrets of the initiation: *that* the anathema of Horace (*vetabo qui Cereris ſacrum vulgarit, &c.*) at once atteſts his own ignorance and the innocence of his friend. As the Biſhop of Glouceſter and his party maintained a diſcreet ſilence, my critical diſquiſition was ſoon loſt among the pamphlets of the day; but the public coldneſs was overbalanced to my feelings by the weighty approbation of the laſt and beſt editor of Virgil, Profeſſor Heyne of Gottingen, who acquieſces in my confutation, and ſtiles the unknown author, *doctus --- et elegantiſſimus Britannus.* But I cannot reſiſt the temptation of tranſcribing the favourable judgment of Mr. Hayley, himſelf a poet and a ſcholar: "An intricate hypotheſis, twiſted into a long "and laboured chain of quotation and argument, the Diſſer- "tation on the Sixth Book of Virgil, remained ſome time "unrefuted. ---- At length, a ſuperior, but anonymous, "critic

" critic arose, who, in one of the most judicious and spirited " essays that our nation has produced, on a point of classical " literature, completely overturned this ill-founded edifice, " and exposed the arrogance and futility of its assuming ar- " chitect." He even condescends to justify an acrimony of style, which had been gently blamed by the more unbiassed German; " *Paullo acrius quam velis ---- perstrinxit**." But I cannot forgive myself the contemptuous treatment of a man who, with all his faults, was entitled to my esteem †; and I can less forgive, in a personal attack, the cowardly concealment of my name and character.

In the fifteen years between my Essay on the Study of Literature and the first volume of the Decline and Fall, (1761—1776,) this criticism on Warburton, and some articles in the Journal, were my sole publications. It is more especially incumbent on me to mark the employment, or to confess the waste of time, from my travels to my father's death, an interval in which I was not diverted by any professional duties from the labours and pleasures of a studious life. 1. As soon as I was released from the fruitless task of the Swiss revolutions, (1768), I began gradually to advance from the wish to the hope, from the hope to the design, from the design to the execution, of my historical work, of whose limits and extent I had yet a very inadequate notion. The Classics, as low as Tacitus, the younger Pliny, and Juvenal, were my old and familiar companions. I insensibly plunged into the ocean of the Augustan history; and in the descending

* The editor of the Warburtonian tracts, Dr. Parr, (p. 192.) considers the allegorical interpretation " as completely refuted in a most clear, ele- " gant, and decisive work of criticism; which could not, indeed, derive au- " thority from the greatest name; but to which the greatest name might with " propriety have been affixed."

† The Divine Legation of Moses is a monument, already crumbling in the dust, of the vigour and weakness of the human mind. If Warburton's new argument proved any thing, it would be a demonstration against the legislator, who left his people without the knowledge of a future state. But some episodes of the work, on the Greek philosophy, the hieroglyphics of Egypt, &c. are entitled to the praise of learning, imagination, and discernment.

ing series I investigated, with my pen almost always in my hand, the original records, both Greek and Latin, from Dion Cassius to Ammianus Marcellinus, from the reign of Trajan to the last age of the Western Cæsars. The subsidiary rays of medals, and inscriptions of geography and chronology, were thrown on their proper objects; and I applied the collections of Tillemont, whose inimitable accuracy almost assumes the character of genius, to fix and arrange within my reach the loose and scattered atoms of historical information. Through the darkness of the middle ages I explored my way in the Annals and Antiquities of Italy of the learned Muratori; and diligently compared them with the parallel or transverse lines of Sigonius and Maffei, Baronius and Pagi, till I almost grasped the ruins of Rome in the fourteenth century, without suspecting that this final chapter must be attained by the labour of six quartos and twenty years. Among the books which I purchased, the Theodocian Code, with the commentary of James Godefroy, must be gratefully remembered. I used it (and much I used it) as a work of history, rather than of jurisprudence: but in every light it may be considered as a full and capacious repository of the political state of the empire in the fourth and fifth centuries. As I believed, and as I still believe, that the propagation of the Gospel, and the triumph of the church, are inseparably connected with the decline of the Roman monarchy, I weighed the causes and effects of the revolution, and contrasted the narratives and apologies of the Christians themselves, with the glances of candour or enmity which the Pagans have cast on the rising sects. The Jewish and Heathen testimonies, as they are collected and illustrated by Dr. Lardner, directed, without superseding, my search of the originals; and in an ample dissertation on the miraculous darkness of the passion, I privately drew my conclusions from the silence of an unbelieving age. I have assembled the preparatory studies, directly or indirectly relative to my history; but, in strict equity, they must

muſt be ſpread beyond this period of my life, over the two ſummers (1771 and 1772) that elapſed between my father's death and my ſettlement in London. 2. In a free converſation with books and men, it would be endleſs to enumerate the names and characters of all who are introduced to our acquaintance: but in this general acquaintance we may ſelect the degrees of friendſhip and eſteem. According to the wiſe maxim, *Multum legere potius quam multa*, I reviewed, again and again, the immortal works of the French and Engliſh, the Latin and Italian claſſics. My Greek ſtudies (though leſs aſſiduous than I deſigned) maintained and extended my knowledge of that incomparable idiom. Homer and Xenophon were ſtill my favourite authors; and I had almoſt prepared for the preſs an Eſſay on the Cyropædia, which, in my own judgment, is not unhappily laboured. After a certain age, the new publications of merit are the ſole food of the many; and the moſt auſtere ſtudent will be often tempted to break the line, for the ſake of indulging his own curioſity, and of providing the topics of faſhionable currency. A more reſpectable motive may be aſſigned for the third peruſal of Blackſtone's Commentaries, and a copious and critical abſtract of that Engliſh work was my firſt ſerious production in my native language. 3. My literary leiſure was much leſs complete and independent than it might appear to the eye of a ſtranger. In the hurry of London I was deſtitute of books; in the ſolitude of Hampſhire I was not maſter of my time. My quiet was gradually diſturbed by our domeſtic anxiety, and I ſhould be aſhamed of my unfeeling philoſophy, had I found much time or taſte for ſtudy in the laſt fatal ſummer (1770) of my father's decay and diſſolution.

The diſembodying of the militia at the cloſe of the war (1763) had reſtored the Major (a new Cincinnatus) to a life of agriculture. His labours were uſeful, his pleaſures innocent, his wiſhes moderate; and my father *ſeemed* to enjoy the ſtate of happineſs which is celebrated by poets and philoſophers,

philoſophers, as the moſt agreeable to nature, and the leaſt acceſſible to fortune.

> Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis
> (Ut priſca gens mortalium)
> Paterna rura bubus exercet ſuis,
> Solutus omni fœnore *. HOR. *Epod.* ii.

But the laſt indiſpenſable condition, the freedom from debt, was wanting to my father's felicity; and the vanities of his youth were ſeverely puniſhed by the ſolicitude and ſorrow of his declining age. The firſt mortgage, on my return from Lauſanne, (1758,) had afforded him a partial and tranſient relief. The annual demand of intereſt and allowance was a heavy deduction from his income; the militia was a ſource of expence, the farm in his hands was not a profitable adventure, he was loaded with the coſts and damages of an obſolete law-ſuit; and each year multiplied the number, and exhauſted the patience, of his creditors. Under theſe painful circumſtances, I conſented to an additional mortgage, to the ſale of Putney, and to every ſacrifice that could alleviate his diſtreſs. But he was no longer capable of a rational effort, and his reluctant delays poſtponed not the evils themſelves, but the remedies of thoſe evils *(remedia malorum potius quam mala differebat.)* The pangs of ſhame, tenderneſs, and ſelf-reproach, inceſſantly preyed on his vitals; his conſtitution was broken; he loſt his ſtrength and his ſight; the rapid progreſs of a dropſy admoniſhed him of his end, and he ſunk into the grave on the 10th of November 1770, in the ſixty-fourth year of his age. A family-tradition inſinuates that Mr. William Law had drawn his pupil in the light and inconſtant character of *Flatus*, who is ever confident, and ever diſappointed in the chace of happineſs. But theſe conſtitutional

* Like the firſt mortals, bleſt is he,
From debts, and uſury, and buſineſs free,
With his own team who ploughs the ſoil,
Which grateful once confeſs'd his father's toil. FRANCIS.

tutional failings were happily compenſated by the virtues of the head and heart, by the warmeſt ſentiments of honour and humanity. His graceful perſon, polite addreſs, gentle manners, and unaffected cheerfulneſs, recommended him to the favour of every company; and in the change of times and opinions, his liberal ſpirit had long ſince delivered him from the zeal and prejudice of a Tory education. I ſubmitted to the order of Nature; and my grief was ſoothed by the conſcious ſatisfaction that I had diſcharged all the duties of filial piety.

As ſoon as I had paid the laſt ſolemn duties to my father, and obtained, from time and reaſon, a tolerable compoſure of mind, I began to form the plan of an independent life, moſt adapted to my circumſtances and inclination. Yet ſo intricate was the net, my efforts were ſo awkward and feeble, that nearly two years (November 1770—October 1772) were ſuffered to elapſe before I could diſentangle myſelf from the management of the farm, and transfer my reſidence from Beriton to a houſe in London. During this interval I continued to divide my year between town and the country; but my new ſituation was brightened by hope; my ſtay in London was prolonged into the ſummer; and the uniformity of the ſummer was occaſionally broken by viſits and excurſions at a diſtance from home. The gratification of my deſires (they were not immoderate) has been ſeldom diſappointed by the want of money or credit; my pride was never inſulted by the viſit of an importunate tradeſman; and my tranſient anxiety for the paſt or future has been diſpelled by the ſtudious or ſocial occupation of the preſent hour. My conſcience does not accuſe me of any act of extravagance or injuſtice, and the remnant of my eſtate affords an ample and honourable proviſion for my declining age. I ſhall not expatiate on my œconomical affairs, which cannot be inſtructive or amuſing to the reader. It is a rule of prudence, as well as of politeneſs, to reſerve ſuch conſidence for the ear

ear of a private friend, without expoſing our ſituation to the envy or pity of ſtrangers; for envy is productive of hatred, and pity borders too nearly on contempt. Yet I may believe, and even aſſert, that in circumſtances more indigent or more wealthy, I ſhould never have accompliſhed the taſk, or acquired the fame, of an hiſtorian; that my ſpirit would have been broken by poverty and contempt, and that my induſtry might have been relaxed in the labour and luxury of a ſuperfluous fortune.

I had now attained the firſt of earthly bleſſings, independence: I was the abſolute maſter of my hours and actions: nor was I deceived in the hope that the eſtabliſhment of my library in town would allow me to divide the day between ſtudy and ſociety. Each year the circle of my acquaintance, the number of my dead and living companions, was enlarged. To a lover of books, the ſhops and ſales of London preſent irreſiſtible temptations; and the manufacture of my hiſtory required a various and growing ſtock of materials. The militia, my travels, the Houſe of Commons, the fame of an author, contributed to multiply my connections: I was choſen a member of the faſhionable clubs; and, before I left England in 1783, there were few perſons of any eminence in the literary or political world to whom I was a ſtranger*. It would moſt aſſuredly be in my power to amuſe the reader with a gallery of portraits and a collection of anecdotes. But I have always condemned the practice of transforming a private memorial into a vehicle of ſatire or praiſe. By my own choice I paſſed in town

* From the mixed, though polite, company of Boodle's, White's, and Brookes's, I muſt honourably diſtinguiſh a weekly ſociety, which was inſtituted in the year 1764, and which ſtill continues to flouriſh, under the title of the Literary Club. (Hawkins's Life of Johnſon, p. 415. Boſwell's Tour to the Hebrides, p. 97.) The names of Dr. Johnſon, Mr. Burke, Mr. Topham Beauclerc, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldſmith, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Mr. Colman, Sir William Jones, Dr. Percy, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Adam Smith, Mr. Steevens, Mr. Dunning, Sir Joſeph Banks, Dr. Warton, and his brother Mr. Thomas Warton, Dr. Burney, &c. form a large and luminous conſtellation of Britiſh ſtars.

town the greateſt part of the year; but whenever I was deſirous of breathing the air of the country, I poſſeſſed an hoſpitable retreat at Sheffield-place in Suſſex, in the family of my valuable friend Mr. Holroyd, whoſe character, under the name of Lord Sheffield, has ſince been more conſpicuous to the public.

No ſooner was I ſettled in my houſe and library, than I undertook the compoſition of the firſt volume of my Hiſtory. At the outſet all was dark and doubtful; even the title of the work, the true æra of the Decline and Fall of the Empire, the limits of the introduction, the diviſion of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to caſt away the labour of ſeven years. The ſtyle of an author ſhould be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exerciſe. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compoſe the firſt chapter, and twice the ſecond and third, before I was tolerably ſatisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way I advanced with a more equal and eaſy pace; but the fifteenth and ſixteenth chapters have been reduced by three ſucceſſive reviſals, from a large volume to their preſent ſize; and they might ſtill be compreſſed, without any loſs of facts or ſentiments. An oppoſite fault may be imputed to the conciſe and ſuperficial narrative of the firſt reigns from Commodus to Alexander; a fault of which I have never heard, except from Mr. Hume in his laſt journey to London. Such an oracle might have been conſulted and obeyed with rational devotion; but I was ſoon diſguſted with the modeſt practice of reading the manuſcript to my friends. Of ſuch friends ſome will praiſe from politeneſs, and ſome will criticiſe from vanity. The author himſelf is the beſt judge of his own performance; no one has ſo deeply meditated on the ſubject; no one is ſo ſincerely intereſted in the event.

By the friendſhip of Mr. (now Lord) Eliot, who had married my firſt couſin, I was returned at the general elec-

tion for the borough of Leſkeard. I took my ſeat at the beginning of the memorable conteſt between Great Britain and America, and ſupported, with many a ſincere and ſilent vote, the rights, though not, perhaps, the intereſt, of the mother country. After a fleeting illuſive hope, prudence condemned me to acquieſce in the humble ſtation of a mute. I was not armed by Nature and education with the intrepid energy of mind and voice.

Vincentem ſtrepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the ſucceſs of my pen diſcouraged the trial of my voice*. But I aſſiſted at the debates of a free aſſembly; I liſtened to the attack and defence of eloquence and reaſon; I had a near proſpect of the characters, views, and paſſions of the firſt men of the age. The cauſe of government was ably vindicated by *Lord North*, a ſtateſman of ſpotleſs integrity, a conſummate maſter of debate, who could wield, with equal dexterity, the arms of reaſon and of ridicule. He was ſeated on the Treaſury-bench between his Attorney and Solicitor General, the two pillars of the law and ſtate, *magis pares quam ſimiles*; and the miniſter might indulge in a ſhort ſlumber, whilſt he was upholden on either hand by the majeſtic ſenſe of *Thurlow*, and the ſkilful eloquence of *Wedderburne*. From the adverſe ſide of the houſe an ardent and powerful oppoſition was ſupported, by the lively declamation of *Barré*, the legal acuteneſs of *Dunning*, the profuſe and philoſophic fancy of *Burke*, and the argumentative vehemence of

* A French ſketch of Mr. Gibbon's Life, written by himſelf, probably for the uſe of ſome foreign journaliſt or tranſlator, contains no fact not mentioned in his Engliſh Life. He there deſcribes himſelf with his uſual candour. Depuis huit ans il a aſſiſté aux deliberations les plus importantes, mais il ne s'eſt jamais trouvé *le courage*, ni *le talent*, de parler dans une aſſemblée publique. This ſketch was written before the publication of his three laſt volumes, as in cloſing it he ſays of his Hiſtory: Cette entrepriſe lui demande encore pluſieurs années d'une application ſoutenue; mais quelqu'en ſoit le ſuccès, il trouve dans cette application même un plaiſir toujours varié et toujours renaiſſant.

of *Fox*, who in the conduct of a party approved himself equal to the conduct of an empire. By such men every operation of peace and war, every principle of justice or policy, every question of authority and freedom, was attacked and defended; and the subject of the momentous contest was the union or separation of Great Britain and America. The eight sessions that I sat in parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian.

The volume of my History, which had been somewhat delayed by the novelty and tumult of a first session, was now ready for the press. After the perilous adventure had been declined by my friend Mr. Elmsly, I agreed, upon easy terms, with Mr. Thomas Cadell, a respectable bookseller, and Mr. William Strahan, an eminent printer; and they undertook the care and risk of the publication, which derived more credit from the name of the shop than from that of the author. The last revisal of the proofs was submitted to my vigilance; and many blemishes of style, which had been invisible in the manuscript, were discovered and corrected in the printed sheet. So moderate were our hopes, that the original impression had been stinted to five hundred, till the number was doubled by the prophetic taste of Mr. Strahan. During this awful interval I was neither elated by the ambition of fame, nor depressed by the apprehension of contempt. My diligence and accuracy were attested by my own conscience. History is the most popular species of writing, since it can adapt itself to the highest or the lowest capacity. I had chosen an illustrious subject. Rome is familiar to the school-boy and the statesman; and my narrative was deduced from the last period of classical reading. I had likewise flattered myself, that an age of light and liberty would receive, without scandal, an inquiry into the human *causes* of the progress and establishment of Christianity.

I am at a loss how to describe the success of the work, without betraying the vanity of the writer. The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third

edition were ſcarcely adequate to the demand; and the bookſeller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin. My book was on every table, and almoſt on every toilette; the hiſtorian was crowned by the taſte or faſhion of the day; nor was the general voice diſturbed by the barking of any *profane* critic. The favour of mankind is moſt freely beſtowed on a new acquaintance of any original merit; and the mutual ſurprize of the public and their favourite is productive of thoſe warm ſenſibilities, which at a ſecond meeting can no longer be rekindled. If I liſtened to the muſic of praiſe, I was more ſeriouſly ſatisfied with the approbation of my judges. The candour of Dr. Robertſon embraced his diſciple. A letter from Mr. Hume overpaid the labour of ten years; but I have never preſumed to accept a place in the triumvirate of Britiſh hiſtorians.

That curious and original letter will amuſe the reader, and his gratitude ſhould ſhield my free communication from the reproach of vanity.

"DEAR SIR; EDINBURGH, 18th March 1776.

"As I ran through your volume of hiſtory with great avidity and impatience, I cannot forbear diſcovering ſomewhat of the ſame impatience in returning you thanks for your agreeable preſent, and expreſſing the ſatisfaction which the performance has given me. Whether I conſider the dignity of your ſtyle, the depth of your matter, or the extenſiveneſs of your learning, I muſt regard the work as equally the object of eſteem; and I own that if I had not previouſly had the happineſs of your perſonal acquaintance, ſuch a performance from an Engliſhman in our age would have given me ſome ſurprize. You may ſmile at this ſentiment; but as it ſeems to me that your countrymen, for almoſt a whole generation, have given themſelves up to barbarous and abſurd faction, and have totally neglected all polite letters, I no longer expected any valuable production ever to come from them. I know it will give you pleaſure

(as

as it did me) to find that all the men of letters in this place concur in their admiration of your work, and in their anxious desire of your continuing it.

"When I heard of your undertaking, (which was some time ago,) I own I was a little curious to see how you would extricate yourself from the subject of your two last chapters. I think you have observed a very prudent temperament; but it was impossible to treat the subject so as not to give grounds of suspicion against you, and you may expect that a clamour will arise. This, if any thing, will retard your success with the public; for in every other respect your work is calculated to be popular. But among many other marks of decline, the prevalence of superstition in England prognosticates the fall of philosophy and decay of taste; and though nobody be more capable than you to revive them, you will probably find a struggle in your first advances.

"I see you entertain a great doubt with regard to the authenticity of the poems of Ossian. You are certainly right in so doing. It is indeed strange that any men of sense could have imagined it possible, that above twenty thousand verses, along with numberless historical facts, could have been preserved by oral tradition during fifty generations, by the rudest, perhaps, of all the European nations, the most necessitous, the most turbulent, and the most unsettled. Where a supposition is so contrary to common sense, any positive evidence of it ought never to be regarded. Men run with great avidity to give their evidence in favour of what flatters their passions and their national prejudices. You are therefore over and above indulgent to us in speaking of the matter with hesitation.

"I must inform you that we are all very anxious to hear that you have fully collected the materials for your second volume, and that you are even considerably advanced in the composition of it. I speak this more in the name of my friends than in my own; as I cannot expect to live so long as to see the publication of it. Your ensuing volume will

will be more delicate than the preceding, but I truſt in your prudence for extricating you from the difficulties; and, in all events, you have courage to deſpiſe the clamour of bigots.

I am, with great regard,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient, and moſt humble Servant,

DAVID HUME."

Some weeks afterwards I had the melancholy pleaſure of ſeeing Mr. Hume in his paſſage through London; his body feeble, his mind firm. On the 25th of Auguſt of the ſame year (1776) he died, at Edinburgh, the death of a philoſopher.

My ſecond excurſion to Paris was determined by the preſſing invitation of M. and Madame Necker, who had viſited England in the preceding ſummer. On my arrival I found M. Necker Director-general of the finances, in the firſt bloom of power and popularity. His private fortune enabled him to ſupport a liberal eſtabliſhment; and his wife, whoſe talents and virtues I had long admired, was admirably qualified to preſide in the converſation of her table and drawing-room. As their friend, I was introduced to the beſt company of both ſexes; to the foreign miniſters of all nations, and to the firſt names and characters of France; who diſtinguiſhed me by ſuch marks of civility and kindneſs, as gratitude will not ſuffer me to forget, and modeſty will not allow me to enumerate. The faſhionable ſuppers often broke into the morning hours; yet I occaſionally conſulted the Royal Library, and that of the Abbey of St. Germain, and in the free uſe of their books at home, I had always reaſon to praiſe the liberality of thoſe inſtitutions.

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The ſociety of men of letters I neither courted nor declined; but I was happy in the acquaintance of M. de Buffon, who united with a ſublime genius the moſt amiable ſimplicity of mind and manners. At the table of my old friend, M. de Foncemagne, I was involved in a diſpute with the Abbé de Mably; and his jealous iraſcible ſpirit revenged itſelf on a work which he was incapable of reading in the original.

As I might be partial in my own cauſe, I ſhall tranſcribe the words of an unknown critic, obſerving only, that this diſpute had been preceded by another on the Engliſh conſtitution, at the houſe of the Counteſs de Froulay, an old Janſeniſt lady.

"Vous étiez chez M. de Foncemagne, mon cher Theo-
"don, le jour que M. l'Abbé de Mably et M. Gibbon y di-
"nerent en grande compagnie. La converſation roula preſ-
"que entièrement ſur l'hiſtoire. L'Abbé etant un profond
"politique, la tourna ſur l'adminiſtration, quand un fut au
"deſert: et comme par caractère, par humeur, par l'habi-
"tude d'admirer Tite Live, il ne priſe que le ſyſtême re-
"publicain, il ſe mit à vanter l'excellence des republiques:
"bien perſuadé que le ſavant Anglois l'approuveroit en tout,
"et admireroit la profondeur de génie qui avoit fait deviner
"tous ces avantages à un François. Mais M. Gibbon,
"inſtruit par l'experience des inconveniens d'un gouverne-
"ment populaire, ne fut point du tout de ſon avis, et il prit
"généreuſement la défenſe du gouvernement monarchique.
"L'Abbé voulut le convaincre par Tite Live, et par quel-
"ques argumens tirés de Plutarque en faveur des Spartiates.
"M. Gibbon, doué de la memoire la plus heureuſe, et
"ayant tous les faits preſens à la penſée, domina bien-tot
"la converſation; l'Abbé ſe facha, ils s'emporta, il dit des
"choſes dures; l'Anglois, conſervant le phlegme de ſon
"pays, prenoit ſes avantages, et preſſoit l'Abbé avec d'au-
"tant plus de ſuccès que la colere le troubloit de plus en
"plus. La converſation s'echauffoit, et M. de Foncemagne
"la rompit en ſe levant de table, et en paſſant dans le
"ſalon,

" ſalon, où perſonne ne fut tenté de la renouer." *Supplément de la Manière d'ecrire l'Hiſtoire*, p. 125, &c. *

Nearly two years had elapſed between the publication of my firſt and the commencement of my ſecond volume; and the cauſes muſt be aſſigned of this long delay. 1. After a ſhort holiday, I indulged my curioſity in ſome ſtudies of a very different nature, a courſe of anatomy, which was demonſtrated by Doctor Hunter; and ſome leſſons of chymiſtry, which were delivered by Mr. Higgins. The principles of theſe ſciences, and a taſte for books of natural hiſtory, contributed to multiply my ideas and images; and the anatomiſt and chymiſt may ſometimes track me in their own ſnow. 2. I dived, perhaps too deeply, into the mud of the Arian controverſy; and many days of reading, thinking, and writing were conſumed in the purſuit of a phantom. 3. It is difficult to arrange, with order and perſpicuity, the various tranſactions of the age of Conſtantine; and ſo much was I diſpleaſed with the firſt eſſay, that I committed to the flames above fifty ſheets. 4. The ſix months of Paris and pleaſure muſt be deducted from the account. But when I reſumed my taſk I felt my improvement; I was now maſter of my ſtyle and ſubject, and while the meaſure of my daily performance was enlarged, I diſcovered

* Of the voluminous writings of the Abbé de Mably, (ſee his Eloge by the Abbé Brizard,) the *Principes du droit public de l'Europe*, and the firſt part of the *Obſervations ſur l'Hiſtoire de France*, may be deſervedly praiſed; and even the *Manière d'ecrire l'Hiſtoire* contains ſeveral uſeful precepts and judicious remarks. Mably was a lover of virtue and freedom; but his virtue was auſtere, and his freedom was impatient of an equal. Kings, magiſtrates, nobles, and ſucceſsful writers, were the objects of his contempt, or hatred, or envy; but his illiberal abuſe of Voltaire, Hume, Buffon, the Abbé Reynal, Dr. Robertſon, and *tutti quanti*, can be injurious only to himſelf.

" Eſt il rien de plus faſtidieux (ſays the polite Cenſor) qu'un M. Gibbon; " qui dans ſon eternelle Hiſtoire des Empereurs Romains, ſuſpend à chaque " inſtant ſon inſipide et lente narration, pour vous expliquer la cauſe de faits " que vous allez lire." (Manière d'ecrire l'Hiſtoire, p. 184. See another paſſage, p. 280.) Yet I am indebted to the Abbé de Mably for two ſuch advocates as the anonymous French Critic and my friend Mr. Hayley. (Hayley's Works, 8vo Edit. Vol. II. p. 261—263.)

covered leſs reaſon to cancel or correct. It has always been my practice to caſt a long paragraph in a ſingle mould, to try it by my ear, to depoſit it in my memory, but to ſuſpend the action of the pen till I had given the laſt poliſh to my work. Shall I add, that I never found my mind more vigorous, nor my compoſition more happy, than in the winter hurry of ſociety and parliament?

Had I believed that the majority of Engliſh readers were ſo fondly attached even to the name and ſhadow of Chriſtianity; had I foreſeen that the pious, the timid, and the prudent, would feel, or affect to feel, with ſuch exquiſite ſenſibility; I might, perhaps, have ſoftened the two invidious chapters, which would create many enemies, and conciliate few friends. But the ſhaft was ſhot, the alarm was ſounded, and I could only rejoice, that if the voice of our prieſts was clamorous and bitter, their hands were diſarmed from the powers of perſecution. I adhered to the wiſe reſolution of truſting myſelf and my writings to the candour of the public, till Mr. Davies of Oxford preſumed to attack, not the faith, but the fidelity, of the hiſtorian. *My Vindication*, expreſſive of leſs anger than contempt, amuſed for a moment the buſy and idle metropolis; and the moſt rational part of the laity, and even of the clergy, appear to have been ſatisfied of my innocence and accuracy. I would not print this Vindication in quarto, leſt it ſhould be bound and preſerved with the hiſtory itſelf. At the diſtance of twelve years, I calmly affirm my judgment of Davies, Chelſum, &c. A victory over ſuch antagoniſts was a ſufficient humiliation. They, however, were rewarded in this world. Poor Chelſum was indeed neglected; and I dare not boaſt the making Dr. Watſon a biſhop; he is a prelate of a large mind and liberal ſpirit*: but I enjoyed the pleaſure of giving a Royal penſion to Mr. Davies, and of collating Dr. Apthorpe to an

* See Appendix, Letters, N°. LXXXIII. LXXXVIII. and CXIV.

an archiepiſcopal living. Their ſucceſs encouraged the zeal of Taylor the Arian*, and Milner the Methodiſt†, with many others, whom it would be difficult to remember, and tedious to rehearſe. The liſt of my adverſaries, however, was graced with the more reſpectable names of Dr. Prieſtley, Sir David Dalrymple, and Dr. White; and every polemic, of either univerſity, diſcharged his ſermon or pamphlet againſt the impenetrable ſilence of the Roman hiſtorian. In his Hiſtory of the Corruptions of Chriſtianity, Dr. Prieſtley threw down his two gauntlets to Biſhop Hurd and Mr. Gibbon. I declined the challenge in a letter, exhorting my opponent to enlighten the world by his philoſophical diſcoveries, and to remember that the merit of his predeceſſor Servetus is now reduced to a ſingle paſſage, which indicates the ſmaller circulation of the blood through the lungs, from and to the heart‡. Inſtead of liſtening to this friendly advice, the dauntleſs philoſopher of Birmingham continued to fire away his double battery againſt thoſe who believed too little, and thoſe who believed too much. *From my* replies he has nothing to hope or fear: but his Socinian ſhield has repeatedly been pierced by the ſpear of Horſley, and his trumpet of ſedition may at length awaken the magiſtrates of a free country.

The profeſſion and rank of Sir David Dalrymple (now a Lord of Seſſion) has given a more decent colour to his ſtyle.

* The ſtupendous title, *Thoughts on the Cauſes of the grand Apoſtacy*, at firſt agitated my nerves, till I diſcovered that it was the apoſtacy of the whole church, ſince the Council of Nice, from Mr. Taylor's private religion. His book is a thorough mixture of *high* enthuſiaſm and *low* buffoonery, and the Millenium is a fundamental article of his creed.

† From his grammar-ſchool at Kingſton upon Hull, Mr. Joſeph Milner pronounces an anathema againſt all rational religion. *His* faith is a divine taſte, a ſpiritual inſpiration; *his* church is a myſtic and inviſible body: the *natural* Chriſtians, ſuch as Mr. Locke, who believe and interpret the Scriptures, are, in his judgment, no better than profane infidels.

‡ Aſtruc de la Structure du Cœur, tom. i. 77. 79. Appendix, Letter CXLIV.

ſtyle. But he ſcrutinized each ſeparate paſſage of the two chapters with the dry minuteneſs of a ſpecial pleader; and as he was always ſolicitous to make, he may have ſucceeded ſometimes in finding, a flaw. In his Annals of Scotland, he has ſhewn himſelf a diligent collector and an accurate critic.

I have praiſed, and I ſtill praiſe, the eloquent ſermons which were preached in St. Mary's pulpit at Oxford by Dr. White. If he aſſaulted me with ſome degree of illiberal acrimony, in ſuch a place, and before ſuch an audience, he was obliged to ſpeak the language of the country. I ſmiled at a paſſage in one of his private letters to Mr. Badcock; "The part where we encounter Gibbon muſt be brilliant "and ſtriking."

In a ſermon preached before the univerſity of Cambridge, Dr. Edwards complimented a work, "which can "only periſh with the language itſelf;" and eſteems the author a formidable enemy. He is, indeed, aſtoniſhed that more learning and ingenuity has not been ſhewn in the defence of Iſrael; that the prelates and dignitaries of the church (alas, good man!) did not vie with each other, whoſe ſtone ſhould ſink the deepeſt in the forehead of this Goliah.

"But the force of truth will oblige us to confeſs, that "in the attacks which have been levelled againſt our ſcep- "tical hiſtorian, we can diſcover but ſlender traces of pro- "found and exquiſite erudition, of ſolid criticiſm and ac- "curate inveſtigation; but we are too frequently diſguſted "by vague and inconcluſive reaſoning; by unſeaſonable "banter and ſenſeleſs witticiſms; by imbittered bigotry "and enthuſiaſtic jargon; by futile cavils and illiberal in- "vectives. Proud and elated by the weakneſs of his anta- "goniſts, he condeſcends not to handle the ſword of con- "troverſy *."

Let

* Monthly Review, Oct. 1790.

Let me frankly own that I was ſtartled at the firſt diſcharge of eccleſiaſtical ordnance: but as ſoon as I found that this empty noiſe was miſchievous only in the intention, my fear was converted into indignation; and every feeling of indignation or curioſity has long ſince ſubſided in pure and placid indifference.

The proſecution of my hiſtory was ſoon afterwards checked by another controverſy of a very different kind. At the requeſt of the Lord Chancellor, and of Lord Weymouth, then Secretary of State, I vindicated, againſt the French manifeſto, the juſtice of the Britiſh arms. The whole correſpondence of Lord Stormont, our late ambaſſador at Paris, was ſubmitted to my inſpection, and the *Memoire Juſtificatif*, which I compoſed in French, was firſt approved by the Cabinet Miniſters, and then delivered as a ſtate paper to the courts of Europe. The ſtyle and manner are praiſed by Beaumarchais himſelf, who, in his private quarrel, attempted a reply; but he flatters me, by aſcribing the memoir to Lord Stormont; and the groſſneſs of his invective betrays the loſs of temper and of wit; he acknowledged*, that *le ſtyle ne ſeroit pas ſans grace, ni la logique ſans juſteſſe*, &c. if the facts were true which he undertakes to diſprove. For theſe facts my credit is not pledged; I ſpoke as a lawyer from my brief. But the veracity of Beaumarchais may be eſtimated from the aſſertion that France, by the treaty of Paris (1763,) was limited to a certain number of ſhips of war. On the application of the Duke of Choiſeul, he was obliged to retract this daring falſehood.

Among the honourable connections which I had formed, I may juſtly be proud of the friendſhip of Mr. Wedderburne, at that time Attorney General, who now illuſtrates the title of Lord Loughborough, and the office of Chief Juſtice of the Common Pleas. By his ſtrong recommendation, and the favourable diſpoſition of Lord North, I was appointed one of the Lords Commiſſioners of Trade and Plantations; and my private income was enlarged by a clear addition

* Oeuvres de Beaumarchais, tom. iii. p. 299. 355.

addition of between seven and eight hundred pounds a-year. The fancy of an hostile orator may paint, in the strong colours of ridicule, "the perpetual virtual adjournment, and "the unbroken sitting vacation of the Board of Trade*." But it must be allowed that our duty was not intolerably severe, and that I enjoyed many days and weeks of repose, without being called away from the library to the office. My acceptance of a place provoked some of the leaders of opposition, with whom I had lived in habits of intimacy; and I was most unjustly accused of deserting a party, in which I had never inlisted†.

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* I can never forget the delight with which that diffusive and ingenious orator, Mr. Burke, was heard by all sides of the house, and even by those whose existence he proscribed. (See Mr. Burke's speech on the Bill of Reform, p. 72—80.) The Lords of Trade blushed at their insignificancy, and Mr. Eden's appeal to the two thousand five hundred volumes of our Reports, served only to excite a general laugh. I take this opportunity of certifying the correctness of Mr. Burke's printed speeches, which I have heard and read.

† *From* EDWARD GIBBON esq. *to* ——— esq.

DEAR SIR, 2d July, 1779.

Yesterday I received a very interesting communication from my friend, the Attorney General, whose kind and honourable behaviour towards me I must always remember with the highest gratitude. He informed me that, in consequence of an arrangement, a place at the Board of Trade was reserved for me, and that as soon as I signified my acceptance of it, he was satisfied no farther difficulties would arise. My answer to him was sincere and explicit. I told him that I was far from approving all the past measures of the administration, even some of those in which I myself had silently concurred; that I saw, with the rest of the world, many capital defects in the characters of some of the present ministers, and was sorry that in so alarming a situation of public affairs, the country had not the assistance of several able and honest men who are now in opposition. But that I had not formed with any of those persons in opposition any engagements or connections which could in the least restrain or affect my parliamentary conduct; that I could not discover among them such superior advantages, either of measures or of abilities, as could make me consider it as a duty to attach myself to their cause; and that I clearly understood, from the public and private language of ———, one of their leaders, that in the actual state of the country, he himself was seriously of opinion that opposition could not tend to any good purpose, and might be productive of much mischief; that, for those reasons, I saw no objections which could prevent me from accepting an office under the present government, and that I was

ready

The aſpect of the next ſeſſion of parliament was ſtormy and perilous; county meetings, petitions, and committees of correſpondence, announced the public diſcontent; and inſtead of voting with a triumphant majority, the friends of government were often expoſed to a ſtruggle, and ſometimes to a defeat. The Houſe of Commons adopted Mr. Dunning's motion, "That the influence of the Crown had increaſed, was increaſing, and ought to be diminiſhed:" and Mr. Burke's bill of reform was framed with ſkill, introduced with eloquence, and ſupported by numbers. Our late preſident, the American Secretary of State, very narrowly eſcaped the ſentence of proſcription; but the unfortunate Board of Trade was aboliſhed in the committee by a ſmall majority (207 to 199) of eight votes. The ſtorm, however, blew over for a time; a large defection of country gentlemen eluded the ſanguine hopes of the patriots: the Lords of Trade were revived; adminiſtration recovered their ſtrength and ſpirit; and the flames of London, which were kindled by a miſchievous madman, admoniſhed all thinking men of the danger of an appeal to the people. In the premature diſſolution which followed this ſeſſion of parliament I loſt my ſeat. Mr. Elliot was now deeply engaged in the meaſures of oppoſition, and the electors of Leſkeard* are commonly of the ſame opinion as Mr. Elliot.

In

ready to take a ſtep which I found to be conſiſtent both with my intereſt and my honour.

It muſt now be decided, whether I may continue to live in England, or whether I muſt ſoon withdraw myſelf into a kind of philoſophical exile in Switzerland. My father left his affairs in a ſtate of embarraſſment, and even of diſtreſs. My attempts to diſpoſe of a part of my landed property have hitherto been diſappointed, and are not likely at preſent to be more ſucceſsful: and my plan of expence, though moderate in itſelf, deſerves the name of extravagance, ſince it exceeds my real income. The addition of the ſalary which is now offered will make my ſituation perfectly eaſy; but I hope you will do me the juſtice to believe that my mind could not be ſo, unleſs I were ſatisfied of the rectitude of my own conduct.

* The borough which Mr. Gibbon had repreſented in parliament.

In this interval of my ſenatorial life, I publiſhed the ſecond and third volumes of the Decline and Fall. My eccleſiaſtical hiſtory ſtill breathed the ſame ſpirit of freedom; but proteſtant zeal is more indifferent to the characters and controverſies of the fourth and fifth centuries. My obſtinate ſilence had damped the ardour of the polemics. Dr. Watſon, the moſt candid of my adverſaries, aſſured me that he had no thoughts of renewing the attack, and my impartial balance of the virtues and vices of Julian was generally praiſed. This truce was interrupted only by ſome animadverſions of the Catholics of Italy, and by ſome angry letters of Mr. Travis, who made me perſonally reſponſible for condemning, with the beſt critics, the ſpurious text of the three heavenly witneſſes.

The piety or prudence of my Italian tranſlator has provided an antidote againſt the poiſon of his original. The 5th and 7th volumes are armed with five letters from an anonymous divine to his friends, Foothead and Kirk, two Engliſh ſtudents at Rome; and this meritorious ſervice is commended by Monſignor Stonor, a prelate of the ſame nation, who diſcovers much venom in the *fluid* and nervous ſtyle of Gibbon. The critical eſſay at the end of the third volume was furniſhed by the Abbate Nicola Spedalieri, whoſe zeal has gradually ſwelled to a more ſolid confutation in two quarto volumes.—Shall I be excuſed for not having read them?

The brutal inſolence of Mr. Travis's challenge can only be excuſed by the abſence of learning, judgment, and humanity; and to that excuſe he has the faireſt or fouleſt pretenſion. Compared with Archdeacon Travis, Chelſum and Davies aſſume the title of reſpectable enemies.

The bigotted advocate of popes and monks may be turned over even to the bigots of Oxford; and the wretched Travis ſtill ſmarts under the laſh of the mercileſs Porſon. I conſider Mr. Porſon's anſwer to Archdeacon Travis as the moſt acute and accurate piece of criticiſm which has appeared

ſince

ſince the days of Bentley. His ſtrictures are founded in argument, enriched with learning, and enlivened with wit; and his adverſary neither deſerves nor finds any quarter at his hands. The evidence of the three heavenly witneſſes would now be rejected in any court of juſtice: but prejudice is blind, authority is deaf, and our vulgar bibles will ever be polluted by this ſpurious text, "*ſedet æternumque ſedebit.*" The more learned eccleſiaſtics will indeed have the ſecret ſatisfaction of reprobating in the cloſet what they read in the church.

I perceived, and without ſurpriſe, the coldneſs and even prejudice of the town; nor could a whiſper eſcape my ear, that, in the judgment of many readers, my continuation was much inferior to the original attempts. An author who cannot aſcend will always appear to ſink: envy was now prepared for my reception, and the zeal of my religious, was fortified by the motive of my political, enemies. Biſhop Newton, in writing his own life, was at full liberty to declare how much he himſelf and two eminent brethren were diſguſted by Mr. G.'s prolixity, tediouſneſs, and affectation. But the old man ſhould not have indulged his zeal in a falſe and feeble charge againſt the hiſtorian*, who had faithfully and even cautiouſly rendered Dr. Burnet's

* *Extract from* Mr. GIBBON's *Common Place Book.*

Thomas Newton, Biſhop of Briſtol and Dean of St. Paul's, was born at Litchfield on the 21ſt of December 1703, O. S. (1ſt January 1704, N. S.), and died the 14th of February 1782, in the 79th year of his age. A few days before his death he finiſhed the memoirs of his own life, which have been prefixed to an edition of his poſthumous works, firſt publiſhed in quarto, and ſince (1787) re-publiſhed in ſix volumes octavo.

P. 173, 174. Some books were publiſhed in 1781, which employed ſome of the Biſhop's leiſure hours, and during his illneſs. Mr. Gibbon's *Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* he read throughout, but it by no means anſwered his expectation; for he found it rather a prolix and tedious performance, his matter unintereſting, and his ſtyle affected; his teſtimonies not to be depended upon, and his frequent ſcoffs at religion offenſive to every ſober mind. He had before been convicted of making falſe quotations, which ſhould have taught him more prudence and caution. But, without examining his authorities, there is one which muſt neceſſarily ſtrike every man who

Burnet's meaning by the alternative of sleep or repose. That philosophic divine supposes, that, in the period between death and the resurrection, human souls exist without a body, endowed with internal consciousness, but destitute of all active or passive connection with the external world. "Secundum communem dictionem sacræ scripturæ, mors "dicitur somnus, et morientes dicuntur *abdormire*, quod

 "innuere

who has read Dr. Burnet's Treatise *de Statû Mortuorum*. In vol. iii. p. 99. Mr. G. has the following note:—"Burnet (*de S. M* p. 56—84.) collects "the opinions of the Fathers, as far as they assert the sleep or repose of hu- "man souls till the day of judgment. He afterwards exposes (p. 91.) the in- "conveniences which must arise if they possessed a more active and sensible "existence. Who would not from hence infer that Dr. B. was an advocate "for the sleep or insensible existence of the soul after death? whereas his "doctrine is directly the contrary. He has employed some chapters in treat- "ing of the state of human souls in the interval between death and the re- "surrection; and after various proofs from reason, from scripture, and the "Fathers, his conclusions are, that human souls exist after their separation "from the body, that they are in a good or evil state according to their good "or ill behaviour, but that neither their happiness nor their misery will be "complete or perfect before the day of judgment. His argumentation is "thus summed up at the end of the 4th chapter—*Ex quibus constat primo, "animas superesse extincto corpore; secundo, bonas bene, malas male se habituras; "tertio, nec illis summam felicitatem, nec his summam miseriam, accessuram esse "ante diem judicii.*" (The Bishop's reading the whole was a greater compli- ment to the work than was paid to it by two of the most eminent of his bre- thren for their learning and station. The one entered upon it, but was soon wearied, and laid it aside in disgust: the other returned it upon the bookseller's hands; and it is said that Mr. G. himself happened unluckily to be in the shop at the same time.)

Does the Bishop comply with his own precept in the next page? (p. 175.) "Old age should lenify, should soften men's manners, and make them more "mild and gentle; but often has the contrary effect, hardens their hearts, "and makes them more sour and crabbed."—He is speaking of Dr. Johnson.

Have I ever insinuated that preferment-hunting is the great occupation of an ecclesiastical life? (Memoirs passim); that a minister's influence and a bi- shop's patronage are sometimes pledged eleven deep? (p. 151.) that a pre- bendary considers the audit week as the better part of the year? (p. 127.) or that the most eminent of priests, the pope himself, would change their reli- gion, if any thing better could be offered them? (p. 56.) Such things are more than insinuated in the Bishop's Life, which afforded some scandal to the church, and some diversion to the profane laity.

"innuere mihi videtur ſtatum mortis eſſe ſtatum quietis, ſi-"lentii, et ἀεργασιας." (*De Statû Mortuorum*, ch. v. p. 98.)

I was however encouraged by ſome domeſtic and foreign teſtimonies of applauſe; and the ſecond and third volumes inſenſibly roſe in ſale and reputation to a level with the firſt. But the public is ſeldom wrong; and I am inclined to believe that, eſpecially in the beginning, they are more prolix and leſs entertaining than the firſt: my efforts had not been relaxed by ſucceſs, and I had rather deviated into the oppoſite fault of minute and ſuperfluous diligence. On the Continent, my name and writings were ſlowly diffuſed: a French tranſlation of the firſt volume had diſappointed the bookſellers of Paris; and a paſſage in the third was conſtrued as a perſonal reflection on the reigning monarch*.

Before I could apply for a ſeat at the general election the liſt was already full; but Lord North's promiſe was ſincere, his recommendation was effectual, and I was ſoon choſen on a vacancy for the borough of Lymington, in Hampſhire. In the firſt ſeſſion of the new parliament, adminiſtration ſtood their ground; their final overthrow was reſerved for the ſecond. The American war had once been the favourite of the country: the pride of England was irritated by the reſiſtance of her colonies, and the executive power was driven by national clamour into the moſt vigorous and coercive meaſures. But the length of a fruitleſs conteſt, the loſs of armies, the accumulation of debt and taxes, and the hoſtile confederacy of France, Spain, and Holland, indiſpoſed the public to the American war, and the perſons by

* It may not be generally known that Louis the Sixteenth is a great reader, and a reader of Engliſh books. On peruſing a paſſage of my Hiſtory which ſeems to compare him to Arcadius or Honorius, he expreſſed his reſentment to the Prince of B*****, from whom the intelligence was conveyed to me. I ſhall neither diſclaim the alluſion, nor examine the likeneſs; but the ſituation of the late King of France excludes all ſuſpicion of flattery; and I am ready to declare that the concluding obſervations of my third volume were written before his acceſſion to the throne.

by whom it was conducted; the repreſentatives of the people, followed, at a ſlow diſtance, the changes of their opinion; and the miniſters who refuſed to bend, were broken by the tempeſt. As ſoon as Lord North had loſt, or was about to loſe, a majority in the Houſe of Commons, he ſurrendered his office, and retired to a private ſtation, with the tranquil aſſurance of a clear conſcience and a cheerful temper: the old fabric was diſſolved, and the poſts of government were occupied by the victorious and veteran troops of oppoſition. The lords of trade were not immediately diſmiſſed, but the board itſelf was aboliſhed by Mr. Burke's bill, which decency had compelled the patriots to revive; and I was ſtripped of a convenient ſalary, after having enjoyed it about three years.

So flexible is the title of my Hiſtory, that the final æra might be fixed at my own choice; and I long heſitated whether I ſhould be content with the three volumes, the fall of the Weſtern empire, which fulfilled my firſt engagement with the public. In this interval of ſuſpence, nearly a twelvemonth, I returned by a natural impulſe to the Greek authors of antiquity: I read with new pleaſure the Iliad and the Odyſſey, the Hiſtories of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, a large portion of the tragic and comic theatre of Athens, and many intereſting dialogues of the Socratic ſchool. Yet in the luxury of freedom I began to wiſh for the daily taſk, the active purſuit, which gave a value to every book, and an object to every inquiry: the preface of a new edition announced my deſign, and I dropped without reluctance from the age of Plato to that of Juſtinian. The original texts of Procopius and Agathias ſupplied the events and even the characters of his reign: but a laborious winter was devoted to the Codes, the Pandects, and the modern interpreters, before I preſumed to form an abſtract of the civil law. My ſkill was improved by practice, my diligence perhaps was quickened by the loſs of office; and, excepting the laſt chapter, I had finiſhed the fourth vo-

lume before I ſought a retreat on the banks of the Leman Lake.

It is not the purpoſe of this narrative to expatiate on the public or ſecret hiſtory of the times: the ſchiſm which followed the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, the appointment of the Earl of Shelburne, the reſignation of Mr. Fox, and his famous coalition with Lord North. But I may aſſert, with ſome degree of aſſurance, that in their political conflict thoſe great antagoniſts had never felt any perſonal animoſity to each other, that their reconciliation was eaſy and ſincere, and that their friendſhip has never been clouded by the ſhadow of ſuſpicion or jealouſy. The moſt violent or venal of their reſpective followers embraced this fair occaſion of revolt, but their alliance ſtill commanded a majority in the Houſe of Commons; the peace was cenſured, Lord Shelburne reſigned, and the two friends knelt on the ſame cuſhion to take the oath of ſecretary of ſtate. From a principle of gratitude I adhered to the coalition: my vote was counted in the day of battle, but I was overlooked in the diviſion of the ſpoil. There were many claimants more deſerving and importunate than myſelf; the board of trade could not be reſtored; and, while the liſt of places was curtailed, the number of candidates was doubled. An eaſy diſmiſſion to a ſecure ſeat at the board of cuſtoms or exciſe was promiſed on the firſt vacancy: but the chance was diſtant and doubtful; nor could I ſolicit with much ardour an ignoble ſervitude, which would have robbed me of the moſt valuable of my ſtudious hours: at the ſame time the tumult of London, and the attendance on parliament, were grown more irkſome; and, without ſome additional income, I could not long or prudently maintain the ſtile of expence to which I was accuſtomed.

From my early acquaintance with Lauſanne I had always cheriſhed a ſecret wiſh, that the ſchool of my youth might become the retreat of my declining age. A moderate fortune would ſecure the bleſſings of eaſe, leiſure, and independence:

pendence: the country, the people, the manners, the language, were congenial to my taſte; and I might indulge the hope of paſſing ſome years in the domeſtic ſociety of a friend. After travelling with ſeveral Engliſh*, Mr. Deyverdun was now ſettled at home, in a pleaſant habitation, the gift of his deceaſed aunt: we had long been ſeparated, we had long been ſilent; yet in my firſt letter I expoſed, with the moſt perfect confidence, my ſituation, my ſentiments, and my deſigns. His immediate anſwer was a warm and joyful acceptance: the picture of our future life provoked my impatience; and the terms of arrangement were ſhort and ſimple, as he poſſeſſed the property, and I undertook the expence of our common houſe †. Before I could break my Engliſh chain, it was incumbent on me to ſtruggle with the feelings of my heart, the indolence of my temper, and the opinion of the world, which unanimouſly condemned this voluntary baniſhment. In the diſpoſal of my effects, the library, a ſacred depoſit, was alone excepted: as my poſt-chaiſe moved over Weſtminſter-bridge I bid a long farewel to the "fumum et opes ſtrepitumq; Romæ." My journey by the direct road through France was not attended with any accident, and I arrived at Lauſanne nearly twenty years after my ſecond departure. Within leſs than three months the coalition ſtruck on ſome hidden rocks: had I remained on board, I ſhould have periſhed in the general ſhipwreck ‡.

Since my eſtabliſhment at Lauſanne, more than ſeven years have elapſed; and if every day has not been equally ſoft and ſerene, not a day, not a moment, has occurred in which I have repented of my choice. During my abſence, a long portion of human life, many changes had happened: my elder acquaintance had left the ſtage; virgins were ripened

* Sir Richard Worſley, Lord Cheſterfield, Broderick Lord Middleton, and Mr. Hume, brother to Sir Abraham.

† See Appendix, Letters, No. CL. CLI. CLII. CLIII. CLIV. CLVI. CLIX.

‡ See Appendix, Letter, No. CLXXVI.

pened into matrons, and children were grown to the age of manhood. But the same manners were transmitted from one generation to another: my friend alone was an inestimable treasure; my name was not totally forgotten, and all were ambitious to welcome the arrival of a stranger and the return of a fellow-citizen. The first winter was given to a general embrace, without any nice discrimination of persons and characters. After a more regular settlement, a more accurate survey, I discovered three solid and permanent benefits of my new situation. 1. My personal freedom had been somewhat impaired by the House of Commons and the Board of Trade; but I was now delivered from the chain of duty and dependence, from the hopes and fears of political adventure: my sober mind was no longer intoxicated by the fumes of party, and I rejoiced in my escape, as often as I read of the midnight debates which preceded the dissolution of parliament*. 2. My English œconomy had been that of a solitary bachelor, who might afford some occasional dinners. In Switzerland I enjoyed at every meal, at every hour, the free and pleasant conversation of the friend of my youth; and my daily table was always provided for the reception of one or two extraordinary guests. Our importance in society is less a positive than a relative weight: in London I was lost in the crowd; I ranked with the first families of Lausanne, and my style of prudent expence enabled me to maintain a fair balance of reciprocal civilities. 3. Instead of a small house between a street and a stable-yard, I began to occupy a spacious and convenient mansion, connected on the north side with the city, and open on the south to a beautiful and boundless horizon. A garden of four acres had been laid out by the taste of Mr. Deyverdun: from the garden a rich scenery of meadows and vineyards descends to the Leman Lake, and the prospect far beyond the Lake is crowned by the stupendous mountains of Savoy. My books and my acquaintance had been first united in

* See Appendix, Letter, No. CLXXI. CLXXVI.

in London; but this happy position of my library in town and country was finally reserved for Lausanne. Possessed of every comfort in this triple alliance, I could not be tempted to change my habitation with the changes of the seasons.

My friends had been kindly apprehensive that I should not be able to exist in a Swiss town at the foot of the Alps, after having so long conversed with the first men of the first cities of the world. Such lofty connections may attract the curious, and gratify the vain; but I am too modest, or too proud, to rate my own value by that of my associates; and whatsoever may be the fame of learning or genius, experience has shewn me that the cheaper qualifications of politeness and good sense are of more useful currency in the commerce of life. By many, conversation is esteemed as a theatre or a school: but, after the morning has been occupied by the labours of the library, I wish to unbend rather than to exercise my mind; and in the interval between tea and supper I am far from disdaining the innocent amusement of a game at cards. Lausanne is peopled by a numerous gentry, whose companionable idleness is seldom disturbed by the pursuits of avarice or ambition: the women, though confined to a domestic education, are endowed for the most part with more taste and knowledge than their husbands and brothers: but the decent freedom of both sexes is equally remote from the extremes of simplicity and refinement. I shall add as a misfortune rather than a merit, that the situation and beauty of the Pays de Vaud, the long habits of the English, the medical reputation of Dr. Tissot, and the fashion of viewing the mountains and *Glaciers*, have opened us on all sides to the incursions of foreigners. The visits of Mr. and Madame Necker, of Prince Henry of Prussia, and of Mr. Fox, may form some pleasing exceptions; but, in general, Lausanne has appeared most agreeable in my eyes, when we have been abandoned to our own society. I had frequently seen Mr. Necker, in the summer of 1784, at a country house near Lausanne, where he composed his Treatise on the Administration of

the

the Finances. I have ſince, in October 1790, viſited him in his preſent reſidence, the caſtle and barony of Copet, near Geneva. Of the merits and meaſures of that ſtateſman various opinions may be entertained; but all impartial men muſt agree in their eſteem of his integrity and patriotiſm.

In the month of Auguſt 1784, Prince Henry of Pruſſia, in his way to Paris, paſſed three days at Lauſanne. His military conduct has been praiſed by profeſſional men; his character has been vilified by the wit and malice of a dæmon*; but I was flattered by his affability, and entertained by his converſation.

In his tour of Switzerland (September 1788) Mr. Fox gave me two days of free and private ſociety †. He ſeemed to feel, and even to envy, the happineſs of my ſituation; while I admired the powers of a ſuperior man, as they are blended in his attractive character with the ſoftneſs and ſimplicity of a child. Perhaps no human being was ever more perfectly exempt from the taint of malevolence, vanity, or falſehood.

My tranſmigration from London to Lauſanne could not be effected without interrupting the courſe of my hiſtorical labours. The hurry of my departure, the joy of my arrival, the delay of my tools, ſuſpended their progreſs; and a full twelvemonth was loſt before I could reſume the thread of regular and daily induſtry. A number of books moſt requiſite and leaſt common had been previouſly ſelected; the academical library of Lauſanne, which I could uſe as my own, contained at leaſt the fathers and councils; and I have derived ſome occaſional ſuccour from the public collections of Berne and Geneva. The fourth volume was ſoon terminated, by an abſtract of the controverſies of the Incarnation, which the learned Dr. Prideaux was apprehenſive of expoſing to profane eyes. It had been the original deſign of the learned Dean Prideaux to write the hiſtory

* Memoire Secret de la Cour de Berlin.

† See Letter in the Continuation, October 1, 1788.

hiſtory of the ruin of the Eaſtern Church. In this work it would have been neceſſary, not only to unravel all thoſe controverſies which the Chriſtians made about the hypoſtatical union, but alſo to unfold all the niceties and ſubtle notions which each ſect entertained concerning it. The pious hiſtorian was apprehenſive of expoſing that incomprehenſible myſtery to the cavils and objections of unbelievers; and he durſt not, "ſeeing the nature of this book, venture it abroad "in ſo wanton and lewd an age*."

In the fifth and ſixth volumes the revolutions of the empire and the world are moſt rapid, various, and inſtructive; and the Greek or Roman hiſtorians are checked by the hoſtile narratives of the barbarians of the Eaſt and the Weſt†.

It was not till after many deſigns, and many trials, that I preferred, as I ſtill prefer, the method of grouping my picture by nations; and the ſeeming neglect of chronological order is ſurely compenſated by the ſuperior merits of intereſt and perſpicuity. The ſtyle of the firſt volume is, in my opinion, ſomewhat crude and elaborate; in the ſecond and third it is ripened into eaſe, correctneſs, and numbers; but in the three laſt I may have been ſeduced by the facility of my pen, and the conſtant habit of ſpeaking one language and writing another may have infuſed ſome mixture of Gallic idioms. Happily for my eyes, I have always cloſed my ſtudies with the day, and commonly with the morning; and a long, but temperate, labour has been accompliſhed, without fatiguing either the mind or body; but when I computed the remainder of my time and my taſk, it was apparent that, according to the ſeaſon of publication, the delay of a month would be productive of that of a year. I was now ſtraining for the goal, and in the laſt winter many

* See preface to the Life of Mahomet, p. 10, 11.

† I have followed the judicious precept of the Abbé de Mably, (Manière d'ecrire l'Hiſtoire, p. 110.) who adviſes the hiſtorian not to dwell too minutely on the decay of the eaſtern empire; but to conſider the barbarian conquerors as a more worthy ſubject of his narrative. "Fas eſt et ab hoſte doceri."

many evenings were borrowed from the ſocial pleaſures of Lauſanne. I could now wiſh that a pauſe, an interval, had been allowed for a ſerious reviſal.

I have preſumed to mark the moment of conception: I ſhall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the laſt lines of the laſt page, in a ſummer-houſe in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took ſeveral turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a proſpect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the ſky was ſerene, the ſilver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was ſilent. I will not diſſemble the firſt emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the eſtabliſhment of my fame. But my pride was ſoon humbled, and a ſober melancholy was ſpread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlaſting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatſoever might be the future date of my Hiſtory, the life of the hiſtorian muſt be ſhort and precarious. I will add two facts, which have ſeldom occurred in the compoſition of ſix, or at leaſt of five, quartos. 1. My firſt rough manuſcript, without any intermediate copy, has been ſent to the preſs. 2. Not a ſheet has been ſeen by any human eyes, excepting thoſe of the author and the printer: the faults and the merits are excluſively my own*.

I cannot help recollecting a much more extraordinary fact, which is affirmed of himſelf by Retif de la Bretorne, a voluminous and original writer of French novels. He labour-

ed,

* *Extract from* Mr. GIBBON's *Common-place Book.*

The IVth Volume of the Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,	begun March 1ſt, 1782—ended June 1784.
The Vth Volume, - -	begun July 1784—ended May 1ſt, 1786.
The VIth Volume, - -	begun May 18th, 1786—ended June 27th, 1787.

Theſe three volumes were ſent to preſs Auguſt 15th, 1787, and the whole impreſſion was concluded April following.

ed, and may ſtill labour, in the humble office of corrector to a printing-houſe; but this office enabled him to tranſport an entire volume from his mind to the preſs; and his work was given to the public without ever having been written with a pen.

After a quiet reſidence of four years, during which I had never moved ten miles from Lauſanne, it was not without ſome reluctance and terror that I undertook, in a journey of two hundred leagues, to croſs the mountains and the ſea. Yet this formidable adventure was atchieved without danger or fatigue; and at the end of a fortnight I found myſelf in Lord Sheffield's houſe and library, ſafe, happy, and at home. The character of my friend (Mr. Holroyd) had recommended him to a ſeat in parliament for Coventry, the command of a regiment of light dragoons, and an Iriſh peerage. The ſenſe and ſpirit of his political writings have decided the public opinion on the great queſtions of our commercial intereſt with America and Ireland*.

The ſale of his Obſervations on the American States was diffuſive, their effect beneficial; the Navigation Act, the palladium of Britain, was defended, and perhaps ſaved, by his pen; and he proves, by the weight of fact and argument, that the mother-country may ſurvive and flouriſh after the loſs of America. My friend has never cultivated the arts of compoſition; but his materials are copious and correct, and he leaves on his paper the clear impreſſion of an active and vigorous mind. His "Obſervations on the "Trade, Manufactures, and preſent State of Ireland," were intended to guide the induſtry, to correct the prejudices, and to aſſuage the paſſions of a country which ſeemed to forget that ſhe could be free and proſperous only by a friendly connection with Great Britain. The concluding obſervations are written with ſo much eaſe and ſpirit, that they

* Obſervations on the Commerce of the American States, by John Lord Sheffield, the 6th edition, London, 1784, in octavo.

they may be read by thoſe who are the leaſt intereſted in the ſubject.

He fell (in 1784) with the unpopular coalition; but his merit has been acknowledged at the laſt general election, 1790, by the honourable invitation and free choice of the city of Briſtol. During the whole time of my reſidence in England I was entertained at Sheffield-Place and in Downing-Street by his hoſpitable kindneſs; and the moſt pleaſant period was that which I paſſed in the domeſtic ſociety of the family. In the larger circle of the metropolis I obſerved the country and the inhabitants with the knowledge, and without the prejudices, of an Engliſhman; but I rejoiced in the apparent increaſe of wealth and proſperity, which might be fairly divided between the ſpirit of the nation and the wiſdom of the miniſter. All party-reſentment was now loſt in oblivion: ſince I was no man's rival, no man was my enemy. I felt the dignity of independence, and as I aſked no more, I was ſatisfied with the general civilities of the world. The houſe in London which I frequented with moſt pleaſure and aſſiduity was that of Lord North. After the loſs of power and of ſight, he was ſtill happy in himſelf and his friends; and my public tribute of gratitude and eſteem could no longer be ſuſpected of any intereſted motive. Before my departure from England, I was preſent at the auguſt ſpectacle of Mr. Haſtings's trial in Weſtminſter Hall. It is not my province to abſolve or condemn the Governor of India; but Mr. Sheridan's eloquence demanded my applauſe; nor could I hear without emotion the perſonal compliment which he paid me in the preſence of the Britiſh nation*.

From this diſplay of genius, which blazed four ſucceſſive days, I ſhall ſtoop to a very mechanical circumſtance. As I was waiting in the manager's box, I had the curioſity to inquire

* He ſaid the facts that made up the volume of narrative were unparalleled in atrocioufneſs, and that nothing equal in criminality was to be traced, either in ancient or modern hiſtory, in the correct periods of Tacitus or the luminous page of Gibbon. *Morning Chronicle, June* 14, 1788.

inquire of the ſhort-hand writer, how many words a ready and rapid orator might pronounce in an hour? From 7000 to 7500 was his anſwer. The medium of 7200 will afford 120 words in a minute, and two words in each ſecond. But this computation will only apply to the Engliſh language.

As the publication of my three laſt volumes was the principal object, ſo it was the firſt care of my Engliſh journey. The previous arrangements with the bookſeller and the printer were ſettled in my paſſage through London, and the proofs, which I returned more correct, were tranſmitted every poſt from the preſs to Sheffield-Place. The length of the operation, and the leiſure of the country, allowed ſome time to review my manuſcript. Several rare and uſeful books, the Aſſiſes de Jeruſalem, Ramuſius de Bello C. P^aro, the Greek Acts of the Synod of Florence, the Statuta Urbis Romæ, &c. were procured, and introduced in their proper places the ſupplements which they afforded. The impreſſion of the fourth volume had conſumed three months. Our common intereſt required that we ſhould move with a quicker pace; and Mr. Strahan fulfilled his engagement, which few printers could ſuſtain, of delivering every week three thouſand copies of nine ſheets. The day of publication was, however, delayed, that it might coincide with the fifty-firſt anniverſary of my own birth-day; the double feſtival was celebrated by a cheerful literary dinner at Mr. Cadell's houſe; and I ſeemed to bluſh while they read an elegant compliment from Mr. Hayley*, whoſe poetical talents

* OCCASIONAL STANZAS, *by* Mr. HAYLEY, *read after the Dinner at* Mr. CADELL's, *May* 8, 1788; *being the Day of the Publication of the Three Laſt Volumes of* Mr. GIBBON's *Hiſtory, and his Birth-day.*

GENII of ENGLAND, and of ROME!
In mutual triumph here aſſume
The honors each may claim!
This ſocial ſcene with ſmiles ſurvey!
And conſecrate the feſtive day
To Friendſhip and to Fame!

Enough,

lents had more than once been employed in the praiſe of his friend. Before Mr. Hayley inſcribed with my name his epiſtles on hiſtory, I was not acquainted with that amiable man and elegant poet. He afterwards thanked me in verſe for

Enough, by Deſolation's tide,
With anguiſh, and indignant pride,
Has ROME bewail'd her fate;
And mourn'd that Time, in Havoc's hour,
Defac'd each monument, of power
To ſpeak her truly great:

O'er maim'd POLYBIUS, juſt and ſage,
O'er Livy's mutilated page,
How deep was her regret!
Touch'd by this Queen, in ruin grand,
See! Glory, by an Engliſh hand,
Now pays a mighty debt:

Lo! ſacred to the ROMAN Name,
And rais'd, like ROME's immortal Fame,
By Genius and by Toil,
The ſplendid Work is crown'd to-day,
On which Oblivion ne'er ſhall prey,
Nor Envy make her ſpoil!

ENGLAND, exult! and view not now
With jealous glance each nation's brow,
Where Hiſt'ry's palm has ſpread!
In every path of liberal art,
Thy Sons to prime diſtinction ſtart,
And no ſuperior dread.

Science for Thee a NEWTON rais'd;
For thy renown a SHAKESPEARE blaz'd,
Lord of the drama's ſphere!
In different fields to equal praiſe
See Hiſt'ry now thy GIBBON raiſe
To ſhine without a peer!

Eager to honor living worth,
And bleſs to-day the double birth,
That proudeſt joy may claim,
Let artleſs Truth this homage pay,
And conſecrate the feſtive day
To Friendſhip and to Fame!

for my second and third volumes*; and in the summer of 1781, the Roman Eagle† (a proud title) accepted the invitation

* SONNET *to* EDWARD GIBBON, esq.

On the Publication of his Second and Third Volumes, 1781.

WITH proud delight th' imperial founder gaz'd
On the new beauty of his second Rome,
When on his eager eye rich temples blaz'd,
And his fair city rose in youthful bloom:
A pride more noble may thy heart assume,
O GIBBON! gazing on thy growing work,
In which, constructed for a happier doom,
No hasty marks of vain ambition lurk:
Thou may'st deride both Time's destructive sway,
And baser Envy's beauty-mangling dirk;
Thy gorgeous fabric, plann'd with wise delay,
Shall baffle foes more savage than the Turk;
As ages multiply, its fame shall rise,
And earth must perish ere its splendor dies.

---

† *A* CARD *of* INVITATION *to* Mr. GIBBON *at Erighthelmstone*, 1781.

AN English sparrow, pert and free,
Who chirps beneath his native tree,
Hearing the Roman eagle's near,
And feeling more respect than fear,
Thus, with united love and awe,
Invites him to his shed of straw.
Tho' he is but a twittering sparrow,
The field he hops in rather narrow,
When nobler plumes attract his view
He ever pays them homage due,
He looks with reverential wonder
On him, whose talons bear the thunder;
Nor could the Jackdaws e'er inveigle
His voice to vilify the eagle,
Tho' issuing from the holy tow'rs,
In which they build their warmest bow'rs,
Their sovereign's haunt they slyly search,
In hopes to catch him on his perch,
(For Pindar says, beside his God
The thunder-bearing bird will nod,)

Then,

tation of the Engliſh Sparrow, who chirped in the groves of Eartham, near Chicheſter. As moſt of the former purchaſers were naturally deſirous of completing their ſets, the ſale of the quarto edition was quick and eaſy; and an octavo ſize was printed, to ſatisfy at a cheaper rate the public demand. The concluſion of my work was generally read, and variouſly judged. The ſtyle has been expoſed to much academical criticiſm; a religious clamour was revived, and the reproach of indecency has been loudly echoed by the rigid cenſors of morals. I never could underſtand the clamour that has been raiſed againſt the indecency of my three laſt volumes. 1. An equal degree of freedom in the former part, eſpecially in the firſt volume, had paſſed without reproach. 2. I am juſtified in painting the manners of the times; the vices of Theodora form an eſſential feature in the reign and character of Juſtinian. 3. My Engliſh text is chaſte, and all licentious paſſages are left in the obſcurity of a learned language. *Le Latin dans ſes mots brave l'honnêteté*, ſays the correct Boileau, in a country and idiom more ſcrupulous than our own. Yet, upon the whole, the Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall ſeems to have ſtruck root, both at home and abroad, and may, perhaps, a hundred years hence ſtill continue to be abuſed. I am leſs flattered by Mr. Porſon's high encomium

Then, peeping round his ſtill retreat,
They pick from underneath his feet
Some molted feather he lets fall,
And ſwear he cannot fly at all.——
Lord of the ſky! whoſe pounce can tear
Theſe croakers, that infeſt the air,
Truſt him! the ſparrow loves to ſing
The praiſe of thy imperial wing!
He thinks thou'lt deem him, on his word,
An honeſt, though familiar bird;
And hopes thou ſoon wilt condeſcend
To look upon thy little friend;
That he may boaſt around his grove
A viſit from the bird of Jove.

mium on the ſtyle and ſpirit of my hiſtory, than I am ſatisfied with his honourable teſtimony to my attention, diligence, and accuracy; thoſe humble virtues, which religious zeal had moſt audaciouſly denied. The ſweetneſs of his praiſe is tempered by a reaſonable mixture of acid*. As the book may not be common in England, I ſhall tranſcribe my own character from the Bibliotheca Hiſtorica of Meuſelius†, a learned and laborious German. "Summis "ævi noſtri hiſtoricis Gibbonus ſine dubio adnumerandus "eſt. Inter capitolii ruinas ſtans primum hujus operis "ſcribendi conſilium cepit. Florentiſſimos vitæ annos col- "ligendo et laborando eidem impendit. Enatum inde mo- "numentum ære perennius, licet paſſim appareant ſiniſtrè "dicta, minus perfecta, veritati non ſatis conſentanea. Vi- "demus quidem ubique fere ſtudium ſcrutandi verita- "temque ſcribendi maximum: tamen ſine Tillemontio "duce ubi ſcilicet hujus hiſtoria finitur ſæpius noſter titu- "bat atque hallucinatur. Quod vel maxime fit, ubi de "rebus Eccleſiaſticis vel de juris prudentiâ Romanâ (tom. "iv.) tradit, et in aliis locis. Attamen nævi hujus ge- "neris haud impediunt quo minus operis ſummam et "οἰκονομίαν præclare diſpoſitam, delectum rerum ſapientiſſi- "mum, argutum quoque interdum, dictionemque ſeu ſty- "lum hiſtorico æque ac philoſopho digniſſimum, et vix a "quoque alio Anglo, Humio ac Robertſono haud exceptis "*(præreptum?)* vehementur laudemus, atque ſæculo noſtro "de hujuſmodi hiſtoriâ gratulemur ..... Gibbonus adver- "ſarios cum in tum extra patriam nactus eſt, quia propaga- "tionem religionis Chriſtianæ, non, ut vulgo, fieri ſolet, "aut more Theologorum, ſed ut Hiſtoricum et Philoſophum "decet, expoſuerat."

The French, Italian, and German tranſlations have been executed with various ſucceſs; but, inſtead of patronizing, I ſhould willingly ſuppreſs ſuch imperfect copies, which injure the character, while they propagate the name of the

* See his preface, page 28. 32. † Vol. iv. part 1. page 342. 344.

author. The first volume had been feebly, though faithfully, translated into French by M. Le Clerc de Septchenes, a young gentleman of a studious character and liberal fortune. After his decease the work was continued by two manufacturers of Paris, M. M. Desmuniers and Cantwell: but the former is now an active member in the national assembly, and the undertaking languishes in the hands of his associate. The superior merit of the interpreter, or his language, inclines me to prefer the Italian version: but I wish that it were in my power to read the German, which is praised by the best judges. The Irish pirates are at once my friends and my enemies. But I cannot be displeased with the two numerous and correct impressions which have been published for the use of the continent at Basil in Switzerland*. The conquests of our language and literature are not confined to Europe alone, and a writer who succeeds in London, is speedily read on the banks of the Delaware and the Ganges.

In the preface of the fourth volume, while I gloried in the name of an Englishman, I announced my approaching return to the neighbourhood of the Lake of Lausanne. This last trial confirmed my assurance that I had wisely chosen for my own happiness; nor did I once, in a year's visit, entertain a wish of settling in my native country. Britain is the free and fortunate island; but where is the spot in which I could unite the comforts and beauties of my establishment at Lausanne? The tumult of London astonished my eyes and ears; the amusements of public places were no longer adequate to the trouble; the clubs and assemblies were filled with new faces and young men; and our best society, our long and late dinners, would soon have been prejudicial to my health. Without

* Of their fourteen octavo volumes the two last include the whole body of the notes. The public importunity had forced *me* to remove them from the end of the volume to the bottom of the page; but I have often repented of my compliance.

Without any ſhare in the political wheel, I muſt be idle and inſignificant: yet the moſt ſplendid temptations would not have enticed me to engage a ſecond time in the ſervitude of parliament or office. At Tunbridge, ſome weeks after the publication of my Hiſtory, I reluctantly quitted Lord and Lady Sheffield, and, with a young Swiſs friend*, whom I had introduced to the Engliſh world, I purſued the road of Dover and Lauſanne. My habitation was embelliſhed in my abſence, and the laſt diviſion of books, which followed my ſteps, increaſed my choſen library to the number of between ſix and ſeven thouſand volumes. My ſeraglio was ample, my choice was free, my appetite was keen. After a full repaſt on Homer and Ariſtophanes, I involved myſelf in the philoſophic maze of the writings of Plato, of which the dramatic is, perhaps, more intereſting than the argumentative part: but I ſtepped aſide into every path of inquiry which reading or reflection accidentally opened.

Alas! the joy of my return, and my ſtudious ardour, were ſoon damped by the melancholy ſtate of my friend Mr. Deyverdun. His health and ſpirits had long ſuffered a gradual decline, a ſucceſſion of apoplectic fits announced his diſſolution; and before he expired, thoſe who loved him could not wiſh for the continuance of his life. The voice of reaſon might congratulate his deliverance, but the feelings of nature and friendſhip could be ſubdued only by time: his amiable character was ſtill alive in my remembrance; each room, each walk, was imprinted with our common footſteps; and I ſhould bluſh at my own philoſophy, if a long interval of ſtudy had not preceded and followed the death of my friend. By his laſt will he left to me the option of purchaſing his houſe and garden, or of poſſeſſing them during my life, on the payment either of a ſtipulated price, or of an eaſy retribution to his kinſ-

* M. Wilhelm. de Severy.

man and heir. I ſhould probably have been tempted by the dæmon of property, if ſome legal difficulties had not been ſtarted againſt my title: a conteſt would have been vexatious, doubtful, and invidious; and the heir moſt gratefully ſubſcribed an agreement, which rendered my life-poſſeſſion more perfect, and his future condition more advantageous. Yet I had often revolved the judicious lines in which Pope anſwers the objections of his long-ſighted friend:

Pity to build without or child or wife;
Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life:
Well, if the uſe be mine, does it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?

The certainty of my tenure has allowed me to lay out a conſiderable ſum in improvements and alterations: they have been executed with ſkill and taſte; and few men of letters, perhaps, in Europe, are ſo deſirably lodged as myſelf. But I feel, and with the decline of years I ſhall more painfully feel, that I am alone in paradiſe. Among the circle of my acquaintance at Lauſanne, I have gradually acquired the ſolid and tender friendſhip of a reſpectable family*: the four perſons of whom it is compoſed are all endowed with the virtues beſt adapted to their age and ſituation; and I am encouraged to love the parents as a brother, and the children as a father. Every day we ſeek and find the opportunities of meeting: yet even this valuable connection cannot ſupply the loſs of domeſtic ſociety.

Within the laſt two or three years our tranquillity has been clouded by the diſorders of France: many families at Lauſanne were alarmed and affected by the terrors of an impending bankruptcy; but the revolution, or rather the diſſolution of the kingdom has been heard and felt in the adjacent lands.

I beg

* The family of de Severy.

I beg leave to ſubſcribe my aſſent to Mr. Burke's creed on the revolution of France. I admire his eloquence, I approve his politics, I adore his chivalry, and I can almoſt excuſe his reverence for church eſtabliſhments. I have ſometimes thought of writing a dialogue of the dead, in which Lucian, Eraſmus, and Voltaire ſhould mutually acknowledge the danger of expoſing an old ſuperſtition to the contempt of the blind and fanatic multitude.

A ſwarm of emigrants of both ſexes, who eſcaped from the public ruin, has been attracted by the vicinity, the manners, and the language of Lauſanne; and our narrow habitations in town and country are now occupied by the firſt names and titles of the departed monarchy. Theſe noble fugitives are entitled to our pity; they may claim our eſteem, but they cannot, in their preſent ſtate of mind and fortune, much contribute to our amuſement. Inſtead of looking down as calm and idle ſpectators on the theatre of Europe, our domeſtic harmony is ſomewhat embittered by the infuſion of party ſpirit: our ladies and gentlemen aſſume the character of ſelf-taught politicians; and the ſober dictates of wiſdom and experience are ſilenced by the clamour of the triumphant *democrates*. The fanatic miſſionaries of ſedition have ſcattered the ſeeds of diſcontent in our cities and villages, which had flouriſhed above two hundred and fifty years without fearing the approach of war, or feeling the weight of government. Many individuals, and ſome communities, appear to be infeſted with the Gallic phrenzy, the wild theories of equal and boundleſs freedom; but I truſt that the body of the people will be faithful to their ſovereign and to themſelves; and I am ſatisfied that the failure or ſucceſs of a revolt would equally terminate in the ruin of the country. While the ariſtocracy of Bern protects the happineſs, it is ſuperfluous to enquire whether it be founded in the rights, of man: the œconomy of the ſtate is liberally ſupplied without the aid of taxes; and the magiſtrates *muſt* reign with prudence and equity, ſince they are unarmed in the midſt of an armed nation.

The

The revenue of Bern, excepting ſome ſmall duties, is derived from church lands, tithes, feudal rights, and intereſt of money. The republic has nearly 500,000l. ſterling in the Engliſh funds, and the amount of their treaſure is unknown to the citizens themſelves. For myſelf (may the omen be averted) I can only declare, that the firſt ſtroke of a rebel drum would be the ſignal of my immediate departure.

When I contemplate the common lot of mortality, I muſt acknowledge that I have drawn a high prize in the lottery of life. The far greater part of the globe is overſpread with barbariſm or ſlavery: in the civilized world, the moſt numerous claſs is condemned to ignorance and poverty; and the double fortune of my birth in a free and enlightened country, in an honourable and wealthy family, is the lucky chance of an unit againſt millions. The general probability is about three to one, that a new-born infant will not live to complete his fiftieth year*. I have now paſſed that age, and may fairly eſtimate the preſent value of my exiſtence in the three-fold diviſion of mind, body, and eſtate.

1. The firſt and indiſpenſable requiſite of happineſs is a clear conſcience, unſullied by the reproach or remembrance of an unworthy action.

—— Hic murus aheneus eſto,
Nil conſcire ſibi, nullâ pallefcere culpâ.

I am endowed with a cheerful temper, a moderate ſenſibility, and a natural diſpoſition to repoſe rather than to activity: ſome miſchievous appetites and habits have perhaps been corrected by philoſophy or time. The love of ſtudy, a paſſion which derives freſh vigour from enjoyment, ſupplies each day, each hour, with a perpetual ſource of independent

* See Buffon, Supplement à l'Hiſtoire naturelle, tom. vii. page 158—164. of a given number of new-born infants, one half, by the fault of nature or man, is extinguiſhed before the age of puberty and reaſon.—A melancholy calculation!

pendent and rational pleasure; and I am not sensible of any decay of the mental faculties. The original soil has been highly improved by cultivation; but it may be questioned, whether some flowers of fancy, some grateful errors, have not been eradicated with the weeds of prejudice. 2. Since I have escaped from the long perils of my childhood, the serious advice of a physician has seldom been requisite. "The madness of superfluous health" I have never known; but my tender constitution has been fortified by time, and the inestimable gift of the sound and peaceful slumbers of infancy may be imputed both to the mind and body. 3. I have already described the merits of my society and situation; but these enjoyments would be tasteless or bitter if their possession were not assured by an annual and adequate supply. According to the scale of Switzerland, I am a rich man; and I am indeed rich, since my income is superior to my expence, and my expence is equal to my wishes. My friend Lord Sheffield has kindly relieved me from the cares to which my taste and temper are most adverse: shall I add, that since the failure of my first wishes, I have never entertained any serious thoughts of a matrimonial connection?

I am disgusted with the affectation of men of letters, who complain that they have renounced a substance for a shadow; and that their fame (which sometimes is no insupportable weight) affords a poor compensation for envy, censure, and persecution*. My own experience, at least, has taught me a very different lesson: twenty happy years have been animated by the labour of my History: and its success has given me a name, a rank, a character, in the world, to which I should not otherwise have been entitled. The freedom of my writings has indeed provoked an implacable tribe;

* Mr. d'Alembert relates, that as he was walking in the gardens of Sans Souci with the King of Prussia, Frederic said to him, "Do you see that old "woman, a poor weeder, asleep on that sunny bank? she is probably a more "happy being than either of us." The king and the philosopher may speak for themselves; for my part I do not envy the old woman.

tribe; but as I was safe from the stings, I was soon accustomed to the buzzing of the hornets: my nerves are not tremblingly alive, and my literary temper is so happily framed, that I am less sensible of pain than of pleasure. The rational pride of an author may be offended, rather than flattered, by vague indiscriminate praise; but he cannot, he should not, be indifferent to the fair testimonies of private and public esteem. Even his moral sympathy may be gratified by the idea, that now, in the present hour, he is imparting some degree of amusement or knowledge to his friends in a distant land: that one day his mind will be familiar to the grandchildren of those who are yet unborn*. I cannot boast of the friendship or favour of princes; the patronage of English literature has long since been devolved on our booksellers, and the measure of their liberality is the least ambiguous test of our common success. Perhaps the golden mediocrity of my fortune has contributed to fortify my application.

The present is a fleeting moment, the past is no more; and our prospect of futurity is dark and doubtful. This day may *possibly* be my last: but the laws of probability, so true in general, so fallacious in particular, still allow about fifteen years†. I shall soon enter into the period which,

* In the first of antient or modern romances (Tom Jones), this proud sentiment, this feast of fancy, is enjoyed by the genius of Fielding.—"Come, "bright love of fame, &c. fill my ravished fancy with the hopes of charming "ages yet to come. Foretel me that some tender maid, whose grandmother "is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious name of Sophia, she "reads the real worth which once existed in my Charlotte, shall from her sym-"pathetic breast send forth the heaving sigh. Do thou teach me not only to "foresee but to enjoy, nay even to feed on future praise. Comfort me by the "solemn assurance, that, when the little parlour in which I sit at this moment "shall be reduced to a worse furnished box, I shall be read with honour by those "who never knew nor saw me, and whom I shall neither know nor see." Book xiii. ch. 1.

† Mr. Buffon, from our disregard of the possibility of death within the four-and-twenty hours, concludes that a chance, which falls below or rises above ten thousand to one, will never affect the hopes or fears of a reasonable

which, as the moſt agreeable of his long life, was ſelected by the judgment and experience of the ſage Fontenelle. His choice is approved by the eloquent hiſtorian of nature, who fixes our moral happineſs to the mature ſeaſon in which our paſſions are ſuppoſed to be calmed, our duties fulfilled, our ambition ſatisfied, our fame and fortune eſtabliſhed on a ſolid baſis *. In private converſation, that great and amiable man added the weight of his own experience; and this autumnal felicity might be exemplified in the lives of Voltaire, Hume, and many other men of letters. I am far more inclined to embrace than to diſpute this comfortable doctrine. I will not ſuppoſe any premature decay of the mind or body; but I muſt reluctantly obſerve that two cauſes, the abbreviation of time, and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner ſhade the evening of life.

able man. The fact is true, but our courage is the effect of thoughtleſſneſs, rather than of reflection. If a public lottery were drawn for the choice of an immediate victim, and if our name were inſcribed on one of the ten thouſand tickets, ſhould we be perfectly eaſy?

* See Buffon.

WHEN I first undertook to prepare Mr. Gibbon's Memoirs for the press, I supposed that it would be necessary to introduce some continuation of them, from the time when they cease, namely, soon after his return to Switzerland in the year 1788; but the examination of his correspondence with me suggested, that the best continuation would be the publication of his letters from that time to his death. I shall thus give more satisfaction, by employing the language of Mr. Gibbon, instead of my own; and the public will see him in a new and an admirable light, as a writer of letters. By the insertion of a few occasional sentences, I shall obviate the disadvantages that are apt to arise from an interrupted narration. A prejudiced or a fastidious critic may condemn, perhaps, some parts of the letters as trivial; but many readers, I flatter myself, will be gratified by discovering even in these my friend's affectionate feelings, and his character in familiar life. His letters in general bear a strong resemblance to the style and turn of his conversation; the characteristics of which were vivacity, elegance, and precision, with knowledge astonishingly extensive and correct. He never ceased to be instructive and entertaining; and in general there was a vein of pleasantry in his conversation which prevented its becoming languid, even during a residence of many months with a family in the country.

It has been supposed that he always arranged what he intended to say, before he spoke; his quickness in conversation contradicts this notion: but it is very true, that before he

he ſat down to write a note or letter, he completely arranged in his mind what he meant to expreſs. He purſued the ſame method in reſpect to other compoſition; and he occaſionally would walk ſeveral times about his apartment before he had rounded a period to his taſte. He has pleaſantly remarked to me, that it ſometimes coſt him many a turn before he could throw a ſentiment into a form that gratified his own criticiſm. His ſyſtematic habit of arrangement in point of ſtyle, aſſiſted, in his inſtance, by an excellent memory and correct judgment, is much to be recommended to thoſe who aſpire to any perfection in writing.

Although the Memoirs extend beyond the time of Mr. Gibbon's return to Lauſanne, I ſhall inſert a few Letters, written immediately after his arrival there, and combine them ſo far as to include even the laſt note which he wrote a few days previouſly to his death. Some of them contain few incidents; but they connect and carry on the account either of his opinions or of his employment.

LETTERS

FROM

EDWARD GIBBON, Esq.

TO THE

Right Hon. LORD *SHEFFIELD*.

LAUSANNE, July 30, 1788.—Wednesday, 3 o'clock.

I HAVE but a moment to say, before the departure of the post, that after a very pleasant journey I arrived here about half an hour ago; that I am as well arranged, as if I had never stirred from this place; and that dinner on the table is just announced. Severy I dropt at his country-house about two leagues off. I just saluted the family, who dine with me the day after to-morrow, and return to town for some days, I hope weeks, on my account. The son is an amiable and grateful youth; and even this journey has taught me to know and to love him still better. My satisfaction would be complete, had I not found a sad and serious alteration in poor Deyverdun: but thus our joys are chequered! I embrace all; and at this moment feel the last pang of our parting at Tunbridge. Convey this letter or information, without delay, from Sheffield-Place to Bath. In a few days I shall write more amply to both places.

AFTER

October 1, 1788.

AFTER such an act of vigor as my first letter, composed, finished, and dispatched within half an hour after my landing, while the dinner was smoaking on the table, your knowledge of the animal must have taught you to expect a proportionable degree of relaxation; and you will be satisfied to hear, that, for many Wednesdays and Saturdays, I have consumed more time than would have sufficed for the epistle, in devising reasons for procrastinating it to the next post. At this very moment I begin so very late, as I am just going to dress, and dine in the country, that I can take only the benefit of the date, October the first, and must be content to seal and send my letter next Saturday.

October the 4th.

SATURDAY is now arrived, and I much doubt whether I shall have time to finish. I arose, as usual, about seven; but as I knew I should have so much time, you know it would have been ridiculous to begin any thing before breakfast. When I returned from my breakfast-room to the library, unluckily I found on the table some new and interesting books, which instantly caught my attention; and without injuring my correspondent, I could safely bestow a single hour to gratify my curiosity. Some things which I found in them insensibly led me to other books, and other enquiries; the morning has stolen away, and I shall be soon summoned to dress and dine with the two Severys, father and son, who are returned from the country on a disagreeable errand, an illness of Madame, from which she is however recovering. Such is the faithful picture of my mind and manners, and from a single day *disce omnes*. After having been so long chained to the oar, in a splendid galley indeed, I freely and fairly enjoy my liberty as I promised in my preface; range without controul over the wide expanse

of

of my library; converſe, as my fancy prompts me, with poets and hiſtorians, philoſophers and orators, of every age and language; and often indulge my meditations in the invention and arrangement of mighty works, which I ſhall probably never find time or application to execute. My garden, berçeau, and pavilion often varied the ſcene of my ſtudies; the beautiful weather which we have enjoyed exhilarated my ſpirits, and I again taſted the wiſdom and happineſs of my retirement, till that happineſs was interrupted by a very ſerious calamity, which took from me for above a fortnight all thoughts of ſtudy, of amuſement, and even of correſpondence. I mentioned in my firſt letter the uneaſineſs I felt at poor Deyverdun's declining health, how much the pleaſure of my life was embittered by the ſight of a ſuffering and languid friend. The joy of our meeting appeared at firſt to revive him; and, though not ſatisfied, I began to think, at leaſt to hope, that he was every day gaining ground; when, alas! one morning I was ſuddenly recalled from my berçeau to the houſe, with the dreadful intelligence of an apoplectic ſtroke; I found him ſenſeleſs: the beſt aſſiſtance was inſtantly collected; and he had the aid of the genius and experience of Mr. Tiſſot, and of the aſſiduous care of another phyſician, who for ſome time ſcarcely quitted his bedſide either night or day. While I was in momentary dread of a relapſe, with a confeſſion from his phyſicians that ſuch a relapſe muſt be fatal, you will feel that I was much more to be pitied than my friend. At length, art or nature triumphed over the enemy of life. I was ſoon aſſured that all immediate danger was paſt: and now for many days I have had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing him recover, though by ſlow degrees, his health and ſtrength, his ſleep and appetite. He now walks about the garden, and receives his particular friends, but has not yet gone abroad. His future health will depend very much upon his own prudence: but, at all events, this has been a very ſerious warning; and the ſlighteſt indiſpoſition will hereafter aſſume a very formidable aſpect. But let us turn from this melan-

melancholy ſubject.—The Man of the People eſcaped from the tumult, the bloody tumult of the Weſtminſter election, to the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, and I was informed that he was arrived at the Lyon d'Or. I ſent a compliment; he anſwered it in perſon, and ſettled at my houſe for the remainder of the day. I have eat and drank, and converſed and ſat up all night with Fox in England; but it never has happened, perhaps it never can happen again, that I ſhould enjoy him as I did that day, alone, from ten in the morning till ten at night. Poor Deyverdun, before his accident, wanted ſpirits to appear, and has regretted it ſince. Our converſation never flagged a moment; and he ſeemed thoroughly pleaſed with the place and with his company. We had little politics; though he gave me, in a few words, ſuch a character of Pitt, as one great man ſhould give of another his rival: much of books, from my own, on which he flattered me very pleaſantly, to Homer and the Arabian Nights: much about the country, my garden (which he underſtands far better than I do), and, upon the whole, I think he envies me, and would do ſo were he miniſter. The next morning I gave him a guide to walk him about the town and country, and invited ſome company to meet him at dinner. The following day he continued his journey to Bern and Zurich, and I have heard of him by various means. The people gaze on him as a prodigy, but he ſhews little inclination to converſe with them, * * * *. Our friend *Douglas* has been curious, attentive, agreeable; and in every place where he has reſided ſome days, he has left acquaintance who eſteem and regret him: I never knew ſo clear and general an impreſſion.

After this long letter I have yet many things to ſay, though none of any preſſing conſequence. I hope you are not idle in the deliverance of Beriton, though the late events and edicts in France begin to reconcile me to the poſſeſſion of dirty acres. What think you of Necker and the States Generales? Are not the public expectations too

ſanguine?

ſanguine? Adieu. I will write ſoon to my lady ſeparately, though I have not any particular ſubject for her ear. Ever yours.

LAUSANNE, Nov. 29, 1788.

As I have no correſpondents but yourſelf, I ſhould have been reduced to the ſtale and ſtupid communications of the newſpapers, if you had not diſpatched me an excellent ſketch of the extraordinary ſtate of things. In ſo new a caſe the *ſalus populi* muſt be the firſt law; and any extraordinary acts of the two remaining branches of the legiſlature muſt be excuſed by neceſſity, and ratified by general conſent. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *. Till things are ſettled, I expect a regular journal.

From kingdoms I deſcend to farms. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * Adieu.

LAUSANNE, Dec. 13, 1788.

* *. Of public affairs I can only hear with curioſity and wonder: careleſs as you may think me, I feel myſelf deeply intereſted. You muſt now write often; make Miſs Firth copy any curious fragments; and ſtir up any of my well-informed acquaintance, Batt, Douglas, Adam, perhaps Lord Loughborough, to correſpond with me; I *will* anſwer them.

We are now cold and gay at Lauſanne. The Severys came to town yeſterday. I ſaw a good deal of Lords Malmſbury and Beauchamp, and their ladies; Ellis, of the Rolliad, was with them; I like him much: I gave them a dinner.

Adieu for the preſent. Deyverdun is not worſe.

LAUSANNE, April 25, 1789.

BEFORE your letter, which I received yesterday, I was in the anxious situation of a king, who hourly expects a courier from his general, with the news of a decisive engagement. I had abstained from writing, for fear of dropping a word, or betraying a feeling, which might render you too cautious or too bold. On the famous 8th of April, between twelve and two, I reflected that the business was determined; and each succeeding day I computed the speedy approach of your messenger, with favourable or melancholy tidings. When I broke the seal, I expected to read, "What a damned unlucky fellow you are! Nothing tole-"rable was offered, and I indignantly withdrew the estate." I *did* remember the fate of poor Lenborough, and I was afraid of your magnanimity, &c. It is whimsical enough, but it is human nature, that I now begin to think of the deep-rooted foundations of land, and the airy fabric of the funds. I not only consent, but even wish, to have eight or ten thousand pounds on a good mortgage. The pipe of wine you sent to me was seized, and would have been confiscated, if the government of Berne had not treated me with the most flattering and distinguished civility: they not only released the wine, but they paid out of their own pocket the shares to which the bailiff and the informer were entitled by law. I should not forget that the bailiff refused to accept of his part. Poor Deyverdun's constitution is quite broken; he has had two or three attacks, not so violent as the first: every time the door is hastily opened, I expect to hear of some fatal accident: the best or worst hopes of the physicians are only that he may linger some time longer; but, if he lives till the summer, they propose sending him to some mineral waters at Aix, in Savoy. You will be glad to hear that I am now assured of possessing, during my life, this delightful house and garden. The act has been lately executed in the best form, and the handsomest manner. I know not what to say of your miracles at home: we rejoice

in

in the king's recovery, and its miniſterial conſequences; and I cannot be inſenſible to the hope, at leaſt the chance, of ſeeing in this country a firſt lord of trade, or ſecretary at war. In your anſwer, which I ſhall impatiently expect, you will give me a full and true account of your deſigns, which by this time muſt have dropt, or be determined at leaſt, for the preſent year. If you come, it is high time that we ſhould look out for a houſe—a taſk much leſs eaſy than you may poſſibly imagine. Among new books, I recommend to you the Count de Mirabeau's great work, "Sur la Monarchie Pruſſienne;" it is in your own way, and gives a very juſt and complete idea of that wonderful machine. His "Correſpondence Secrette" is diabolically good. Adieu. Ever yours.

LAUSANNE, June 13, 1789.

You are in truth a wiſe, active, indefatigable, and ineſtimable friend; and as our virtues are often connected with our faults, if you were more tame and placid, you would be perhaps of leſs uſe and value. A very important and difficult tranſaction ſeems to be nearly terminated with ſucceſs and mutual ſatisfaction: we ſeem to run before the wind with a proſperous gale; and, unleſs we ſhould ſtrike on ſome ſecret rocks which I do not foreſee, ſhall, on or before the 31ſt July, enter the harbour of Content; though I cannot purſue the metaphor by adding we ſhall *land*, ſince our operation is of a very oppoſite tendency. I could not eaſily forgive myſelf for ſhutting you up in a dark room with parchments and attornies, did I not reflect that this probably is the laſt material trouble that you will ever have on my account; and that after the labours and delays of twenty years, I ſhall at laſt attain what I have always ſighed for, a clear and competent income, above my wants, and equal to my wiſhes. In this contemplation you will be ſufficiently rewarded. I hope ***** will be content with our title-deeds, for I cannot furniſh another ſhred

of parchment. Mrs. Gibbon's jointure is ſecured on the Beriton eſtate, and her legal conſent is requiſite for the ſale. Again and again I muſt repeat my hope that ſhe is perfectly ſatisfied, and that the cloſe of her life may not be embittered by ſuſpicion, or fear, or diſcontent. What new ſecurity does ſhe prefer,—the funds, the mortgage, or your land? At all events ſhe muſt be made eaſy. I wrote to her again ſome time ago, and begged that if ſhe were too weak to write, ſhe would deſire Mrs. Gould or Mrs. Holroyd to give me a line concerning her ſtate of health. To this no anſwer; I am afraid ſhe is diſpleaſed.

Now for the diſpoſal of the money: I approve of the 8000l. mortgage on Beriton; and honour your prudence in not ſhewing, by the compariſon of the rent and intereſt, how fooliſh it is to purchaſe land. * * *

but his reaſon was clear and calm to the laſt; he beheld his approaching diſſolution with the firmneſs of a philoſopher. I fancied that time and reflection had prepared me for the event; but the habits of three-and-thirty years friendſhip are not ſo eaſily broken. The firſt days, and more eſpecially the firſt nights, were indeed painful. Laſt Wedneſday and Saturday it would not have been in my power to write. I muſt now recollect myſelf, ſince it is neceſſary for me not only to impart the news, but to aſk your opinion in a very ſerious and doubtful queſtion, which muſt be decided without loſs of time. I ſhall ſtate the facts, but as I am on the ſpot, and as new lights may occur, I do not promiſe implicit obedience.

Had my poor friend died without a will, a female *firſt* couſin ſettled ſomewhere in the north of Germany, and whom I believe he had never ſeen, would have been his heir at law. In the next degree he had ſeveral couſins; and one of theſe, an old companion, by name M. de Montagny, he has choſen for his heir. As this houſe and garden was the beſt and cleareſt part of poor Deyverdun's fortune; as there is a heavy duty or fine (what they call *lods*) on every change of property out of the legal deſcent; as Montagny has a ſmall eſtate and a large family, it was neceſſary to make ſome proviſion in his favour. The will therefore leaves me the option of enjoying this place during my life, on paying the ſum of 250l. (I reckon in Engliſh money) at preſent, and an annual rent of 30l.; or elſe, of purchaſing the houſe and garden for a ſum which, including the duty, will amount to 2500l. If I value the rent of 30l. at twelve years purchaſe, I may acquire my enjoyment for life at about the rate of 600l.; and the remaining 1900l. will be the difference between that tenure and abſolute perpetual property. As you have never accuſed me of too much zeal for the intereſt of poſterity, you will eaſily gueſs which ſcale at firſt preponderated. I deeply felt the advantage of acquiring, for the ſmaller ſum, every poſſible enjoyment, as long as I myſelf ſhould be capable of enjoying: I rejected,

rejected, with ſcorn, the idea of giving 1900l. for ideal poſthumous property; and I deemed it of little moment whoſe name, after my death, ſhould be inſcribed on my houſe and garden at Lauſanne. How often did I repeat to myſelf the philoſophical lines of Pope, which ſeem to determine the queſtion:

> Pray Heaven, cries Swift, it laſt as you go on;
> I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own.
> Pity to build without or ſon or wife:
> Why, you'll enjoy it *only* all your life.
> Well, if the uſe be mine, does it concern one,
> Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?

In this ſtate of ſelf-ſatisfaction I was not much diſturbed by all my real or nominal friends, who exhort me to prefer the right of purchaſe: among ſuch friends, ſome are careleſs and ſome are ignorant; and the judgment of thoſe, who are able and willing to form an opinion, is often biaſſed by ſome ſelfiſh or ſocial affection, by ſome viſible or inviſible intereſt. But my own reflections have gradually and forcibly driven me from my firſt propenſity; and theſe reflections I will now proceed to enumerate:

1. I can make this purchaſe with eaſe and prudence. As I have had the pleaſure of *not* hearing from you very lately, I flatter myſelf that you advance on a carpet road, and that almoſt by the receipt of this letter (July 31ſt) the acres of Beriton will be tranſmuted into ſixteen thouſand pounds: if the payment be not abſolutely completed by that day, ***** will not ſcruple, I ſuppoſe, depoſiting the 2600l. at Goſling's, to meet my draught. Should he heſitate, I can deſire Darrel to ſell *quantum ſufficit* of my ſhort annuities. As ſoon as the new ſettlement of my affairs is made, I ſhall be able, after deducting this ſum, to ſquare my expence to my income, &c.

2. On mature conſideration, I am perhaps leſs ſelfiſh and leſs philoſophical than I appear at firſt ſight: indeed, were I not ſo, it would now be in my power to turn my fortune into

into life-annuities, and let the Devil take the hindmoſt. I feel, (perhaps it is fooliſh,) but I feel that this little paradiſe will pleaſe me ſtill more when it is abſolutely my own; and that I ſhall be encouraged in every improvement of uſe or beauty, by the proſpect that, after my departure, it will be enjoyed by ſome perſon of my own choice. I ſometimes reflect with pleaſure that my writings will ſurvive me: and that idea is at leaſt as vain and chimerical.

3. The heir, Mr. de Montagny, is an old acquaintance. My ſituation of a life-holder is rather new and ſingular in this country: the laws have not provided for many nice caſes which may ariſe between the landlord and tenant: ſome I can foreſee, others have been ſuggeſted, many more I might feel when it would be too late. His right of property might plague and confine me; he might forbid my lending to a friend, inſpect my conduct, check my improvements, call for ſecurities, repairs, &c. But if I purchaſe, I walk on my own terrace fierce and erect, the free maſter of one of the moſt delicious ſpots on the globe.

Should I ever migrate homewards, (you ſtare, but ſuch an event is leſs improbable than I could have thought it two years ago,) this place would be diſputed by ſtrangers and natives.

Weigh theſe reaſons, and ſend me without delay a rational explicit opinion, to which I ſhall pay ſuch regard as the nature of circumſtances will allow. But, alas! when all is determined, I ſhall poſſeſs this houſe, by whatſoever tenure, without friendſhip or domeſtic ſociety. I did not imagine, ſix years ago, that a plan of life ſo congenial to my wiſhes, would ſo ſpeedily vaniſh. I cannot write upon any other ſubject. Adieu, your's ever.

LAUSANNE, Auguſt 1789.

AFTER receiving and diſpatching the power of attorney, laſt Wedneſday, I opened, with ſome palpitation, the unexpected

pected miſſive which arrived this morning. The peruſal of the contents ſpoiled my breakfaſt. They are diſagreeable in themſelves, alarming in their conſequences, and peculiarly unpleaſant at the preſent moment, when I hoped to have formed and ſecured the arrangements of my future life. I do not perfectly underſtand what are theſe deeds which are ſo inflexibly required; the wills and marriage-ſettlements I have ſufficiently anſwered. But your arguments do not convince ****, and I have very little hope from the Lenborough ſearch? What will be the event? If his objections are only the reſult of legal ſcrupuloſity, ſurely they might be removed, and every chink might be filled, by a general bond of indemnity, in which I boldly aſk you to join, as it will be a ſubſtantial important act of friendſhip, without any poſſible riſk to yourſelf or your ſucceſſors. Should he ſtill remain obdurate, I muſt believe what I already ſuſpect, that **** repents of his purchaſe, and wiſhes to elude the concluſion. Our caſe would be then hopeleſs, *ibi omnis effuſus labor*, and the eſtate would be returned on our hands with the taint of a bad title. The refuſal of mortgage does not pleaſe me; but ſurely our offer ſhews ſome confidence in the goodneſs of my title. If he will not take eight thouſand pounds at *four per cent.* we muſt look out elſewhere; new doubts and delays will ariſe, and I am perſuaded that you will not place an implicit confidence in any attorney. I know not as yet your opinion about my Lauſanne purchaſe. If you are againſt it, the preſent poſition of affairs gives you great advantage, &c. &c. The Severys are all well; an uncommon circumſtance for the four perſons of the family at once. They are now at Mex, a country-houſe ſix miles from hence, which I viſit tomorrow for two or three days. They often come to town, and we ſhall contrive to paſs a part of the autumn together at Rolle. I want to change the ſcene; and beautiful as the garden and proſpect muſt appear to every eye, I feel that the ſtate of my own mind caſts a gloom over them; every ſpot, every walk, every bench, recals the memory of

thoſe

thoſe hours, of thoſe converſations, which will return no more. But I tear myſelf from the ſubject. I could not help writing to-day, though I do not find I have ſaid any thing very material. As you muſt be conſcious that you have agitated me, you will not poſtpone any agreeable, or even *deciſive* intelligence. I almoſt heſitate, whether I ſhall run over to England, to conſult with you on the ſpot, and to fly from poor Deyverdun's ſhade, which meets me at every turn. I did not expect to have felt his loſs ſo ſharply. But ſix hundred miles! Why are we ſo far off?

Once more, What is the difficulty of the title? Will men of ſenſe, in a ſenſible country, never get rid of the tyranny of lawyers? more oppreſſive and ridiculous than even the old yoke of the clergy. Is not a term of ſeventy or eighty years, nearly twenty in my own perſon, ſufficient to prove our legal poſſeſſion? Will not the records of fines and recoveries atteſt that *I* am free from any bar of entails and ſettlements? Conſult ſome ſage of the law, whether their preſent demand be neceſſary and legal. If your ground be firm, force them to execute the agreement or forfeit the depoſit. But if, as I much fear, they have a right, and a wiſh, to elude the conſummation, would it not be better to releaſe them at once, than to be hung up for five years, as in the caſe of Lovegrove, which coſt me in the end four or five thouſand pounds? You are bold, you are wiſe; conſult, reſolve, act. In my penultimate letter I dropped a ſtrange hint, that a migration homeward was not impoſſible. I know not what to ſay; my mind is all afloat; yet you will not reproach me with caprice or inconſtancy. How many years did you damn my ſcheme of retiring to Lauſanne! I executed that plan; I found as much happineſs as is compatible with human nature, and during four years (1783—1787) I never breathed a ſigh of repentance. On my return from England the ſcene was changed: I found only a faint ſemblance of Deyverdun, and that ſemblance was each day fading from my ſight. I have paſſed an anxious

year,

year, but my anxiety is now at an end, and the proſpect before me is a melancholy ſolitude. I am ſtill deeply rooted in this country; the poſſeſſion of this paradiſe, the friendſhip of the Severys, a mode of ſociety ſuited to my taſte, and the enormous trouble and *expence* of a migration. Yet in England (when the preſent clouds are diſpelled) I could form a very comfortable eſtabliſhment in London, or rather at Bath; and I have a very noble country-ſeat at about ten miles from Eaſt Grinſtead in Suſſex*. That ſpot is dearer to me than the reſt of the three kingdoms; and I have ſometimes wondered how two men, ſo oppoſite in their tempers and purſuits, ſhould have imbibed ſo long and lively a propenſity for each other. Sir Stanier Porten is juſt dead. He has left his widow with a moderate penſion, and two children, my neareſt relations: the eldeſt, Charlotte, is about Louiſa's age, and alſo a moſt amiable ſenſible young creature. I have conceived a romantic idea of educating and adopting her; as we deſcend into the vale of years our infirmities require ſome domeſtic female ſociety: Charlotte would be the comfort of my age, and I could reward her care and tenderneſs with a decent fortune. A thouſand difficulties oppoſe the execution of the plan, which I have never opened but to you; yet it would be leſs impracticable in England than in Switzerland. Adieu. I am wounded; pour ſome oil into my wounds: yet I am leſs unhappy ſince I have thrown my mind upon paper.

Are you not amazed at the French revolution? They have the power, will they have the moderation, to eſtabliſh a good conſtitution? Adieu, ever yours.

LAUSANNE, Sept: 9, 1789.

WITHIN an hour after the reception of your laſt, I drew my pen for the purpoſe of a reply, and my exordium ran in the following words: "I find by experience, that it is "much more rational, as well as eaſy, to anſwer a letter of "real

* Alluding to Sheffield-Place.

"real buſineſs by the return of the poſt." This important truth is again verified by my own example. After writing three pages I was called away by a very rational motive, and the poſt departed before I could return to the concluſion. A ſecond delay was coloured by ſome decent pretence. Three weeks have ſlipped away, and I now force myſelf on a taſk, which I ſhould have diſpatched without an effort on the firſt ſummons. My only excuſe is, that I had little to write about Engliſh buſineſs, and that I could write nothing definitive about my Swiſs affairs. And firſt, as Ariſtotle ſays of the firſt,

1. I was indeed in low ſpirits when I ſent what you ſo juſtly ſtile my diſmal letter; but I do aſſure you, that my own feelings contributed much more to ſink me, than any events or terrors relative to the ſale of Beriton. But I again hope and truſt, from your conſolatory epiſtle, that, &c. &c.

2. My Swiſs tranſaction has ſuffered a great alteration. I ſhall not become the proprietor of my houſe and garden at Lauſanne, and I relinquiſh the phantom with more regret than you could eaſily imagine. But I have been determined by a difficulty, which at firſt appeared of little moment, but which has gradually ſwelled to an alarming magnitude. There is a law in this country, as well as in ſome provinces of France, which is ſtyled *le droit de retrait*, *le retrait lignagere*, (Lord Loughborough muſt have heard of it,) by which the relations of the deceaſed are entitled to redeem a houſe or eſtate at the price for which it has been ſold; and as the ſum fixed by poor Deyverdun is much below its known value, a crowd of competitors are beginning to ſtart. The beſt opinions (for they are divided) are in my favour, that I am not ſubject to *le droit de retrait*, ſince I take not as a purchaſer, but as a legatee. But the words of the will are ſomewhat ambiguous, the event of law is always uncertain, the adminiſtration of juſtice at Bern (the laſt appeal) depends too much on favour and intrigue; and it is very doubtful whether I could revert to the life-holding, after having

having chosen and lost the property. These considerations engaged me to open a negociation with Mr. de Montagny, through the medium of my friend the judge; and as he most ardently wishes to keep the house, he consented, though with some reluctance, to my proposals. Yesterday he signed a covenant in the most regular and binding form, by which he allows my power of transferring my interest, interprets in the most ample sense my right of making alterations, and expressly renounces all claim, as landlord, of visiting or inspecting the premises. I have promised to lend him twelve thousand livres, (between seven and eight hundred pounds,) secured on the house and land. The mortgage is four times its value; the interest of four pounds *per cent.* will be annually discharged by the rent of thirty guineas. So that I am now tranquil on that score for the remainder of my days. I hope that time will gradually reconcile me to the place which I have inhabited with my poor friend; for in spite of the *cream* of London, I am still persuaded that no other place is so well adapted to my taste and habits of studious and social life.

Far from delighting in the whirl of a metropolis, my only complaint against Lausanne is the great number of strangers, always of English, and now of French, by whom we are infested in summer. Yet we have escaped the *damned* great ones, the Count d'Artois, the Polignacs, &c. who slip by us to Turin. What a scene is France! While the assembly is voting abstract propositions, Paris is an independent republic; the provinces have neither authority nor freedom, and poor Necker declares that credit is no more, and that the people refuse to pay taxes. Yet I think you must be seduced by the abolition of tithes. If Eden goes to Paris you may have some curious information. Give me some account of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas. Do they live with Lord North? I hope they do. When will parliament be dissolved? Are you still Coventry-mad? I embrace my Lady, the sprightly Maria, and the smiling Louisa. Alas! alas! you will never come to Switzerland. Adieu, ever yours.

Alas!

LAUSANNE, Sept. 25th, 1789.

Alas! what perils do environ
The man who meddles with cold iron.

ALAS! what delays and difficulties do attend the man who meddles with legal and landed buſineſs! Yet if it be only to diſappoint your expectation, I am not ſo very nervous at this new provoking obſtacle. I had totally forgotten the deed in queſtion, which was contrived in the laſt year of my father's life, to tie his hands and regulate the diſorder of his affairs; and which might have been ſo eaſily cancelled by Sir Stanier, who had not the ſmalleſt intereſt in it, either for himſelf or his family. The amicable ſuit, which is now become neceſſary, muſt, I think, be ſhort and unambiguous, yet I cannot help dreading the crotchets, that lurk under the chancellor's great wig; and, at all events, I foreſee ſome additional delay and expence. The golden pill of the two thouſand eight hundred pounds has ſoothed my diſcontent; and if it be ſafely lodged with the Goſlings, I agree with you, in conſidering it as an unequivocal pledge of a fair and willing purchaſer. It is indeed chiefly in that light I now rejoice in ſo large a depoſit, which is no longer neceſſary in its full extent. You are appriſed by my laſt letter that I have reduced myſelf to the life-enjoyment of the houſe and garden. And, in ſpite of my feelings, I am every day more convinced that I have choſen the ſafer ſide. I believe my cauſe to have been good, but it was doubtful. Law in this country is not ſo expenſive as in England, but it is more troubleſome; I muſt have gone to Bern, have ſolicited my judges in perſon; a vile cuſtom! the event was uncertain; and during at leaſt two years, I ſhould have been in a ſtate of ſuſpenſe and anxiety; till the concluſion of which it would have been madneſs to have attempted any alteration or improvement. According to my preſent arrangement I ſhall want no more than eleven hundred pounds of the two thouſand, and I ſuppoſe you will direct

direct Gosling to lay out the remainder in India bonds, that it may not lie quite dead, while I am accountable to * * * * for the interest. The elderly lady in a male habit, who informed me that Yorkshire is a register county, is a certain judge, one Sir William Blackstone, whose name you may possibly have heard. After stating the danger of purchasers and creditors, with regard to the title of estates on which they lay out or lend their money, he thus continues: "In "Scotland every act and event regarding the transmission "of property is regularly entered on record; and some of "our own provincial divisions, particularly the extended "county of York and the populous county of Middlesex, "have prevailed with the legislature to erect such registers "in their respective districts." (Blackstone's Commentaries, vol. ii. p. 343, edition of 1774, in quarto.) If I am mistaken, it is in pretty good company; but I suspect that we are all right, and that the register is confined to one or two ridings. As we have, alas! two or three months before us, I should hope that your prudent sagacity will discover some sound land, in case you should not have time to arrange another mortgage. I now write in a hurry, as I am just setting out for Rolle, where I shall be settled with cook and servants in a pleasant apartment, till the middle of November. The Severys have a house there, where they pass the autumn. I am not sorry to vary the scene for a few weeks, and I wish to be absent while some alterations are making in my house at Lausanne. I wish the change of air may be of service to Severy the father, but we do not at all like his present state of health. How completely, alas, how completely! could I now lodge you: but your firm resolve of making me a visit seems to have vanished like a dream. Next summer you will not find five hundred pounds for a rational friendly expedition; and should parliament be dissolved, you will perhaps find five thousand for ———. I cannot think of it with patience. Pray take serious strenuous measures for sending me a pipe of excellent Madeira

in

in cask, with some dozens of Malmsey Madeira. It should be consigned to Messrs. Romberg Voituriers at Ostend, and I must have timely notice of its march. We have so much to say about France, that I suppose we shall never say any thing. That country is now in a state of dissolution. Adieu.

LAUSANNE, December 15, 1789.

You have often reason to accuse my strange silence and neglect in the most important of *my own* affairs; for I will presume to assert, that in a business of yours of equal consequence, you should not find me cold or careless. But on the present occasion my silence is, perhaps, the highest compliment I ever paid you. You remember the answer of Philip of Macedon: "Philip may sleep, while he knows "that Parmenio is awake." I expected, and, to say the truth, I wished that my Parmenio would have decided and acted, without expecting my dilatory answer, and in his decision I should have acquiesced with implicit confidence. But since you will have my opinion, let us consider the present state of my affairs. In the course of my life I have often known, and sometimes felt, the difficulty of getting money, but I now find myself involved in a more singular distress, the difficulty of placing it, and if it continues much longer, I shall almost wish for my land again.

I perfectly agree with you, that it is bad management to purchase in the funds when they do not yield four pounds *per cent.* * * * * * * * * * * * * *. Some of this money I can place safely, by means of my banker here; and I shall possess, what I have always desired, a command of cash, which I cannot abuse to my prejudice, since I have it in my power to supply with my pen any extraordinary or fanciful indulgence of expence. And so much, much indeed, for pecuniary matters. What would you have me say of the affairs of France? We are too near, and too remote, to form an accurate judgment of that wonderful scene. The abuses of the court and government called aloud for reformation;

mation; and it has happened, as it will always happen, that an innocent well-disposed Prince has paid the forfeit of the sins of his predecessors; of the ambition of Lewis the Fourteenth, of the profusion of Lewis the Fifteenth. The French nation had a glorious opportunity, but they have abused, and may lose their advantages. If they had been content with a liberal translation of our system, if they had respected the prerogatives of the crown, and the privileges of the nobles, they might have raised a solid fabric on the only true foundation, the natural aristocracy of a great country. How different is the prospect! Their King brought a captive to Paris, after his palace had been stained with the blood of his guards; the nobles in exile; the clergy plundered in a way which strikes at the root of all property; the capital an independent republic; the union of the provinces dissolved; the flames of discord kindled by the worst of men; (in that light I consider Mirabeau;) and the honestest of the assembly, a set of wild visionaries, (like our Dr. Price,) who gravely debate, and dream about the establishment of a pure and perfect democracy of five-and-twenty millions, the virtues of the golden age, and the primitive rights and equality of mankind, which would lead, in fair reasoning, to an equal partition of lands and money. How many years must elapse before France can recover any vigour, or resume her station among the Powers of Europe! As yet, there is no symptom of a great man, a Richlieu or a Cromwell, arising, either to restore the monarchy, or to lead the commonwealth. The weight of Paris, more deeply engaged in the funds than *all* the rest of the kingdom, will long delay a bankruptcy; and if it should happen, it will be, both in the cause and the effect, a measure of weakness, rather than of strength. You send me to Chamberry, to see a Prince and an Archbishop. Alas! we have exiles enough here, with the Marshal de Castries and the Duke de Guignes at their head; and this inundation of strangers, which used to be confined to the summer, will now stagnate all the winter. The only ones whom I have

seen

These Sentiments are so exactly mine, that I know they was derived from my Book.

ſeen with pleaſure are Mr. Mounier, the late preſident of the national aſſembly, and the Count de Lally; they have both dined with me. Mounier, who is a ſerious dry politician, is returned to Dauphine. Lally is an amiable man of the world, and a poet: he paſſes the winter here. You know how much I prefer a quiet ſelect ſociety to a crowd of names and titles, and that I always ſeek converſation with a view to amuſement rather than information. What happy countries are England and Switzerland, if they know and preſerve their happineſs.

I have a thouſand things to ſay to my Lady, Maria, and Louiſa, but I can add only a ſhort poſtſcript about the Madeira. Good Madeira is now become eſſential to my health and reputation. May your hogſhead prove as good as the laſt; may it not be intercepted by the rebels or the Auſtrians. What a ſcene again in that country! Happy England! Happy Switzerland! I again repeat, adieu.

LAUSANNE, January 27th, 1790.

YOUR two laſt epiſtles, of the 7th and 11th inſtant, were ſomewhat delayed on the road; they arrived within two days of each other, the laſt this morning (the 27th); ſo that I anſwer by the firſt, or at leaſt by the ſecond poſt. Upon the whole, your French method, though ſometimes more rapid, appears to me leſs ſure and ſteady than the old German highway, &c. &c. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

But enough of this. A new and brighter proſpect ſeems to be breaking upon us, and few events of *that kind* have ever given me more pleaſure than your ſucceſsful negociation and * * * *'s ſatisfactory anſwer. The agreement is, indeed, equally convenient for both parties: no time or expence will be waſted in ſcrutinizing the title of the eſtate; the intereſt will be ſecured by the clauſe of five *per cent.* and I lament with you, that no larger ſum than eight thouſand pounds

can be placed on Beriton, without aſking (what might be ſomewhat impudent) a collateral ſecurity, &c. &c. * * *

"in this tranquil land, in the decline of life, and with the "increaſe of infirmities. Some expedient, even the moſt "deſperate, muſt be embraced, to ſecure the domeſtic ſocie- "ty of a male or female companion. But I am not in a "hurry; there is time for reflection and advice." During this winter ſuch finer feelings have been ſuſpended by the groſſer evil of bodily pain. On the ninth of February I was ſeized by ſuch a fit of the gout as I had never known, though I muſt be thankful that its dire effects have been confined to the feet and knees, without aſcending to the more noble parts. With ſome viciſſitudes of better and worſe, I have groaned between two and three months; the debility has ſurvived the pain, and though now eaſy, I am carried about in my chair, without any power, and with a very diſtant chance, of ſupporting myſelf, from the extreme weakneſs and contraction of the joints of my knees. Yet I am happy in a ſkilful phyſician, and kind aſſiduous friends: every evening, during more than three months, has been enlivened (excepting when I have been forced to refuſe them) by ſome cheerful viſits, and very often by a choſen party of both ſexes. How different is ſuch ſociety from the ſolitary evenings which I have paſſed in the tumult of London! It is not worth while fighting about a ſhadow, but ſhould I ever return to England, Bath, not the metropolis, would be my laſt retreat.

Your portrait is at laſt arrived in perfect condition, and now occupies a conſpicuous place over the chimney-glaſs in my library. It is the object of general admiration; good judges (the few) applaud the work; the name of Reynolds opens the eyes and mouths of the many; and were not I afraid of making you vain, I would inform you that the original is not allowed to be more than five-and-thirty. In ſpite of private reluctance and public diſcontent, I have honourably diſmiſſed *myſelf**. I ſhall arrive at Sir Joſhua's before the end of the month; he will give me a look, and

* His portrait.

perhaps a touch; and you will be indebted to the president one guinea for the carriage. Do not be nervous, I am not rolled up; had I been so, you might have gazed on my charms four months ago. I want some account of yourself, of my Lady, (shall we never directly correspond?) of Louisa, and of Maria. How has the latter since her launch supported a quiet winter in Sussex? I so much rejoice in your divorce from that b——— Kitty Coventry, that I care not what marriage you contract. A great city would suit your dignity, and the duties which would kill me in the first session, would supply your activity with a constant fund of amusement. But tread softly and surely; the ice is deceitful, the water is deep, and you may be soused over head and ears before you are aware. Why did not you or Elmsley send me the African pamphlet * by the post? it would not have cost much. You have such a knack of turning a nation, that I am afraid you will triumph (perhaps by the force of argument) over justice and humanity. But do you not expect to work at Belzebub's sugar plantations in the infernal regions, under the tender government of a negro-driver? I should suppose both my Lady and Miss Firth very angry with you.

As to the bill for prints, which has been too long neglected, why will you not exercise the power, which I have never revoked, over all my cash at the Goslings? The Severy family has passed a very favourable winter; the young man is impatient to hear from a family which he places above all others: yet he will generously write next week, and send you a drawing of the alterations in the house. Do not raise your ideas; you know *I* am satisfied with convenience in architecture, and some elegance in furniture. I admire the coolness with which you ask me to epistolize Reynell and Elmsley, as if a letter were so easy and pleasant a task; it appears less so to me every day.

YOUR

* Observations on the Project for abolishing the Slave Trade, by Lord Sheffield.

1790.

YOUR indignation will melt into pity, when you hear that for ſeveral weeks paſt I have been again confined to my chamber and my chair. Yet I muſt haſten, generouſly haſten, to exculpate the gout, my old enemy, from the curſes which you already pour on his head. He is not the cauſe of this diſorder, although the conſequences have been ſomewhat ſimilar. I am ſatisfied that this effort of nature has ſaved me from a very dangerous, perhaps a fatal, criſis; and I liſten to the flattering hope that it may tend to keep the gout at a more reſpectful diſtance, &c. &c. &c.

The whole ſheet has been filled with dry ſelfiſh buſineſs; but I muſt and will reſerve ſome lines of the cover for a little friendly converſation. I paſſed four days at the caſtle of Copet with Necker; and could have wiſhed to have ſhewn him, as a warning to any aſpiring youth poſſeſſed with the dæmon of ambition. With all the means of private happineſs in his power, he is the moſt miſerable of human beings: the paſt, the preſent, and the future are equally odious to him. When I ſuggeſted ſome domeſtic amuſements of books, building, &c. he anſwered, with a deep tone of deſpair, "Dans l'êtat ou je ſuis, je ne puis ſentir que le coup "de vent qui m'a abbatû." How different from the careleſs cheerfulneſs with which our poor friend Lord North ſupported his fall! Madame Necker maintains more external compoſure, *mais le Diable n'y perd rien.* It is true that Necker wiſhed to be carried into the cloſet, like old Pitt, on the ſhoulders of the people; and that he has been ruined by the democracy which he had raiſed. I believe him to be an able financier, and know him to be an honeſt man; too honeſt, perhaps, for a miniſter. His rival Calonne has paſſed through Lauſanne, in his way from Turin; and was ſoon followed by the Prince of Condé, with his ſon and grandſon; but I was too much indiſpoſed to ſee them. They have, or have had, ſome wild projects of a counter-revolution: horſes have been bought, men levied; ſuch fooliſh

attempts

attempts muſt end in the ruin of the party. Burke's book is a moſt admirable medicine againſt the French diſeaſe, which has made too much progreſs even in this happy country. I admire his eloquence, I approve his politics, I adore his chivalry, and I can forgive even his ſuperſtition. The primitive church, which I have treated with ſome freedom, was itſelf at that time an innovation, and I was attached to the old Pagan eſtabliſhment. The French ſpread ſo many lies about the ſentiments of the Engliſh nation, that I wiſh the moſt conſiderable men of all parties and deſcriptions would join in ſome public act, declaring themſelves ſatisfied and reſolved to ſupport our preſent conſtitution. Such a declaration would have a wonderful effect in Europe; and, were I thought worthy, I myſelf would be proud to ſubſcribe it. I have a great mind to ſend you ſomething of a ſketch, ſuch as all thinking men might adopt.

I have intelligence of the approach of my Madeira. I accept with equal pleaſure the ſecond pipe, now in the Torrid Zone. Send me ſome pleaſant details of your domeſtic ſtate, of Maria, &c. If my Lady thinks that my ſilence is a mark of indifference, my Lady is a gooſe. I *muſt* have you all at Lauſanne next ſummer.

LAUSANNE, Auguſt 7, 1790.

I ANSWER at once your two letters; and I ſhould probably have taken earlier notice of the firſt, had I not been in daily expectation of the ſecond. I muſt begin on the ſubject of what really intereſts me the moſt, your glorious election for Briſtol. Moſt ſincerely do I congratulate your exchange of a curſed expenſive jilt, who deſerted you for a rich Jew, for an honourable connection with a chaſte and virtuous matron, who will probably be as conſtant as ſhe is diſintereſted. In the whole range of election from Caithneſs to St. Ives, I much doubt whether there be a ſingle choice ſo truly honourable to the member and the conſtituents. The ſecond commercial city invites, from a diſtant province, an independent gentleman, known only by his active ſpirit, and his

his writings on the ſubject of trade; and names him, without intrigue or expence, for her repreſentative: even the voice of party is ſilenced, while factions ſtrive which ſhall applaud the moſt.

You are now ſure, for ſeven years to come, of never wanting food; I mean buſineſs: what a crowd of ſuitors or complainants will beſiege your door! what a load of letters and memorials will be heaped on your table! I much queſtion whether even you will not ſometimes exclaim, *Oh! jam ſatis eſt!* but that is your affair. Of the excurſion to Coventry I cannot decide, but I hear it is pretty generally blamed: but, however, I love gratitude to an old friend; and ſhall not be very angry if you damned them with a farewel to all eternity. But I cannot repreſs my indignation at the uſe of thoſe fooliſh, obſolete, odious words, Whig and Tory. In the American war they might have ſome meaning; and then your Lordſhip was a Tory, although you ſuppoſed yourſelf a Whig: ſince the coalition, all general principles have been confounded; and if there ever was an oppoſition to men, not meaſures, it is the preſent. Luckily both the leaders are great men; and, whatever happens, the country muſt fall upon its legs. What a ſtrange miſt of peace and war ſeems to hang over the ocean! We can perceive nothing but ſecrecy and vigour; but thoſe are excellent qualities to perceive in a miniſter. From yourſelf and politics I now return to my private concerns, which I ſhall methodically conſider under the three great articles of mind, body, and eſtate.

1. I am not abſolutely diſpleaſed at your firing ſo haſtily at the hint, a tremendous hint, in my laſt letter. But the danger is not ſo ſerious or imminent as you ſeem to ſuſpect; and I give you my word, that, before I take the ſlighteſt ſtep which can bind me either in law, conſcience, or honour, I will faithfully communicate, and we will freely diſcuſs, the whole ſtate of the buſineſs. But at preſent there is not any thing to communicate or diſcuſs; I do aſſure you that I have not any particular object in view: I am not

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in love with any of the hyænas of Lauſanne, though there are ſome who keep their claws tolerably well pared. Sometimes, in a ſolitary mood, I have fancied myſelf married to one or other of thoſe whoſe ſociety and converſation are the moſt pleaſing to me; but when I have painted in my fancy all the probable conſequences of ſuch an union, I have ſtarted from my dream, rejoiced in my eſcape, and ejaculated a thankſgiving that I was ſtill in poſſeſſion of my natural freedom. Yet I feel, and ſhall continue to feel, that domeſtic ſolitude, however it may be alleviated by the world, by ſtudy, and even by friendſhip, is a comfortleſs ſtate, which will grow more painful as I deſcend in the vale of years. At preſent my ſituation is very tolerable; and if at dinner-time, or at my return home in the evening, I ſometimes ſigh for a companion, there are many hours, and many occaſions, in which I enjoy the ſuperior bleſſing of being ſole maſter of my own houſe. But your plan, though leſs dangerous, is ſtill more abſurd than mine: ſuch a couple as you deſcribe could not be found; and, if found, would not anſwer my purpoſe; their rank and poſition would be awkward and ambiguous to myſelf and my acquaintance; and the agreement of three perſons of three characters would be ſtill more impracticable. My plan of Charlotte Porten is undoubtedly the moſt deſirable; and ſhe might either remain a ſpinſter (the caſe is not without example), or marry ſome Swiſs of my choice, who would increaſe and enliven our ſociety; and both would have the ſtrongeſt motives for kind and dutiful behaviour. But the mother has been indirectly ſounded, and will not hear of ſuch a propoſal for ſome years. On my ſide, I would not take her, but as a piece of ſoft wax which I could model to the language and manners of the country: I muſt therefore be patient.

Young Severy's letter, which may be now in your hands, and which, for theſe three or four laſt poſts, has furniſhed my indolence with a new pretence for delay, has already informed you of the means and circumſtances of my reſur-

reſurrection. Tedious indeed was my confinement, ſince I was not able to move from my houſe or chair, from the ninth of February to the firſt of July, very nearly five months. The firſt weeks were accompanied with more pain than I have ever known in the gout, with anxious days and ſleepleſs nights; and when that pain ſubſided, it left a weakneſs in my knees, which ſeemed to have no end. My confinement was however ſoftened by books, by the poſſeſſion of every comfort and convenience, by a ſucceſſion each evening of agreeable company, and by a flow of equal ſpirits and general good health. During the laſt weeks I deſcended to the ground floor, poor Deyverdun's apartment, and conſtructed a chair like Merlin's, in which I could wheel myſelf in the houſe and on the terrace. My patience has been univerſally admired; yet how many thouſands have paſſed thoſe five months leſs eaſily than myſelf. I remember making a remark perfectly ſimple, and perfectly true: "At preſent, (I ſaid to Madame de Severy,) I am not poſitively miſerable, and I may reaſonably hope a daily or weekly improvement, till ſooner or later in the ſummer I ſhall recover new limbs, and new pleaſures, which I do not now poſſeſs: have any of you ſuch a proſpect?" The prediction has been accompliſhed, and I have arrived to my preſent condition of ſtrength, or rather of feebleneſs: I now can walk with tolerable eaſe in my garden and ſmooth places; but on the rough pavement of the town I uſe, and perhaps ſhall uſe, a ſedan chair. The Pyrmont waters have performed wonders; and my phyſician (not Tiſſot, but a very ſenſible man) allows me to hope, that the term of the interval will be in proportion to that of the fit.

Have you read in the Engliſh papers, that the government of Berne is overturned, and that we are divided into three democratical leagues? true as what I have read in the French papers, that the Engliſh have cut off Pitt's head, and aboliſhed the Houſe of Lords. The people of this country are happy; and in ſpite of ſome miſcreants, and more

more foreign emiſſaries, they are ſenſible of their happineſs.

Finally—Inform my Lady, that I am indignant at a falſe and heretical aſſertion in her laſt letter to Severy, "that "friends at a diſtance cannot love each other, if they do not "write." I love her better than any woman in the world; indeed I do; and yet I do not write. And ſhe herſelf—but I am calm. We have now nearly one hundred French exiles, ſome of them worth being acquainted with; particularly a Count de Schomberg, who is become almoſt my friend; he is a man of the world, of letters, and of ſufficient age, ſince in 1753 he ſucceeded to Marſhal Saxe's regiment of dragoons. As to the reſt, I entertain them, and they flatter me: but I wiſh we were reduced to our Lauſanne ſociety. Poor France! the ſtate is diſſolved, the nation is mad! Adieu.

LAUSANNE, April 9, 1791.

FIRST, of my health: it is now tolerably reſtored, my legs are ſtill weak, but the animal in general is in a ſound and lively condition; and we have great hopes from the fine weather and the Pyrmont waters. I moſt ſincerely wiſhed for the preſence of Maria, to embelliſh a ball which I gave the 29th of laſt month to all the beſt company, natives and foreigners of Lauſanne, with the aid of the Severys, eſpecially of the mother and ſon, who directed the œconomy, and performed the honours of the *fête*. It opened about ſeven in the evening; the aſſembly of men and women was pleaſed and pleaſing, the muſic good, the illumination ſplendid, the refreſhments profuſe: at twelve, one hundred and thirty perſons ſat down to a very good ſupper: at two, I ſtole away to bed, in a ſnug corner; and I was informed at breakfaſt, that the remains of the veteran and young troops, with Severy and his ſiſter at their head, had concluded the laſt dance about a quarter before ſeven. This magnificent entertainment has gained me great credit; and the expence

was

was more reasonable than you can easily imagine. This was an extraordinary event, but I give frequent dinners; and in the summer I have an assembly every Sunday evening. What a wicked wretch! says my Lady.

I cannot pity you for the accumulation of business, as you ought not to pity *me*, if I complained of the tranquillity of Lausanne; we suffer or enjoy the effects of our own choice. Perhaps you will mutter something, of our not being born for ourselves, of public spirit (I have formerly read of such a thing), of private friendship, for which I give you full and ample credit, &c. But your parliamentary operations, at least, will probably expire in the month of June; and I shall refuse to sign the Newhaven conveyance, unless I am satisfied that you will execute the Lausanne visit this summer. On the 15th of June, suppose Lord, Lady, Maria, and maid, (poor Louisa!) in a post coach, with Etienne on horseback, set out from Downing-Street, or Sheffield-Place, cross the channel from Brighton to Dieppe, visit the National Assembly, buy caps at Paris, examine the ruins of Versailles, and arrive at Lausanne, without danger or fatigue, the second week in July; you will be lodged pleasantly and comfortably, and will not perhaps despise my situation. A couple of months will roll, alas! too hastily away: you will all be amused by new scenes, new people; and whenever Maria and you, with Severy, mount on horseback to visit the country, the glaciers, &c. my Lady and myself shall form a very quiet tête-à-tête at home. In September, if you are tired, you may return by a direct or indirect way; but I only desire that you will not make the plan impracticable, by grasping at too much. In return, I promise you a visit of three or four months in the autumn of ninety-two: you and my booksellers are now my principal attractions in England. You had some right to growl at hearing of my supplement in the papers: but Cadell's indiscretion was founded on a hint which I had thrown out in a letter, and which in all probability will never be executed. Yet I am not totally idle. Adieu.

LAUSANNE, May 18, 1791.

I WRITE a ſhort letter, on ſmall paper, to inform you, that the various deeds, which arrived ſafe and in good condition, have this morning been ſealed, ſigned, and delivered, in the preſence of reſpectable and well-known Engliſh witneſſes. To have read the aforeſaid acts, would have been difficult; to have underſtood them, impracticable. I therefore ſigned them with my eyes ſhut, and in that implicit confidence, which we freemen and Britons are humbly content to yield to our lawyers and miniſters. I hope however, moſt ſeriouſly hope, that every thing has been carefully examined, and that I am not totally ruined. It is not without much impatience that I expect an account of the payment and inveſtment of the purchaſe-money. It was my intention to have added a new edition of my will; but I have an unexpected call to go to Geneva to-morrow with the Severys, and muſt defer that buſineſs a few days till after my return. On my return I may poſſibly find a letter from you, and will write more fully in anſwer: my poſthumous work, contained in a ſingle ſheet, will not ruin you in poſtage. In the mean while let me deſire you either never to talk of Lauſanne, or to execute the journey this ſummer; after the diſpatch of public and *private* buſineſs, there can be no real obſtacle but in yourſelf. Pray do not go to war with Ruſſia: it is very fooliſh. I am quite angry with Pitt. Adieu.

LAUSANNE, May 31, 1791.

AT length I ſee a ray of ſunſhine breaking from a dark cloud. Your epiſtle of the 13th arrived this morning, the 25th inſtant, the day after my return from Geneva; it has been communicated to Severy. We now believe that you intend a viſit to Lauſanne this ſummer, and we hope that you will execute that intention. If you are a man of honour, you ſhall find me one; and, on the day of your arrival at Lauſanne, I will ratify my engagement of viſiting the Britiſh

tiſh iſle before the end of the year 1792, excepting only the fair and foul exception of the gout. You rejoice me, by propoſing the addition of dear Louiſa; it was not without a bitter pang that I threw her overboard, to lighten the veſſel and ſecure the voyage: I was fearful of the governeſs, a ſecond carriage, and a long train of difficulty and expence, which might have ended in blowing up the whole ſcheme. But if you can bodkin the ſweet creature into the coach, ſhe will find an eaſy welcome at Lauſanne. The firſt arrangements which I muſt make before your arrival, may be altered by your own taſte, on a ſurvey of the premiſes, and you will all be commodiouſly and pleaſantly lodged. You have heard a great deal of the beauty of my houſe, garden, and ſituation; but ſuch are their intrinſic value, that, unleſs I am much deceived, they will bear the teſt even of exaggerated praiſe. From my knowledge of your Lordſhip, I have always entertained ſome doubt how you would get through the ſociety of a Lauſanne winter: but I am ſatisfied that, excluſive of friendſhip, your ſummer viſits to the banks of the Leman Lake will long be remembered as one of the moſt agreeable periods of your life; and that you will ſcarcely regret the amuſement of a Suſſex Committee of Navigation in the dog days. You aſk for details: what details? a map of France and a poſt-book are eaſy and infallible guides. If the ladies are not afraid of the ocean, you are not ignorant of the paſſage from Brighton to Dieppe: Paris will then be in your direct road; and even allowing you to look at the Pandæmonium, the ruins of Verſailles, &c. a fortnight diligently employed will clear you from Sheffield-Place to Gibbon Caſtle. What can I ſay more?

As little have I to ſay on the ſubject of my worldly matters, which ſeems now, Jupiter be praiſed, to be drawing towards a final concluſion; ſince when people part with their money, they are indeed ſerious. I do not perfectly underſtand the ratio of the preciſe ſum which you have poured into Goſling's reſervoir, but ſuppoſe it will be explained in a general account.

You

You have been very dutiful in ſending me, what I have always deſired, a cut Woodfall on a remarkable debate; a debate, indeed, moſt remarkable! Poor ***** is the moſt eloquent and rational madman that I ever knew. I love Fox's feelings, but I deteſt the political principles of the man, and of the party. Formerly, you deteſted them more ſtrongly during the American war, than myſelf. I am half afraid that you are corrupted by your unfortunate connections. Should you admire the National Aſſembly, we ſhall have many an altercation, for I am as high an ariſtocrat as Burke himſelf; and he has truly obſerved, that it is impoſſible to debate with temper on the ſubject of that curſed revolution. In my laſt excurſion to Geneva I frequently ſaw the Neckers, who by this time are returned to their ſummer reſidence at Copet. He is much reſtored in health and ſpirits, eſpecially ſince the publication of his laſt book, which has probably reached England. Both parties, who agree in abuſing him, agree likewiſe that he is a man of virtue and genius; but I much fear that the pureſt intentions have been productive of the moſt baneful conſequences. Our military men, I mean the French, are leaving us every day for the camp of the Princes at Worms, and ſupport what is called repreſentation. Their hopes are ſanguine; I will not anſwer for their being well grounded: it is *certain*, however, that the emperor had an interview the 19th inſtant with the Count of Artois at Mantua; and the ariſtocrats talk in myſterious language of Spain, Sardinia, the Empire, four or five armies, &c. They will doubtleſs ſtrike a blow this ſummer: may it not recoil on their own heads! Adieu. Embrace our female travellers. A ſhort delay!

LAUSANNE, June 12, 1791.

I NOW begin to ſee you all in real motion, ſwimming from Brighton to Dieppe, according to my ſcheme, and afterwards treading the direct road, which you cannot well avoid, to the turbulent capital of the late kingdom of France. I know not what more to ſay, or what further inſtructions to ſend; they would indeed be uſeleſs, as you are travelling through a country which has been ſometimes viſited by Engliſhmen: only this let me ſay, that in the midſt of anarchy the roads were never more ſecure than at preſent. As you will wiſh to aſſiſt at the national aſſembly, you will act prudently in obtaining from the French in London a good recommendation to ſome leading member; Cazales, for inſtance, or the Abbé Maury. I ſoon expect from Elmſley a cargo of books; but you may bring me any new pamphlet of exquiſite flavour, particularly the laſt works of John Lord Sheffield*, which the dog has always neglected to ſend. You will have time to write once more, and you muſt endeavour, as nearly as poſſible, to mark the day of your arrival. You may come either by Lyons and Geneva, by Dijon and les Rouſſes, or by Dole and Pontarliere. The poſt will fail you on the edge of Switzerland, and muſt be ſupplied by hired horſes. I wiſh you to make your laſt day's journey eaſy, ſo as to dine upon the road, and arrive by tea-time. The pulſe of the counter-revolution beats high, but I cannot ſend you any certain facts. Adieu. I want to *hear* my Lady abuſing me for never writing. *All* the Severys are very impatient.

Notwithſtanding the high premium, I do not abſolutely wiſh you drowned. Beſides all other cares, I muſt marry and propagate, which would give me a great deal of trouble.

IN

* Obſervations on the Corn Laws.

LAUSANNE, July 1ſt, 1791.

IN obedience to your orders I direct a flying ſhot to Paris, though I have not any thing particular to add, excepting that our impatience is increaſed in the *inverſe ratio* of time and ſpace. Yet I almoſt doubt whether you have paſſed the ſea. The news of the King of France's eſcape muſt have reached you before the 28th, the day of your departure, and the proſpect of ſtrange unknown diſorder may well have ſuſpended your firmeſt reſolves. The royal animal is again caught, and all may probably be quiet. I was juſt going to exhort you to paſs through Bruſſels and the confines of Germany; a fair Iriſhiſm, ſince if you read this, you are already at Paris. The only reaſonable advice which now remains, is to obtain, by means of Lord Gower, a ſufficiency, or even ſuperfluity, of forcible paſſports, ſuch as leave no room for cavil on a jealous frontier. The frequent intercourſe with Paris has proved that the beſt and ſhorteſt road, inſtead of Beſançon, is by Dijon, Dole, Les Rouſſes, and Nyon. Adieu. I warmly embrace the ladies. It would be idle now to talk of buſineſs.

IT has appeared from the foregoing Letters, that a viſit from myſelf and my family, to Mr. Gibbon at Lauſanne, had been for ſome time in agitation. This long-promiſed excurſion took place in the month of June 1791, and occaſioned a conſiderable ceſſation of our correſpondence. I landed at Dieppe immediately after the flight from, and return to, Paris of the unfortunate Lewis XVI. During my ſtay in that capital, I had an opportunity of ſeeing the extraordinary ferment of men's minds, both in the national aſſembly, and in private ſocieties, and alſo in my paſſage through France to Lauſanne, where I recalled to my memory the intereſting ſcenes I had witneſſed, by frequent converſations with my deceaſed friend. I might have wiſhed to record his opinions on the ſubject of the French revolution, if he had not expreſſed them ſo well in the annexed Letters. He ſeemed to ſuppoſe, as ſome of his Letters hint, that I had a tendency to the new French opinions. Never indeed, I can with truth aver, was ſuſpicion more unfounded; nor could it have been admitted into Mr. Gibbon's mind, but that his extreme friendſhip for me, and his utter abhorrence of theſe notions, made him anxious and jealous, even to an exceſs, that I ſhould not entertain them. He was, however, ſoon undeceived; he found that I was full as averſe to them as himſelf. I had from the firſt expreſſed an opinion, that ſuch a change as was aimed at in France, muſt derange all the regular governments in Europe, hazard the internal quiet and deareſt intereſts of this country, and probably end in bringing on mankind a much greater portion of miſery, than the moſt ſanguine reformer had ever promiſed to himſelf or others to produce of benefit, by the viſionary

ſchemes of liberty and equality, with which the ignorant and vulgar were miſled and abuſed.

Mr. Gibbon at firſt, like many others, ſeemed pleaſed with the proſpect of the reform of inveterate abuſes; but he very ſoon diſcovered the miſchief which was intended, the imbecility with which conceſſions were made, and the ruin that muſt ariſe, from the want of reſolution or conduct, in the adminiſtration of France. He lived to reprobate, in the ſtrongeſt terms poſſible, the folly of the firſt reformers, and the ſomething worſe than the extravagance and ferocity of their ſucceſſors. He ſaw the wild and miſchievous tendency of thoſe pretended reformers, which, while they profeſſed nothing but amendment, really meant deſtruction to all ſocial order; and ſo ſtrongly was his opinion fixed, as to the danger of haſty innovation, that he became, a warm and zealous advocate for every ſort of old eſtabliſhment, which he marked in various ways ſometimes rather ludicrouſly; and I recollect, in a circle where French affairs were the topic, and ſome Portugueſe preſent, he, ſeemingly with ſerioufneſs, argued in favour of the inquiſition at Liſbon, and ſaid he would not at the preſent moment, give up even that old eſtabliſhment.

It may, perhaps, not be quite unintereſting to the readers of theſe Memoirs, to know that I found Mr. Gibbon at Lauſanne in poſſeſſion of an excellent houſe; the view from which, and from the terrace, was ſo uncommonly beautiful, that even his own pen would with difficulty deſcribe the ſcene which it commanded. This proſpect comprehended every thing grand and magnificent, which could be furniſhed by the fineſt mountains among the Alps, the moſt extenſive view of the Lake of Geneva, with a beautifully varied and cultivated country, adorned by numerous villas, and

picturesque

picturesque buildings, intermixed with beautiful masses, of stately trees. Here my friend received us with an hospitality and kindness which I can never forget. The best apartments of the house were appropriated to our use; the choicest society of the place was sought for, to enliven our visit, and to render every day of it cheerful and agreeable. It was impossible for any man to be more esteemed and admired than Mr. Gibbon was at Lausanne. The preference he had given to that place in adopting it for a residence, rather than his own country, was felt and acknowledged by all the inhabitants; and he may have been said almost to have given the law to a set of as willing subjects as any man ever presided over. In return for the deference shewn to him, he mixed, without any affectation, in all the society. I mean all the best society, that Lausanne afforded; he could indeed command it, and was, perhaps, for that reason the more partial to it; for he often declared that he liked society more as a relaxation from study, than as expecting to derive from it amusement or instruction; that to books he looked for improvement, not to living persons. But this I considered partly as an answer to my expressions of wonder, that a man who might choose the most various and the most generally improved society in the world, namely, in England, should prefer the very limited circle of Lausanne, which he never deserted, but for an occasional visit to M. and Madame Necker. It must not, however, be understood, that in chusing Lausanne, for his home, he was insensible to the merits of a residence in England: he was not in possession of an income which corresponded with his notions of ease and comfort in his own country. In Switzerland, his fortune was ample. To this consideration of fortune may be added another, which also had its weight;

from early youth Mr. Gibbon had contracted a partiality for foreign taſte and foreign habits of life, which made him leſs a ſtranger abroad than he was, in ſome reſpects in his native country. This aroſe, perhaps, from having been out of England from his ſixteenth to his twenty-firſt year; yet when I came to Lauſanne, I found him apparently without reliſh for French ſociety. During the ſtay I made with him he renewed his intercourſe with the principal French who were at Lauſanne; of whom there happened to be a conſiderable number, diſtinguiſhed for rank or talents; many indeed reſpectable for both.* During my ſtay in Switzerland I was not abſent from my friend's houſe, except during a ſhort excurſion that we made together to Mr. Necker's at Copet, and a tour to Geneva, Chamouny, over the Col de Balme, to Martigny, St. Maurice, and round the Lake by Vevay to Lauſanne. In the ſocial and ſingularly pleaſant months that I paſſed with Mr. Gibbon, he enjoyed his cheerfulneſs, with good health. Since he left England, in 1788, he had had a ſevere attack, mentioned in one of the foregoing letters, of an Eryſipelas, which at laſt ſettled in one of his legs, and left ſomething of a dropſical tendency; for at this time I firſt perceived a conſiderable degree of ſwelling about the ancle.

In the beginning of October I left this delightful reſidence; and ſome time after my return to England, our correſpondence recommenced.

* Marſhal de Caſtries and ſeveral branches of his family, Duc de Guignes and daughters, Duc and Ducheſſe de Guiche, Madame de Grammont, Princeſſe d'Henin, Princeſſe de Bouillon, Ducheſſe de Biron, Prince de Salm, Comte de Schomberg, Count de Lally, Lally Tolendal, M. Mounier, Madame d'Agueſſeau and family, M. de Malſherbes, &c. &c.

LETTERS

FROM

EDWARD GIBBON Esq.

TO

LORD *SHEFFIELD*, and others.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq. to the Hon. Miss* HOLROYD.

LAUSANNE, 9th Nov. 1791.

GULLIVER is made to say, in presenting his interpreter, "My tongue is in the mouth of my friend." Allow me to say, with proper expressions and excuses, "My pen is in the hand of my friend;" and the aforesaid friend begs leave thus to continue *.

I remember to have read somewhere in Rousseau, of a lover quitting very often his mistress, to have the pleasure of corresponding with her. Though not absolutely, your lover, I am very much your admirer, and should be extremely tempted to follow the same example. The spirit and reason which prevail in your conversation, appear to great advantage in your letters. The three which I have received from Berne, Coblentz, and Brussels have given me much real pleasure; first, as a proof that you are often thinking of me; secondly, as an evidence that you are capable of keeping a resolution; and thirdly, from their own intrinsic merit and entertainment. The style, without any allowance for haste or hurry, is perfectly correct; the manner is neither too light, nor too grave; the dimensions neither too long, nor too short: they are such, in a word, as I should like to receive from the daughter of my best friend. I attend your lively journal, through bad roads, and worse inns. Your descripti-

* The remainder of the letter was dictated by Mr. Gibbon, and written by M. Wilh. de Severy. S.

on

on of men and manners conveys very ſatisfactory information; and I am particularly delighted with your remark concerning the irregular behaviour of the Rhine. But the Rhine, alas! after ſome temporary wanderings, will be content to flow in his old channel, while man---man is the greateſt fool of the whole creation.

I direct this letter to Sheffield-Place, where I ſuppoſe you arrived in health and ſafety. I congratulate my Lady on her quiet eſtabliſhment by her fireſide; and hope you will be able, after all your excurſions, to ſupport the climate and manners of Old England. Before this epiſtle reaches you, I hope to have received the two promiſed letters from Dover and Sheffield-Place. If they ſhould not meet with a proper return, you will pity and forgive me. I have not yet heard from Lord Sheffield, who ſeems to have devolved on his daughter, the taſk which ſhe has ſo glorioufly executed. I ſhall probably not write to him, till I have received his firſt letter of buſineſs from England; but with regard to my Lady, I have moſt excellent intentions.

I never could underſtand how two perſons of ſuch ſuperior merit, as Miſs Holroyd and Miſs Lauſanne, could have ſo little reliſh for one another, as they appeared to have in the beginning; and it was with great pleaſure that I obſerved the degrees of their growing intimacy, and the mutual regret of their ſeparation. Whatever you may imagine, your friends at Lauſanne have been thinking as frequently of yourſelf and company, as you could poſſibly think of them; and you will be very ungrateful, if you do not ſeriouſly reſolve to make them a ſecond viſit, under ſuch name and title as you may judge moſt agreeable. None of the Severy family, except perhaps my ſecretary, are inclined to forget you; and I am continually aſked for ſome account of your health, motions, and amuſements. Since your departure, no great events have occurred.

I have

I have made a ſhort excurſion to Geneva and Copet, and found Mr. Necker in much better ſpirits than when you ſaw him. They preſſed me to paſs ſome weeks this winter in their houſe at Geneva; and I may poſſibly comply, at leaſt, in part, with their invitation. The aſpect of Lauſanne is peaceful and placid; and you have no hopes of a revolution driving me out of this country. We hear nothing of the proceedings of the commiſſion*, except by playing at cards every evening with Monſieur Fiſcher, who often ſpeaks of Lord Sheffield with eſteem and reſpect. There is no appearance of Roſſet and La Motte being brought to a ſpeedy trial and they ſtill remain in the caſtle of Chillon, which (according to the Geography of the national Aſſembly) is waſhed by the ſea. Our winter begins with great ſeverity; and we ſhall not probably have many balls, which, as you may imagine, I lament much. Angletine does not conſider two French words as a letter. Montrond ſighs and bluſhes whenever Louiſa's name is mentioned: Phillippine wiſhes to converſe with her on men and manners. The French ladies are ſettled in town for the winter, and they form, with Mrs. Trevor, a very agreeable addition to our ſociety. It is now enlivened by a viſit of the Chevalier de Boufflers, one of the moſt accompliſhed men in the *ci devant* kingdom of France.

* A commiſſion, at the head of which was Monſieur Fiſcher, one of the principal members of the government of Berne, a very active and intelligent man, who would have diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the adminiſtration of any country. This commiſſion, which was accompanied by two or three thouſand of the beſt of the German militia of the Canton of Berne, was ſent for the purpoſe of examining into ſome attempts to introduce the French revolutionary principles into the Pays de Vaud. Several perſons were ſeized; the greater part were releaſed; the examination was ſecret, but Roſſet and La Motte were confined in the caſtle of Chillon; and being afterwards condemned, for correſpondence with the French, to a long impriſonment, were tranſferred to the caſtle of Arbourg from whence they eſcaped.

As

As Mrs. Wood*, who has miſcarried, is about to leave us, I muſt either cure or die; and, upon the whole, I believe the former will be moſt expedient. You will ſee her in London, with dear Corea, next winter. My rival magnificently preſents me with an hogſhead of Madeira; ſo that in honour I could not ſupplant him: yet I do aſſure you, from my heart, that another departure is much more painful to me. The apartment below † is ſhut up, and I know not when I ſhall again viſit it with pleaſure. Adieu. Believe me, one and all, moſt affectionately yours.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſq. to the Right Hon. Lord* SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, December 28, 1791.

ALAS! alas! the dæmon of procraſtination has again poſſeſſed me. Three months have nearly rolled away ſince your departure; and ſeven letters, five from the moſt valuable Maria, and two from yourſelf, have extorted from me only a ſingle epiſtle, which perhaps would never have been written, had I not uſed the permiſſion of employing my own tongue and the hand of a ſecretary. Shall I tell you, that for theſe laſt ſix weeks, the eve of every day has witneſſed a *firm* reſolution, and the day itſelf has furniſhed ſome ingenious delay? This morning, for inſtance, I determined to invade you as ſoon as the breakfaſt things ſhould be removed: they were removed; but I had ſomething to read, to write, to meditate, and there was time enough before me. Hour after hour has ſtolen away, and I finally begin my letter at two o'clock, evidently too late for the poſt, as I muſt dreſs, dine, go abroad, &c. A foundation, however, *ſhall be* laid, which will ſtare me

* Madame de Silva.

† The apartment principally inhabited during the reſidence of my family at Lauſanne. S.

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in the face; and next Saturday I shall probably be roused by the awful reflection that it is the last day in the year.

After realizing this summer an event which I had long considered as a dream of fancy, I know not whether I should rejoice or grieve at your visit to Lausanne. While I possessed the family, the sentiment of pleasure highly predominated; when, just as we had subsided in a regular, easy, comfortable plan of life, the last trump sounded, and, without speaking of the pang of separation, you left me to one of the most gloomy, solitary months of October which I have ever passed. For yourself and daughters, however, you have contrived to snatch some of the most interesting scenes of this world. Paris, at such a moment, Switzerland, and the Rhine, Strasburg, Coblentz, have suggested a train of lively images and useful ideas, which will not be speedily erased. The mind of the young damsel, more especially, will be enlarged and enlightened in every sense. In four months she has lived many years; and she will much deceive and displease me, if she does not review and methodize her journal, in such a manner as she is capable of performing, for the amusement of her particular friends. Another benefit which will redound from your recent view is, that every place, person, and object, about Lausanne, are now become familiar and interesting to you. In our future correspondence (do I dare pronounce the word correspondence?) I can talk to you as freely of every circumstance as if it were actually before your eyes. And first, of my own improvements.—All those venerable piles of ancient verdure which you *admired* have been eradicated in one fatal day. Your faithful substitutes, William de Severy and Levade, have never ceased to persecute me, till I signed their death warrant. Their place is now supplied by a number of picturesque naked poles, the foster fathers of as many twigs of Platanusses, which

which may afford a grateful but diſtant ſhade to the founder, or to his ſeris Nepotibus. In the mean while I muſt confeſs that the terrace appears broader, and that I diſcover a much larger quantity of ſnow than I ſhould otherwiſe do. The workmen admire your ingenious plan for cutting out a new bed-chamber and book-room; but, on mature conſideration, we all unanimouſly prefer the old ſcheme of adding a third room on the terrace beyond the library, with two ſpacious windows, and a fire-place between. It will be larger (28 feet by 21), and pleaſanter, and warmer: the difference of expence will be much leſs conſiderable than I imagined: the door of communication with the library will be artfully buried in the wainſcot; and, unleſs it be opened by my own choice, may always remain a profound ſecret. Such is the deſign; but as it will not be executed before next ſummer, you have time and liberty to ſtate your objections. I am much colder about the ſtaircaſe, but it may be finiſhed, according to your idea, for thirty pounds; and I feel they will perſuade me. Am I not a very rich man? When theſe alterations are completed, few authors of ſix volumes in quarto will be more agreeably lodged than myſelf. Lauſanne is now full and lively; all our native families are returned from the country; and, praiſed be the Lord: we are infeſted with few foreigners, either French or Engliſh. Even our democrats are more reaſonable or more diſcreet; it is agreed, to wave the ſubject of politics, and all ſeem happy and cordial. I have a grand dinner this week, a ſupper of thirty or forty people on Twelfth-day, &c.; ſome concerts have taken place, ſome balls are talked of; and even Maria would allow (yet it is ungenerous to ſay even Maria) that the winter ſcene at Lauſanne is tolerably gay and active. I ſay nothing of the Severys, as Angletine has epiſtolized Maria laſt poſt. She has probably hinted that her

her brother meditates a ſhort excurſion to Turin: that worthy fellow Trevor has given him a preſſing invitation to his own houſe. In the beginning of February I propoſe going to Geneva for three or four weeks. I ſhall lodge and eat with the Neckers; my mornings will be my own, and I ſhall ſpend my evenings in the ſociety of the place, where I have many acquaintance. This ſhort abſence will agitate my ſtagnant life, and reſtore me with freſh appetite to my houſe, my library, and my friends. Before that time (the end of February) what events may happen, or be ready to happen! The National Aſſembly (compared to which the former was a ſenate of heroes and demi-gods) ſeem reſolved to attack Germany *avec quatre millions de bayonettes libres*; the army of the princes muſt ſoon either fight, or ſtarve, or conquer. Will Sweden draw his ſword? will Ruſſia draw her purſe? an empty purſe! All is darkneſs and anarchy: neither party is ſtrong enough to oppoſe a ſettlement; and I cannot ſee a poſſibility of an amicable arrangement, where there are no heads (in any ſenſe of the word) who can anſwer for the multitude. Send me your ideas, and thoſe of Lord Guildford, Lord Loughborough, Fox, &c.

Before I conclude, a word of my vexatious affairs.—Shall I never ſail on the ſmooth ſtream of good ſecurity and half-yearly intereſt? will every body refuſe my money? I had already written to Darrel and Goſling to obey your commands, and was in hopes that you had already made large and ſalutary evacuations. During your abſence I never expected much effect from the cold indifference of agents; but you are now in England—you will be ſpeedily in London: ſet all your ſetting-dogs to beat the field, hunt, enquire, why ſhould you not advertiſe? Yet I am almoſt aſhamed to complain of ſome ſtagnation of intereſt, when I am witneſs to the natural and acquired philoſophy of ſo many French,

who

who are reduced from riches, not to indigence, but to abſolute want and beggary. A Count Argout has juſt left us, who poſſeſſed ten thouſand a-year in the iſland of St. Domingo; he is utterly burned and ruined; and a brother, whom he tenderly loved, has been murdered by the negroes. Theſe are real misfortunes. I have much revolved the plan of the Memoirs I once mentioned; and, as you do not think it ridiculous, I believe I ſhall make an attempt: if I can pleaſe myſelf, I am confident of not diſpleaſing; but let this be a profound ſecret between us: people muſt not be prepared to laugh; they muſt be taken by ſurpriſe. Have you looked over your, or rather my, letters? Surely in the courſe of the year, you may find a ſafe and cheap occaſion of ſending me a parcel; they may aſſiſt me. Adieu. I embrace my Lady: ſend me a favourable account of her health. I kiſs the Marmaille. By an amazing puſh of remorſe and diligence I have finiſhed my letter (three pages and a half) this ſame day ſince dinner; but I have not time to read it. Ever yours.

Half paſt Six.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, December 31, 1792.

To-morrow a new year, *multos et felices!*

I NOW moſt ſincerely repent of my late repentance, and do almoſt ſwear never to renounce the amiable and uſeful practice of procraſtination. Had I delayed, as I was ſtrongly tempted, another poſt, your miſſive of the 13th, which did not reach me till this morning (three mails were due), would have arrived in time, and I might have avoided this ſecond Herculean labour. It will be, however, no more than an infant Hercules. The topics of converſation have been fully diſcuſſed, and I ſhall now confine myſelf to the needful of the new buſineſs. *Felix fauſtumque ſit!* may no untoward acci-

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dent disarrange your Yorkshire mortgage; the conclusion of which will place me in a clear and easy state, such as I have never known since the first hour of property.

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The three per cents are so high, and the country is in such a damned state of prosperity under that fellow Pitt, that it goes against me to purchase at such low interest. In my visit to England next autumn, or in the spring following, (alas! you *must* acquiesce in the alternative,) I hope to be armed with sufficient materials to draw a sum, which may be employed as taste or fancy shall dictate, in the improvement of my library, a service of plate, &c. I am not very sanguine, but surely this is no uncomfortable prospect. This pecuniary detail, which has not indeed been so unpleasant as it used formerly to be, has carried me farther than I expected. Let us now drink and be merry. I flatter myself that your Madeira, improved by its travels, will set forwards for Messrs. Romberg, at Ostend, early in the spring; and I should be very well pleased if you could add a hogshead of excellent Claret, for which we should be entitled to the drawback: they must halt at Basle, and send notice to me for a safe-conduct. Have you had any intelligence from Lord Auckland about the wine which he was to order from Bourdeaux, by Marseilles and the Rhone? The one need not impede the other; I wish to have a large stock. Corea has promised me a hogshead of his native Madeira, for which I am to give him an order on Cadell for a copy of the Decline and Fall: he vanished without notice, and is now at Paris. Could you not fish out his direction by Mrs. Wood, who by this time is in England? I rejoice in Lally's prosperity. Have you reconsidered my proposal of a declaration of constitutional principles from the heads of the party? I think a foolish address from a body of Whigs to the

the National Assembly renders it still more incumbent on you. Atchieve my worldly concerns, *et eris mihi magnus Apollo.* Adieu, ever yours.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, April 4th, 1794.

FOR fear you should abuse me, as usual, I will begin the attack, and scold at you, for not having yet sent me the long-expected intelligence of the completion of my mortgage. You had positively assured me that the second of February would terminate my worldly cares, by a consummation so devoutly to be wished. The news, therefore, might reach me about the eighteenth; and I argued with the gentle logic of laziness, that it was perfectly idle to answer your letter, till I could chaunt a thanksgiving song of gratitude and praise. As every post disappointed my hopes, the same argument was repeated for the next; and twenty empty-handed postilions have blown their insignificant horns, till I am provoked at last to write by sheer impatience and vexation. *Facit indignatio versum. Cospetto di Baccho*; for I must ease myself by swearing a little. What is the cause, the meaning, the pretence, of this delay? Are the Yorkshire mortgagers inconstant in their wishes? Are the London lawyers constant in their procrastination? Is a letter on the road, to inform me that all is concluded, or to tell me that all is broken to pieces? Had the money been placed in the three per cents last May; besides the annual interest, it would have gained by the rise of stock nearly twenty *per cent.* Your lordship is a wise man, a successful writer, and an useful senator; you understand America and Ireland, corn and slaves, but your prejudice against the funds*, in which I am often tempted to join, makes you a little blind to their increasing value in the hands of our

* It would be more correct if he had only stated, my preference of land to all other property.

virtuous

virtuous and excellent miniſter. But our regret is vain; one pull more and we reach the ſhore; and our future correſpondence will be no longer tainted with buſineſs. Shall I then be more diligent and regular? I hope and believe ſo; for now that I have got over this article of worldly intereſt, my letter ſeems to be almoſt finiſhed. *A propos* of letters, am I not a ſad dog to forget my Lady and Maria? Alas! the dual number has been prejudicial to both. "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away." I am like the aſs of famous memory; I cannot tell which way to turn firſt, and there I ſtand mute and immoveable. The Baronial and maternal dignity of my Lady, ſupported by twenty years friendſhip, may claim the preference. But the five incomparable letters of Maria!—Next week, however.—Am I not aſhamed to talk of next week?

I have moſt ſucceſsfully, and moſt agreeably, executed my plan of ſpending the month of March at Geneva, in the Necker-houſe, and every circumſtance that I had arranged turned out beyond my expectation; the freedom of the morning, the ſociety of the table and drawing-room, from half an hour paſt two till ſix or ſeven; an evening aſſembly and card-party, in a round of the beſt company, and, excepting one day in the week, a private ſupper of free and friendly converſation. You would like Geneva better than Lauſanne; there is much more information to be got among the men; but though I found ſome agreeable women, their manners and ſtile of life are, upon the whole, leſs eaſy and pleaſant than our own. I was much pleaſed with Necker's brother Mr. De Germany, a good-humoured, polite, ſenſible man, without the genius and fame of the ſtateſman, but much more adapted for private and ordinary happineſs. Madame de Stael is expected in a few weeks at Copet, where they receive her, and where, "to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,"

a prey," ſhe will have leiſure to regret "the pleaſing anxious being," which ſhe enjoyed amidſt the ſtorms of Paris. But what can the poor creature do? her huſband is in Sweden, her lover is no longer ſecretary at war, and her father's houſe is the only place where ſhe can reſide with the leaſt degree of prudence and decency. Of that father I have really a much higher idea than I ever had before; in our domeſtic intimacy he caſt away his gloom and reſerve; I ſaw a great deal of his mind, and all that I ſaw is fair and worthy. He was overwhelmed by the hurricane, he miſtook his way in the fog, but in ſuch a perilous ſituation, I much doubt whether any mortal could have ſeen or ſtood. In the meanwhile, he is abuſed by all parties, and none of the French in Geneva will ſet their foot in his houſe. He remembers Lord Sheffield with eſteem; his health is good, and he would be tranquil in his private life, were not his ſpirits continually wounded by the arrival of every letter and every newſpaper. His ſympathy is deeply intereſted by the fatal conſequences of a revolution, in which he had acted ſo leading a part; and he feels as a friend for the danger of M. de Leſſart, who may be guilty in the eyes of the Jacobins, or even of his judges, by thoſe very actions and diſpatches which would be moſt approved by all the lovers of his country. What a momentous event is the Emperor's death! In the forms of a new reign, and of the Imperial election, the democrats have at leaſt gained time, if they knew how to uſe it. But the new monarch, though of a weak complexion, is of a martial temper; he loves the ſoldiers, and is beloved by them; and the ſlow fluctuating politics of his uncle may be ſucceeded by a direct line of march to the gates of Straſburg and Paris. It is the opinion of the maſter movers in France, (I know it moſt certainly,) that their troops will not fight, that the people have loſt all ſenſe

of

of patriotism, and that on the first discharge of an Austrian cannon the game is up. But what occasion for Austrians or Spaniards? the French are themselves their greatest enemies; four thousand Marseillois are marched against Arles and Avignon, the *troupes de ligne* are divided between the two parties, and the flame of civil war will soon extend over the southern provinces. You have heard of the unworthy treatment of the Swiss regiment of Ernst. The canton of Berne has bravely recalled them, with a stout letter to the King of France, which must be inserted in all the papers. I now come to the most unpleasant article, our home politics. Boffet and La Motte are condemned to fine and twenty years imprisonment in the fortress of Arbourg. We have not yet received their official sentence, nor is it believed that the proofs and proceedings against them will be published; an awkward circumstance, which it does not seem easy to justify. Some (though none of note) are taken up, several are fled, many more are suspected and suspicious. All are silent, but it is the silence of fear and discontent; and the secret hatred which rankled against government begins to point against the few who are known to be well-affected. I never knew any place so much changed as Lausanne, even since last year; and though you will not be much obliged to me for the motive, I begin very seriously to think of visiting Sheffield-Place by the month of September next. Yet here again I am frightened, by the dangers of a French, and the difficulties of a German, route. You must send me an account of the passage from Dieppe to Brighton, with an itinerary of the Rhine, distances, expences, &c. As usual, I just save the post, nor have I time to read my letter, which, after wasting the morning in deliberation, has been struck off in a heat since dinner. No news of the Madeira. The views of Sheffield-Place are just received; they are admired,

mired, and ſhall be framed. Severy has ſpent the carnival at Turin. Trevor is only the beſt man in the world.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, May 30th, 1792.

AFTER the receipt of your *penultimate*, eight days ago, I expected with much impatience, the arrival of your next-promiſed epiſtle. It arrived this morning, but has not completely anſwered my expectations. I wanted, and I hoped for a full and fair picture of the preſent and probable aſpect of your political world, with which, at this diſtance, I ſeem every day leſs ſatisfied. In the ſlave queſtion you triumphed laſt ſeſſion, in this you have been defeated. What is the cauſe of this alteration? If it proceeded only from an impulſe of humanity, I cannot be diſpleaſed, even with an error; ſince it is very likely that my own vote (had I poſſeſſed one) would have been added to the majority. But in this rage againſt ſlavery, in the numerous petitions againſt the ſlave trade, was there no leaven of new democratical principles? no wild ideas of the rights and natural equality of man? It is theſe, I fear. Some articles in newſpapers, ſome pamphlets of the year, the Jockey Club, have fallen into my hands. I do not infer much from ſuch publications; yet I have never known them of ſo black and malignant a caſt. I ſhuddered at Grey's motion; diſliked the half-ſupport of Fox, admired the firmneſs of Pitt's declaration, and excuſdd the uſual intemperance of Burke. Surely ſuch men as ****, ********, ******, have talents for miſchief. I ſee a club of reform which contains ſome reſpectable names. Inform me of the profeſſions, the principles, the plans, the reſources, of theſe reformers. Will they heat the minds of the people? Does the French democracy gain no ground? Will the bulk of your party ſtand firm to their own intereſt, and that of their country?

try? Will you not take ſome active meaſures to declare your ſound opinions, and ſeparate yourſelves from your rotten members? or if you allow them to perplex government, if you trifle with this ſolemn buſineſs, if you do not reſiſt the ſpirit of innovation in the firſt attempt, if you admit the ſmalleſt and moſt ſpecious change in our parliamentary ſyſtem, you are loſt. You will be driven from one ſtep to another; from principles juſt in theory, to conſequences moſt pernicious in practice; and your firſt conceſſions will be productive of every ſubſequent miſchief, for which you will be anſwerable to your country and to poſterity. Do not ſuffer yourſelves to be lulled into a falſe ſecurity; remember the proud fabric of the French monarchy. Not four years ago it ſtood founded, as it might ſeem, on the rock of time, force, and opinion, ſupported by the triple ariſtocracy of the church, the nobility, and the parliaments. They are crumbled into duſt; they are vaniſhed from the earth. If this tremendous warning has no effect on the men of property in England; if it does not open every eye, and raiſe every arm, you will deſerve your fate. If I am too precipitate, enlighten; if I am too deſponding, encourage me.

My pen has run into this argument; for, as much a foreigner as you think me, on this momentous ſubject, I feel myſelf an Engliſhman.

The pleaſure of reſiding at Sheffield-Place is, after all, the firſt and the ultimate object of my viſit to my native country. But when or how will that viſit be affected? Clouds and whirlwinds, Auſtrian Croats and Gallic cannibals, ſeem on every ſide to impede my paſſage. You appear to apprehend the perils or difficulties of the German road, and French peace is more ſanguinary than civilized war. I muſt paſs through, perhaps, a thouſand republics or municipalities, which neither obey nor are obeyed. The ſtrictneſs of paſſports, and the popular

ferment, are much increaſed ſince laſt ſummer: ariſtocrate is in every mouth, lanterns hang in every ſtreet, and an haſty word or a caſual reſemblance, may be fatal. Yet, on the other hand, it is probable that many Engliſh, men, women, and children, will traverſe the country without any accident before next September; and I am ſenſible that many things appear more formidable at a diſtance than on a nearer approach. Without any abſolute determination, we muſt ſee what the events of the next three or four months will produce. In the mean while, I ſhall expect with impatience your next letter: let it be ſpeedy; my anſwer ſhall be prompt.

You will be glad, or ſorry, to learn that my gloomy apprehenſions are much abated, and that my departure, whenever it takes place, will be an act of choice, rather than of neceſſity. I do not pretend to affirm, that ſecret diſcontent, dark ſuſpicion, private animoſity, are very materially aſſuaged; but we have not experience, nor do we now apprehend, any dangerous acts of violence, which may compel me to ſeek a refuge among the friendly Bears*, and to abandon my library to the mercy of the democrats. The firmneſs and vigour of government have cruſhed, at leaſt for a time, the ſpirit of innovation; and I do not believe that the body of the people, eſpecially the peaſants, are diſpoſed for a revolution. From France, praiſed be the dæmon of anarchy! the inſurgents of the Pays de Vaud could not at preſent have much to hope; and ſhould the *gardes nationales*, of which there is little appearance, attempt an incurſion, the country is armed and prepared, and they would be reſiſted with equal numbers and ſuperior diſcipline. The Gallic wolves that prowled round Geneva are drawn away, ſome to the ſouth and ſome to the north, and the late events in Flanders ſeem to have diffuſed a general

* Berne.

contempt,

contempt, as well as abhorrence, for the lawleſs ſavages, who fly before the enemy, hang their priſoners, and murder their officers. The brave and patient regiment of Erneſt is expected home every day, and as Berne will take them into preſent pay, that veteran and regular corps will add to the ſecurity of our frontier.

I rejoice that we have ſo little to ſay on that ſubject of worldly affairs. * * * * This ſummer we are threatened with an inundation, beſides many nameleſs Engliſh and Iriſh; but I am anxious for the Ducheſs of Devonſhire and the Lady Elizabeth Foſter, who are on their march. Lord Malmſbury, the *audacieux* Harris, will inform you that he has ſeen me: *him* I would have conſented to keep.

One word more before we part; call upon Mr. John Nichols, bookſeller and printer, at Cicero's Head, Red-Lion-Paſſage, Fleet-Street, and aſk him whether he did not, about the beginning of March, receive a very polite letter from Mr. Gibbon of Lauſanne? To which, either as a man of buſineſs or a civil gentleman, he ſhould have returned an anſwer. My application related to a domeſtic article in the Gentleman's Magazine of Auguſt 1788, (p. 698,) which had lately fallen into my hands, and concerning which I requeſted ſome farther lights. Mrs. Moſs delivered the letters* into my hands, but I doubt whether they will be of much ſervice to me; the work appears far more difficult in the execution than in the idea, and as I am now taking my leave for ſome time of the library, I ſhall not make much progreſs in the memoirs of P. P. till I am on Engliſh ground. But is it indeed true, that I ſhall eat any Suſſex pheaſants this autumn? The event is in the book of Fate, and I cannot unroll the leaves of September and October. Should I reach Sheffield-Place, I hope to find the whole family in a perfect ſtate of exiſtence, except a certain Maria Hol-

* His letters to me for a certain period, which he deſired me to ſend, to aſſiſt him in writing his Memoirs. S.

royd,

royd, my fair and *generous* correſpondent, whoſe annihilation on proper terms I moſt fervently deſire. I muſt receive a copious anſwer before the end of next month, June, and again call upon you for a map of your political world. The chancellor roars; does he break his chain? *Vale.*

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, Auguſt 23d, 1792.

WHEN I inform you, that the deſign of my Engliſh expedition is at laſt poſtponed till another year, you will not be much ſurpriſed. The public obſtacles, the danger of one road, and the difficulties of another, would alone be ſufficient to arreſt ſo unwieldy and inactive a being; and theſe obſtacles, on the ſide of France, are growing every day more inſuperable. On the other hand, the terrors, which might have driven me from hence have, in a great meaſure, ſubſided; our ſtate-priſoners are forgotten: the country begins to recover its old good humour and unſuſpecting confidence, and the laſt revolution of Paris appears to have convinced almoſt every body of the fatal conſequences of democratical principles, which lead by a path of flowers into the abyſs of hell. I may therefore wait with patience and tranquillity till the Duke of Brunſwick ſhall have opened the French road. But if I am not driven from Lauſanne, you will aſk, I hope with ſome indignation, whether I am not drawn to England, and more eſpecially to Sheffield-Place? The deſire of embracing you and yours is now the ſtrongeſt, and muſt gradually become the ſole, inducement that can force me from my library and garden, over ſeas and mountains. The Engliſh world will forget and be forgotten, and every year will deprive me of ſome acquaintance, who by courteſy are ſtyled friends: Lord Guildford and Sir Joſhua Reynolds!

two

two of the men, and two of the houſes in London, on whom I the moſt relied for the comforts of ſociety.

September 12th, 1792.

THUS far had I written in the full confidence of finiſhing and ſending my letter the next poſt; but ſix poſt-days have unaccountably ſlipped away, and were you not accuſtomed to my ſilence, you would almoſt begin to think me on the road. How dreadfully, ſince my laſt date, has the French road been polluted with blood! and what horrid ſcenes may be acting at this moment, and may ſtill be aggravated, till the Duke of Brunſwick is maſter of Paris! On every rational principle of calculation he muſt ſucceed; yet ſometimes, when my ſpirits are low, I dread the blind efforts of mad and deſperate multitudes fighting on their own ground. A few days or weeks muſt decide the military operations of this year, and perhaps for ever; but on the faireſt ſuppoſition, I cannot look forwards to any firm ſettlement, either of a legal or an abſolute government. I cannot pretend to give you any Paris news. Should I inform you, as we believe, that *Lally is ſtill among the cannibals*, you would poſſibly anſwer, that he is now ſitting in the library at Sheffield. Madame de Stael, after miraculouſly eſcaping through pikes and poignards, has reached the caſtle of Copet, where I ſhall ſee her before the end of the week. If any thing can provoke the King of Sardinia and the Swiſs, it muſt be the foul deſtruction of *his* couſin Madame de Lamballe, and of *their* regiment of guards. An extraordinary council is ſummoned at Berne, *but reſentment may be checked by prudence*. In ſpite of Maria's laughter, I applaud your moderation, and ſigh for a hearty union of all the ſenſe and property of the country. The times require it; but your laſt political letter was a cordial to my ſpirits. The Duchеſs of D. rather diſlikes a coalition: amiable creature!

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The Eliza is furious againſt you for not writing. We ſhall loſe them in a few days; but the motions of Eliza and the Ducheſs for Italy or England, are doubtful. Ladies Spencer and Duncannon certainly paſs the Alps. I live with them. Adieu. Since I do not appear in perſon I feel the abſolute propriety of writing to my Lady and Maria; but there is far from the knowledge to the performance of a duty. Ever your's.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, October 5th, 1792.

AS our Engliſh newſpapers muſt have informed you of the invaſion of Savoy by the French, and as it is poſſible that you may have ſome trifling apprehenſions of my *being killed and eaten by thoſe cannibals*, it has appeared to me that a ſhort extraordinary diſpatch might not be unacceptable on this occaſion. It is indeed true, that about ten days ago the French army of the South, under the command of M. de Monteſquiou, (if any French army can be ſaid to be under any command,) has entered Savoy, and poſſeſſed themſelves of Chamberry, Montmelian, and ſeveral other places. It has always been the practice of the King of Sardinia to abandon his tranſalpine dominions; but on this occaſion the court of Turin appears to have been ſurpriſed by the ſtrange excentric motions of a democracy, which always acts from the paſſion of the moment; and their inferior troops have retreated, with ſome loſs and diſgrace, into the paſſes of the Alps. Mount Cenis is now impervious, and our Engliſh travellers who are bound for Italy, the Ducheſs of Devonſhire, Ancaſter, &c. will be forced to explore a long circuitous road through the Tirol. But the Chablais is yet intact, nor can our teleſcopes diſcover the tricolor banners on the other ſide of the lake. Our accounts of the French numbers ſeem to vary from fifteen

fifteen to thirty thouſand men; the regulars are few, but they are followed by a rabble rout, which muſt ſoon, however, melt away, as they will find no plunder, and ſcanty ſubſiſtence, in the poverty and barrenneſs of Savoy. *N. B.* I have juſt ſeen a letter from Mr. de Monteſquiou, who boaſts that at his firſt entrance into Savoy he had only twelve battalions. Our intelligence is far from correct.

The magiſtrates of Geneva were alarmed by this dangerous neighbourhood, and more eſpecially by the well-known animoſity of an exiled citizen, Claviere, who is one of the ſix miniſters of the French republic. It was carried by a ſmall majority in the General Council, to call in the ſuccour of three thouſand Swiſs, which is ſtipulated by antient treaty. The ſtrongeſt reaſon or pretence of the minority, was founded on the danger of provoking the French, and they ſeem to have been juſtified by the event; ſince the complaint of the French reſident amounts to a declaration of war. The fortifications of Geneva are not contemptible, eſpecially on the ſide of Savoy; and it is much doubted whether Mr. de Monteſquiou is prepared for a regular ſiege; but the malecontents are numerous within the walls, and I queſtion whether the ſpirit of the citizens will hold out againſt a bombardment. In the mean while the diet has declared that the firſt cannon fired againſt Geneva will be conſidered as an act of hoſtility againſt the whole Helvetic body. Berne, as the neareſt and moſt powerful canton, has taken the lead with great vigour and vigilance; the road is filled with the perpetual ſucceſſion of troops and artillery; and, if ſome diſaffection lurks in the towns, the peaſants, eſpecially the Germans, are inflamed with a ſtrong deſire of encountering the murderers of their countrymen. Mr. de Watteville, with whom you dined at my houſe laſt year, refuſed to accept the command of

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the Swiſs ſuccour of Geneva, till it was made his firſt inſtruction that he ſhould never, in any caſe ſurrender himſelf priſoner of war.

In this ſituation, you may ſuppoſe that we have ſome fears. I have great dependence, however, on the many chances in our favour, the valour of the Swiſs, the return of the Piedmonteſe with their Auſtrian allies, eight or ten thouſand men from the Milaneſe, a diverſion from Spain, the great events (how ſlowly they proceed, on the ſide of Paris, the inconſtancy and want of diſcipline of the French, and the near approach of the winter ſeaſon. I am not nervous, but I will not be raſh. It will be painful to abandon my houſe and library; but, if the danger ſhould approach, I will retreat before it, firſt to Berne, and gradually, to the North. Should I even be forced to take refuge in England (a violent meaſure ſo late in the year), you would perhaps receive me as kindly as you do the French prieſts—a noble act of hoſpitality! Could I have foreſeen this ſtorm, I would have been there ſix weeks ago; but who can foreſee the wild meaſures of the ſavages of Gaul? We thought ourſelves perfectly out of the hurricane latitudes. Adieu. I am going to bed, and muſt riſe early to viſit the Neckers at Rolle, whither they have retired, from the frontier ſituation of Copet. Severy is on horſeback, with his dragoons: his poor father is dangerouſly ill. It will be ſhocking if it ſhould be found neceſſary to remove him. While we are in this very awkward criſis, I will write at leaſt every week. Ever yours. Write inſtantly, and remember all my commiſſions.

To the Same.

I WILL keep my promiſe of ſending you a weekly journal of our troubles, that, when the piping times of peace are reſtored, I may ſleep in long and irreproachable

proachable ſilence: but I ſhall uſe a ſmaller paper, as our military exploits will ſeldom be ſufficient to fill the ample ſize of our Engliſh quarto.

October 13, 1792.

Since my laſt of the 6th, our attack is not more eminent, and our defence is moſt aſſuredly ſtronger, two very important circumſtances, at a time when every day is leading us, though not ſo faſt as our impatience could wiſh, towards the unwarlike month of November; and we obſerve with pleaſure that the troops of Mr. de Monteſquiou, which are chiefly from the Southern Provinces, will not cheerfully entertain the rigor of an Alpine winter. The 7th inſtant, Mr. de Chateauneuf, the French reſident, took his leave with an haughty mandate, commanding the Genevois, as they valued their ſafety and the friendſhip of the republic, to diſmiſs their Swiſs allies, and to puniſh the magiſtrates who had traiterouſly propoſed the calling in theſe foreign troops. It is preciſely the fable of the wolves, who offered to make peace with the ſheep, provided they would ſend away their dogs. You know what became of the ſheep. This demand appears to have kindled a juſt and general indignation, ſince it announced an edict of proſcription; and muſt lead to a democratical revolution, which would probably renew the horrid ſcenes of Paris and Avignon. A general aſſembly of the citizens was convened, the meſſage was read, ſpeeches were made, oaths were taken, and it was reſolved (with only three diſſentient voices) to live and die in the defence of their country. The Genevois muſter above three thouſand well-armed citizens; and the Swiſs, who may eaſily be increaſed (in a few hours) to an equal number, add ſpirit to the timorous, and confidence to the well-affected: their arſenals are filled with arms, their magazines with ammunition, and their granaries with corn. But their fortifications are extenſive and imperfect, they

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are commanded from two adjacent hills; a French faction lurks in the city, the character of the Genevois is rather commercial than military, and their behaviour, lofty promiſe, and baſe ſurrender, in the year 1782, is freſh in our memories. In the mean while, 4000 French at the moſt are arrived in the neighbouring camp, nor is there yet any appearance of mortars or heavy artillery. Perhaps an haughty menace may be repelled by a firm countenance. If it were worth while talking of juſtice, what a ſhameful attack of a feeble, unoffending ſtate! On the news of their danger, all Switzerland, from Schaffouſe to the Pays de Vaud, has riſen in arms; and a French reſident, who has paſſed through the country, in his way from Ratiſbon, declares his intention of informing and admoniſhing the National Convention. About eleven thouſand Bernois are already poſted in the neighbourhood of Copet and Nyon; and new reinforcements of men, artillery, &c. arrive every day. Another army is drawn together to oppoſe M. de Ferrieres, on the ſide of Bienne and the biſhopric of Baſle; and the Auſtrians in Swabia would be eaſily perſuaded to croſs the Rhine in our defence. But we are yet ignorant whether our ſovereigns mean to wage offenſive or defenſive war. If the latter, which is more likely, will the French begin the attack? ſhould Genoa yield to fear or force, this country is open to an invaſion; and though our men are brave, we want generals; and I deſpiſe the French much leſs than I did two months ago. It ſhould ſeem that our hopes from the King of Sardinia and the Auſtrians of Milan are faint and diſtant; Spain ſleeps; and the Duke of Brunſwick (amazement!) ſeems to have failed in his great project. For my part, till Geneva falls, I do not think of a retreat; but, at all events, I am provided with two ſtrong horſes, and an hundred Louis in gold.

Zurich

Zurich would be probably my winter quarters, and the ſociety of the Neckers would make any place agreeable. Their ſituation is worſe than mine: I have no daughter ready to lie in; nor do I fear the French ariſtrocrats on the road. Adieu. Keep my letters; excuſe contradictions and repetitions. The Ducheſs of Devonſhire leaves us next week. Lady Elizabeth abhors you. Ever yours.

To the Same.

October, 20, 1792.

SINCE my laſt, our affairs take a more pacific turn; but I will not venture to affirm that our peace will be either ſafe or honourable. Mr. de Monteſquiou and three of the commiſſioners of the Convention, who are at Carrouge, have had frequent conferences with the magiſtrates of Geneva; ſeveral expreſſes have been diſpatched to and from Paris, and every ſtep of the negotiation is communicated to the deputies of Berne and Zurich. The French troops obſerve a very tolerable degree of order and diſcipline; and no act of hoſtility has yet been committed on the territory of Geneva.

October 27.

My uſual temper very readily admitted the excuſe, that it would be better to wait another week, till the final ſettlement of our affairs. The treaty is ſigned between France and Geneva; and the ratification of the Convention is looked upon as aſſured, if any thing can be aſſured in that wild democracy. On condition that the Swiſs garriſon, with the approbation of Berne and Zurich, be recalled before the firſt of December, it is ſtipulated that the independence of Geneva ſhall be preſerved inviolate; that Mr. de Monteſquiou ſhall immediately ſend away his heavy artillery; and that no French troops ſhall approach within ten leagues of the city. As the Swiſs have acted only as auxiliaries, they have no occaſion for a direct treaty; but they cannot prudently

prudently disarm, till they are satisfied of the pacific intentions of France; and no such satisfaction can be given till they have acknowledged the new republic, which they will probably do in a few days, with a deep groan of indignation and sorrow; it has been cemented with the blood of their countrymen! But when the Emperor, the King of Prussia, the first general, and the first army in Europe have failed, less powerful states may acquiesce, without dishonour, in the determination of fortune. Do you understand this most unexpected failure? I will allow an ample share to the badness of the roads and the weather, to famine and disease, to the skill of Dumourier, a heaven-born general! and to the enthusiastic ardour of the new Romans; but still, still there must be some secret shameful cause at the bottom of this strange retreat. We are now delivered from the impending terrors of siege and invasion. The Geneva *emigrés*, particularly the Neckers, are hastening to their homes; and I shall not be reduced to the hard necessity of seeking a winter asylum at Zurich or Constance: but I am not pleased with our future prospects. It is much to be feared that the present government of Geneva will be soon modelled after the French fashion; the new republic of Savoy is forming on the opposite bank of the Lake; the Jacobin missionaries are powerful and zealous; and malecontents of this country, who begin again to rear their heads, will be surrounded with temptations, and examples, and allies. I know not whether the Pays de Vaud will long adhere to the dominion of Berne; or whether I shall be permitted to end my days in this little paradise, which I have so happily suited to my taste and circumstances.

Last Monday only I received your letter, which had strangely loitered on the road since its date of the 29th

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of September. There muſt ſurely be ſome diſorder in the poſts, ſince the Eliza departed indignant at never having heard from you.

The caſe of my wine I think peculiarly hard: to loſe my Madeira, and to be ſcolded for loſing it. I am much indebted to Mr. Nichols for his genealogical communications, which I am impatient to receive; but I do not underſtand why ſo civil a gentleman could not favour me, in ſix months, with an anſwer by the poſt: ſince he entruſts me with theſe valuable papers, you have not, I preſume, informed him of my negligence and awkwardneſs in regard to manuſcripts. Your reproach rather ſurpriſes me, as I ſuppoſe I am much the ſame as I have been for theſe laſt twenty years. Should you hold your reſolution of writing only ſuch things as may be publiſhed at Charing-Croſs, our future correſpondence would not be very intereſting. But I expect and require, at this important criſis, a full and confident account of your views concerning England, Ireland, and France. You have a ſtrong and clear eye; and your pen is, perhaps, the moſt uſeful quill that ever has been plucked from a gooſe. Your protection of the French refugees is highly applauded. Roſſet and La Motte have eſcaped from Arbourg, perhaps with connivance to avoid diſagreeable demands from the republic. Adieu. Ever yours.

To the Same.

November 10, 1792.

RECEIVED this day, November 9th, a moſt amiable diſpatch from the too humble ſecretary* of the family of Eſpee †, dated October 24th, which I anſwer the ſame day. It will be acknowledged, that I have fulfilled my engagements with as much accuracy as our uncertain ſtate and the fragility of human nature would allow.

* Miſs Holroyd. † Meaning Sheffield-Place.

allow. I resume my narrative. At the time when we imagined that all was settled by an equal treaty between two such unequal powers, as the Geneva Flea and the Leviathan France, we were thunderstruck with the intelligence that the ministers of the republic refused to ratify the conditions; and they were indignant, with some colour of reason, at the hard obligation of withdrawing their troops to the distance of ten leagues, and of consequently leaving the Pays de Gez naked, and exposed to the Swiss who had assembled 15,000 men on the frontier, and with whom they had not made any agreement. The messenger who was sent last Sunday from Geneva is not yet returned; and many persons are afraid of some design and danger in this delay. Montesquiou has acted with politeness, moderation, and apparent sincerity; but he may resign, he may be superseded, his place may be occupied by an *enragée*, by Servan, or Prince Charles of Hesse, who would aspire to imitate the predatory fame of Custine in Germany. In the mean while, the General holds a wolf by the ears; an officer who has seen his troops, about 18,000 men (with a tremendous train of artillery), represents them as a black, daring, desperate crew of buccaneers, rather shocking than contemptible; the officers (scarcely a gentleman among them), without servants, or horses, or baggage, lying *higgledy piggledy* on the ground with the common men, yet maintaining a rough kind of discipline over them. They already begin to accuse and even to suspect their general, and call aloud for blood and plunder: could they have an opportunity of squeezing some of the rich citizens, Geneva would cut up as fat as most towns in Europe. During this suspension of hostilities they are permitted to visit the city without arms, sometimes three or four hundred at a time; and the magistrates, as well as the Swiss commander,

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are by no means pleaſed with this dangerous intercourſe, which they dare not prohibit. Such are our fears: yet it ſhould ſeem on the other ſide, that the French affect a kind of magnanimous juſtice towards their little neighbour, and that they are not ambitious of an unprofitable conteſt with the poor and hardy Swiſs. The Swiſs are not equal to a long and expenſive war; and as moſt of our militia have families and trades, the country already ſighs for their return. Whatever can be yielded, without abſolute danger or diſgrace, will doubtleſs be granted; and the buſineſs will probably end in our owning the ſovereignty, and truſting to the good faith of the republic of France: how that word would have ſounded four years ago! The meaſure is humiliating; but after the retreat of the Duke of Brunſwick, and the failure of the Auſtrians, the ſmaller powers may acquieſce without diſhonour. Every dog has his day; and theſe Gallic dogs have their day, at leaſt, of moſt inſolent proſperity. After forcing or tempting the Pruſſians to evacuate their country, they conquer Savoy, pillage Germany, threaten Spain: the Low Countries are ere now invaded; Rome and Italy tremble; they ſcour the Mediterranean, and talk of ſending a ſquadron into the South Sea. The whole horizon is ſo black, that I begin to feel ſome anxiety for England, the laſt refuge of liberty and law; and the more ſo, as I perceive from Lord Sheffield's laſt epiſtle that his firm nerves are a little ſhaken; but of this more in my next, for I want to unburthen my conſcience. If England, with the experience of our happineſs and French calamities, ſhould now be ſeduced to eat the apple of falſe freedom, we ſhould indeed deſerve to be driven from the paradiſe which we enjoy. I turn aſide from the horrid and improbable (yet not impoſſible) ſuppoſition, that, in three or four years'

time, myſelf and my beſt friends may be reduced to the deplorable ſtate of the French emigrants: they thought it as impoſſible three or four years ago. Never did a revolution affect, to ſuch a degree, the private exiſtence of ſuch members of the firſt people of a great country: your examples of miſery I could eaſily match with ſimilar examples in this country and the neighbourhood; and our ſympathy is the deeper, as we do not poſſeſs, like you, the means of alleviating, in ſome degree, the misfortunes of the fugitives. But I muſt have, from the very excellent pen of the Maria, the tragedy of the Archbiſhop of Arles; and the longer the better. Madame de Biron has probably been tempted by ſome faint and (I fear) fallacious promiſes of clemency to the women, and which have likewiſe engaged Madame d'Agueſſeau and her two daughters to reviſit France. Madame de Bouillon ſtands her ground, and her ſituation as a foreign princeſs is leſs expoſed. As Lord Sheffield has aſſumed the glorious character of protector of the diſtreſſed, his name is pronounced with gratitude and reſpect. The D. of Richmond is praiſed, on Madame de Biron's account. To the Princeſs d'Henin, and Lally, I wiſh to be remembered. The Neckers cannot venture into Geneva, and Madame de Stael will probably lie in at Rolle. He is printing a defence of the King, &c. againſt their republican Judges; but the name of Necker is unpopular to all parties, and I much fear that the guillotine will be more ſpeedy than the preſs. It will, however, be an eloquent performance; and, if I find an opportunity, I am to ſend you one, to you Lord Sheffield by his particular deſire: he wiſhes likewiſe to convey ſome copies with ſpeed to our principal people, Pitt, Fox, Lord Stormont, &c. But ſuch is the rapid ſucceſſion of events, that it will appear like the *Pouvoir Executif*, his beſt work, after the whole ſcene has been totally changed. Ever yours.

P. S.

P. S. The revolution of France, and my triple dispatch by the same post to Sheffield-Place, are, in my opinion, the two most singular events in the eighteenth century. I found the task so easy and pleasant, that I had some thoughts of adding a letter to the gentle Louisa. I am this moment informed, that our troops on the frontier are beginning to move, on their return home; yet we hear nothing of the treaty's being concluded.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq. to the Hon Miss.* HOLROYD.

LAUSANNE, Nov. 10, 1792.

IN dispatching the weekly political journal to Lord S. my conscience (for I have some remains of conscience) most powerfully urges me to salute, with some lines of friendship and gratitude, the amiable secretary, who might save herself the trouble of a modest apology. I have not yet forgotten our different behaviour after the much lamented *separation* of October the 4th, 1791, your meritorious punctuality, and my unworthy silence. I have still before me that entertaining narrative, which would have interested me, not only in the progress of the *carissima familia*, but in the motions of a Tartar camp, or the march of a caravan of Arabs; the mixture of just observation and lively imagery, the strong sense of a man expressed with the easy elegance of a female. I still recollect with pleasure the happy comparison of the Rhine, who had heard so much of liberty on both his banks, that he wandered with mischievous licentiousness over all the adjacent meadows*. The inundation, alas! has now spread much wider; and it is sadly to be feared that the Elbe, the Po, and the Danube, may imitate the vile example of the Rhine: I shall be content, however, if our own Thames still preserves his fair character, of

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

* Mr. Gibbon alludes to letters written to him by Miss Holroyd, when she was returning from Switzerland, along the Rhine, to England.

Theſe agreeable epiſtles of Maria produced only ſome dumb intentions, and ſome barren remorſe; nor have I deigned, except by a brief miſſive from my chancellor, to expreſs how much I loved the author, and how much I was pleaſed with the compoſition. That amiable author I have known and loved from the firſt dawning of her life and *coquetry*, to the preſent maturity of her talents; and as long as I remain on this planet, I ſhall purſue, with the ſame tender and even anxious concern, the future ſteps of her eſtabliſhment and life. That eſtabliſhment muſt be ſplendid; that life muſt be happy. She is endowed with every gift of nature and fortune; but the advantage which ſhe will derive from them, depends almoſt entirely on herſelf. You muſt not, you ſhall not, think yourſelf unworthy to write to any man: there is none whom your correſpondence would not amuſe and ſatisfy. I will not undertake a taſk, which my taſte would adopt, and my indolence would too ſoon relinquiſh; but I am really curious, from the beſt motives, to have a particular account of your own ſtudies and daily occupation. What books do you read? and how do you employ your time and your pen? Except ſome profeſſed ſcholars, I have often obſerved that women in general read much more than men; but, for want of a plan, a method, a fixed object, their reading is of little benefit to themſelves, or others. If you will inform me of the ſpecies of reading to which you have the moſt propenſity, I ſhall be happy to contribute my ſhare of advice or aſſiſtance. I lament that you have not left me ſome monument of your pencil. Lady Elizabeth Foſter has executed a very pretty drawing, taken from the door of the green-houſe where we dined laſt ſummer, and including the poor Acacia (now recovered from the cruel ſheers of the gardener), the end of the terrace, the front of the Pavilion, and a diſtant view of the country, lake, and mountains. I am almoſt reconciled

tiled to d'Apples' houſe, which is nearly finiſhed. Inſtead of the monſters which Lord Hercules Sheffield extirpated, the terrace is already ſhaded with the new acacias and plantanes; and although the uncertainty of poſſeſſion reſtrains me from building, I myſelf have planted a boſquet at the bottom of the garden, with ſuch admirable ſkill that it affords ſhade without intercepting proſpect. The ſociety of the aforeſaid Eliza, of the Ducheſs of D. &c. has been very intereſting; but they are now flown beyond the Alps, and paſs the winter at Piſa. The Legards, who have long ſince left this place, ſhould be at preſent in Italy; but I believe Mrs. Grimſtone and her daughter returned to England. The Levades are highly flattered by your remembrance. Since you ſtill retain ſome attachment to this delightful country, and it is indeed delightful, why ſhould you deſpair of ſeeing it once more? The happy peer or commoner, whoſe name you may aſſume, is ſtill concealed in the book of fate; but whoſoever he may be, he will cheerfully obey your commands, of leading you from ——— ——— Caſtle to Lauſanne, and from Lauſanne to Rome and Naples. Before that event takes place, I may poſſibly ſee you in Suſſex; and, whether as a viſitor or as a fugitive, I hope to be welcomed with a friendly embrace. The delay of this year was truly painful, but it was inevitable; and individuals muſt ſubmit to thoſe ſtorms which have overturned the thrones of the earth. The tragic ſtory of the Archbiſhop of Arles I have now ſomewhat a better right to require at your hands. I wiſh to have it in all its horrid details*; and as you are now ſo much mingled

* The Anſwer to Mr. Gibbon's Letter, is annexed, as the beſt account I have ſeen of the barbarous tranſaction alluded to. S.

SHEFFIELD-PLACE, November 1791.

"YOUR three letters received yeſterday cauſed the moſt ſincere pleaſure to "each individual of this family; to none more than myſelf. Praiſe, (I fear, "beyond my deſerts,) from one whoſe opinion I ſo highly value, and whoſe "eſteem

mingled with the French exiles, I am of opinion, that were you to keep a journal of all the authentic facts which

" eſteem I ſo much wiſh to preſerve, is more pleaſing than I can deſcribe. I " had not neglected to make the collection of facts which you recommend, and " which the great variety of unfortunate perſons whom we ſee, or with whom " we correſpond enables me to make.

" As to that part of your letter which reſpects *my ſtudies*, I can only ſay, " the ſlighteſt hint on that ſubject is always received with the greateſt gratitude, " and attended to with the utmoſt punctuality; but I muſt decline that topic " for the preſent, to obey your commands, which require from me the horrid " account of the *maſſacre aux Carmes*.—Eight reſpectable eccleſiaſtics, landed, " about the beginning of October, from an open boat at Seaford, wet as the " waves. The natives of the coaſt were endeavouring to get from them what " they had not, (viz.) money, when a gentleman of the neighbourhood " came to their protection; and, finding they had nothing, ſhewed his good " ſenſe, by diſpatching them to Milord Sheffield: they had been pillaged, and " with great difficulty had eſcaped from Paris. The reception they met with " at this houſe, ſeemed to make the greateſt impreſſion on them; they were " in extacy on finding M. de Lally living: they gradually became cheerful, " and enjoyed their dinner: they were greatly affected as they recollected " themſelves, and found us attending on them. Having dined, and drank a " glaſs of wine, they began to diſcover the beauties of the dining-room, and " of the chateau: as they walked about, they were overheard to expreſs their " admiration at the treatment they met, and *from Proteſtants*. We then aſ- " ſembled in the library, formed half a circle round the fire, M. de Lally and " Milord occupying the hearth *à l'Angloiſe*, and queſtioning the prieſts con- " cerning their eſcape. Thus we diſcovered that two of theſe unfortunate " men were in the Carmelite Convent at the time of the maſſacre of the one " hundred and twenty prieſts, and had moſt miraculouſly eſcaped, by climb- " ing trees in the garden, and from thence over the tops of the buildings. " One of them, a man of ſuperior appearance, deſcribed, in the moſt pathe- " tic manner, the death of the Archbiſhop of Arles, (and with ſuch ſimplicity " and feeling, as to leave no doubt of the truth of all that he ſaid,) to the " following purport.—On the ſecond of September, about five o'clock in the " evening, at the time they were permitted to walk in the garden, expecting " every hour to be releaſed, they expreſſed their ſurpriſe at ſeeing ſeveral large " pits, which had been digging for two days paſt: they ſaid, the day is al- " moſt ſpent; and yet Manuel told a perſon who interceded for us laſt Thurſ- " day, that on the Sunday following not one ſhould remain in captivity: we " are ſtill priſoners: ſoon after, they heard ſhouts, and ſome muſquet-ſhots. " An enſign of the national guard, ſome commiſſaries of the ſections, and " ſome Marſeillois ruſhed in: the miſerable victims, who were diſperſed in " the garden, aſſembled under the walls of the church, not daring to go in, " leſt it ſhould be polluted with blood. One man, who was behind the reſt, " was ſhot. ' *Point de coup de fuſils*,' cried one of the chiefs of the aſſaſſins, " thinking that kind of death too eaſy. Theſe well-trained fuſileers went to " the rear; les piques, les haches, les poignards came forward. They de- " manded the Archbiſhop of Arles; he was immediately ſurrounded by all " the prieſts. The worthy prelate ſaid to his friends, ' Let me paſs; if my " blood will appeaſe them, what ſignifies it, if I die? Is it not my duty to " preſerve your lives at the expence of my own?' He aſked the eldeſt of the " prieſts to give him abſolution: he knelt to receive it; and when he aroſe, " forced himſelf from them, advanced ſlowly, and with his arms croſſed upon " his breaſt, and his eyes raiſed to heaven, ſaid to the aſſaſſins, ' *Je ſuis celui* " *que vous cherchez*.' His appearance was ſo dignified and noble, that, dur-

" ing

which they relate,, it would be an agreeable exercise at present and a future source of entertainment and instruction.

I should be obliged to you, if you would make, or find, some excuse for my not answering a letter from your aunt, which was presented to me by Mr. Fowler. I shewed him some civilities, but he is now a poor invalid, confined to his room. By her channel and yours I should be glad to have some information of the health, spirits, and situation of Mrs. Gibbon of Bath, whose alarms (if she has any) you may dispel. She is in my debt. Adieu; most truly yours.

" ing ten minutes, not one of these wretches had courage to lift his hand against " him: they upbraided each other with cowardice, and advanced; one look " from this venerable man struck them with awe, and they retired. At last, " one of the miscreants struck off the cap of the Archbishop with a pike; " respect once violated, their fury returned, and another from behind cut him " through the skull with a sabre. He raised his right hand to his eyes; with " another stroke they cut off his hand. The Archbishop said, *O! mon Dieu!* " and raised the other: a third stroke across the face left him sitting; the " fourth extended him lifeless on the ground; and then all pressed forward, " and buried their pikes and poignards in the body. The priests all agreed, " that he had been one of the most amiable men in France; and that his only " *crime* was, having, since the revolution, expended his private fortune, to " support the necessitous clergy of his diocese. The second victim was the General des Benedictins. Then the national guards obliged the priests to go in- " to the church, telling them, they should appear, one after another, before " the Commissaires du section. They had hardly entered, before the people " impatiently called for them; upon which, all kneeling before the altar, the " Bishop of Beauvais gave them absolution: they were then obliged to go out, " two by two; they passed before a commissaire, who did not queit on, but on- " ly counted, his victims †; they had in their sight the heaps of dead, to " which they were going to add. Among the one hundred and twenty priests " thus sacrificed, were the Bishops of Saintes and Beauvais (both of the Roche- " foucauld family.) I should not omit to remark, that one of the priests " observed they were assassinated, because they would not swear to a constitu- " on which their murderers had destroyed. We (had to comfort us for this " melancholy story) the most grateful expressions of gratitude towards the " English nation, from whom they did not do us the justice to expect such a " reception.

" There can be no doubt that the whole business of the massacres was con- " certed at a meeting at the Duke of Orleans's house. I shall make you as " dismal as myself by this narration. I must change the style'. * * * * * * * * *

† * * * * * * Visum est lenti quæsisse nocentem
Innumerum pars magna perit;

LUCAN, lib. 2. v. 110. S.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq. to the Right Hon. Lady* SHEFFIELD.

LAUSANNE, November 10th, 1792.

I COULD never forgive myself, were I capable of writing by the same post, a political epistle to the father, and a friendly letter to the daughter, without sending any token of remembrance to the respectable matron, my dearest my Lady, whom I have now loved as a sister for something better or worse than twenty years. No, indeed, the historian may be careless, he may be indolent, he may always intend and never execute, but he is neither a monster nor a statue; he has a memory, a conscience, a heart, and that heart is sincerely devoted to Lady S——. He must even acknowledge the fallacy of a sophism which he has sometimes used, and she has always and most truly denied; that, where the persons of a family are strictly united, the writing to one is in fact writing to all; and that consequently all his numerous letters to the husband, may be considered as equally addressed to his wife. He feels, on the contrary, that separate minds have their distinct ideas and sentiments, and that each character, either in speaking or writing, has its peculiar tone of conversation. He agrees with the maxim of Rousseau, that three friends who wish to disclose a common secret, will impart it only *deux à deux*; and he is satisfied that, on the present memorable occasion, each of the persons of the Sheffield family will claim a peculiar share in this triple missive, which will communicate, however, a triple satisfaction. The experience of what may be effected by vigorous resolution, encourages the historian to hope that he shall cast the skin of the old serpent, and hereafter shew himself as a new creature.

I lament, on all our accounts, that the last year's expedition to Lausanne did not take place in a golden period,

riod, of health and ſpirits. But we muſt reflect, that human felicity is ſeldom without alloy; and if we cannot indulge the hope of your making a ſecond viſit to Lauſanne, we muſt look forwards to my reſidence next ſummer at Sheffield-Place, where I muſt find you in the full bloom of health, ſpirits, and beauty. I can perceive, by all public and private intelligence, that your houſe has been the open hoſpitable aſylum of French fugitives; and it is a ſufficient proof of the firmneſs of your nerves, that you have not been overwhelmed or agitated by ſuch a concourſe of ſtrangers. Curioſity and compaſſion may, in ſome degree, have ſupported you. Every day has preſented to your view ſome new ſcene of that ſtrange tragical romance, which occupies all Europe ſo infinitely beyond any event that has happened in our time, and you have the ſatisfaction of not being a mere ſpectator of the diſtreſs of ſo many victims of falſe liberty. The benevolent fame of Lord S. is widely diffuſed.

From Angletine's laſt letter to Maria, you have already ſome idea of the melancholy ſtate of her poor father. As long as Mr. de Severy allowed our hopes and fears to fluctuate with the changes of his diſorder, I was unwilling to ſay any thing on ſo painful a ſubject; and it is with the deepeſt concern that I now confeſs our abſolute deſpair of his recovery. All his particular complaints are now loſt in a general diſſolution of the whole frame; every principle of life is exhauſted, and as often as I am admitted to his bed-ſide, though he ſtill looks and ſmiles with the patience of an angel, I have the heart-felt grief of ſeeing him each day drawing nearer to the term of his exiſtence. A few weeks, poſſibly a few days, will deprive me of the moſt excellent friend, and break for ever the moſt perfect ſyſtem of domeſtic happineſs, in which I had ſo large and intimate a ſhare. Wilhelm (who has obtained leave of abſence from his military duty) and his ſiſter behave and feel like tender and dutiful children;

but

but they have a long gay prospect of life, and new connections, new families will make them forget, in due time, the common lot of mortality. But it is Madame de Severy whom I truly pity; I dread the effects of the first shock, and I dread still more the deep perpetual consuming affliction for a loss which can never be retrieved. You will not wonder that such reflections sadden my own mind, nor can I forget how much my situation is altered since I retired, nine years ago, to the banks of the Leman Lake. The death of poor Deyverdun first deprived me of a domestic companion, who can never be supplied; and your visit has only served to remind me that man, however amused and occupied in his closet, was not made to live alone. Severy will soon be no more; his widow for a long time, perhaps for ever, will be lost to herself and her friends, the son will travel, and I shall be left a stranger in the insipid circle of mere common acquaintance. The revolution of France, which first embittered and divided the society of Lausanne, has opposed a barrier to my Suffex visit, and may finally expel me from the paradise which I inhabit. Even that paradise, the expensive and delightful establishment of my house, library, and garden, almost becomes an incumbrance, by rendering it more difficult for me to relinquish my hold, or to form a new system of life in my native country, for which my income, though improved and improving, would be probably insufficient. But every complaint should be silenced by the contemplation of the French; compared with whose cruel fate, all misery is relative happiness. I perfectly concur in your partiality for Lally; though Nature might forget some meaner ingredients, of prudence, œconomy, &c. she never formed a purer heart, or a brighter imagination. If he be with you, I beg my kindest salutations to him. I am every day more closely united with the Neckers. Should France break, and this country be over-run, they would

be

be reduced, in very humble circumſtances, to ſeek a refuge; and where but in England? Adieu, dear Madam, there is, indeed, much pleaſure in diſcharging one's heart to a real friend. Ever yours.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſq. to the Right Hon. Lord* SHEFFIELD.

[Send me a Liſt of theſe Letters, with their reſpective dates.]

LAUSANNE, Nov. 25th, 1792.

AFTER the triple labour of my laſt diſpatch, your experience of the creature might tempt you to ſuſpect that it would again relapſe into a long ſlumber. But, partly from the ſpirit of contradiction, (though I am not a lady,) and partly from the eaſe and pleaſure which I now find in the taſk, you ſee me again alive, awake, and almoſt faithful to my hebdomadal promiſe. The laſt week has not, however, afforded any events deſerving the notice of an hiſtorian. Our affairs are ſtill floating on the waves of the convention, and the ratification of a corrected treaty, which had been fixed for the twentieth, is not yet arrived; but the report of the diplomatic committee has been favourable, and it is generally underſtood that the leaders of the French republic do not wiſh to quarrel with the Swiſs. We are gradually withdrawing and diſbanding our militia. Geneva will be left to ſink or ſwim, according to the humour of the people; and our laſt hope appears to be, that by ſubmiſſion and good behaviour we ſhall avert for ſome time the impending ſtorm. A few days ago an odd accident happened in the French army; the deſertion of the general. As the Neckers were ſitting, about eight o'clock in the evening, in their drawing-room at Rolle*, the door flew open, and they were aſtounded by their ſervant's announcing *Monſieur le General de Monteſquiou?* On the receipt of ſome ſecret intelli-

* A conſiderable town between Lauſanne and Geneva.

gence

gence of a *decret d'accuſation*, and an order to arreſt him, he had only time to get on horſeback, to gallop through Geneva, to take boat for Copet, and to eſcape from his purſuers, who were ordered to ſeize him alive or dead. He left the Neckers after ſupper, paſſed through Lauſanne in the night, and proceeded to Berne and Baſle, whence he intended to wind his way through Germany, amidſt enemies of every deſcription, and to ſeek a refuge in England, America, or the moon. He told Necker, that the ſole remnant of his fortune conſiſted in a wretched ſum of twenty thouſand livres; but the public report, or ſuſpicion, beſpeaks him in much better circumſtances. Beſides the reproach of acting with too much tameneſs and delay, he is accuſed of making very foul and exorbitant contracts; and it is certain that new Sparta is infected with this vice beyond the example of the moſt corrupt monarchy. Kellerman is arrived, to take the command; and it is apprehended that on the firſt of December, after the departure of the Swiſs, the French may *requeſt* the permiſſion of uſing Geneva, a friendly city, for their winter quarters. In that caſe, the democratical revolution, which we all foreſee, will be very ſpeedily effected.

I would aſk you, whether you apprehend there was any treaſon in the Duke of Brunſwick's retreat, and whether you have totally withdrawn your confidence and eſteem from that once-famed general? Will it be poſſible for England to preſerve her neutrality with any honour or ſafety? We are bound, as I underſtand, by treaty, to guarantee the dominions of the King of Sardinia and the Auſtrian provinces of the Netherlands. Theſe countries are now invaded and over-run by the French. Can we refuſe to fulfil our engagements, without expoſing ourſelves to all Europe as a perfidious or puſillanimous nation? Yet, on the other hand, can we aſſiſt thoſe allies, without plunging headlong into

into an abyſs, whoſe bottom no man can diſcover? But my chief anxiety is for our domeſtic tranquility; for I muſt find a retreat in England, ſhould I be driven from Lauſanne. The idea of firm and honourable union of parties pleaſes me much; but you muſt frankly unfold what are the great difficulties that may impede ſo falutary a meaſure: you write to a man diſcreet in ſpeech, and now careful of papers. Yet what can ſuch a coalition avail? Where is the champion of the conſtitution? Alas, Lord Guildford! I am much pleaſed with the Mancheſter Aſs. The aſſes or wolves who ſacrificed him have caſt off the maſk too ſoon; and ſuch a nonſenſical act muſt open the eyes of many ſimple patriots, who might have been led aſtray by the ſpecious name of reform. It ſhould be made as notorious as poſſible. Next winter may be the criſis of our fate, and if you begin to improve the conſtitution, you may be driven ſtep by ſtep from the disfranchiſement of old Sarum to the King in Newgate, the Lords voted uſeleſs, the Biſhops aboliſhed, and a Houſe of commons without articles (*ſans culottes*). Necker has ordered you a copy of his royal defence, which has met with, and deſerved, univerſal ſucceſs. The pathetic and argumentative parts are, in my opinion, equally good, and his mild eloquence may perſuade without irritating. I have applied to this gentler tone ſome verſes of Ovid, (Metamorph. l. iii. 302, &c.*) which you may read. Madame de Stael has produced a ſecond ſon. She talks wildly enough of viſiting England this winter. She is a

* Quà tamen uſque poteſt, vires ſibi demere tentat.
Nec, quo centimanum dejecerat igne Typhœa,
Nunc armatur eo: nimiùm feritatis in illo.
Eſt aliud levius fulmen; cui dextra Cyclopum
Sævitiæ, flammæque minus, minus addidit iræ:
Tela ſecunda vocant Superi.

pleaſant

pleasant little woman. Poor Severy's condition is hopeless. Should he drag through the winter, Madame de S. would scarcely survive him. She kills herself with grief and fatigue. What a difference in Lausanne! I hope triple answers are on the road. I must write soon; the *times* will not allow me to read or think. Ever yours.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, Dec. 14th, 1792.

OUR little storm has now completely subsided, and we are again spectators, though anxious spectators, of the general tempest that invades or threatens almost every country of Europe. Our troops are every day disbanding and returning home, and the greatest part of the French have evacuated the neighbourhood of Geneva. Monsieur Barthelemy, whom you have seen secretary in London, is most courteously entertained, as ambassador, by the Helvetic body. He is now at Berne, where a diet will speedily be convened; the language on both sides is now pacific, and even friendly, and some hopes are given of a provision for the officers of the Swiss guards who have survived the massacres of Paris.

January 1st, 1793.

WITH the return of peace I have relapsed into my former indolence; but now awakening, after a fortnight's slumber, I have little or nothing to add, with regard to the internal state of this country, only the revolution of Geneva, has already taken place, as I announced, but sooner than I expected. The Swiss troops had no sooner evacuated the place, than the *Egalisseurs* as they are called, assembled in arms; and as no resistance was made, no blood was shed on the occasion. They seized the gates, disarmed the garrison, imprisoned the magistrates, imparted the rights of citizens to all the rabble of the town and country, and proclaimed a *National* Convention, which has not yet met. They are all

all for a pure and abſolute democracy; but wiſh to remain a ſmall independent ſtate, whilſt others aſpire to become a part of the republic of France; and as the latter, though leſs numerous, are more violent and abſurd than their adverſaries, it is highly probable that they will ſucceed. The citizens of the beſt families and fortunes have retired from Geneva into the Pays de Vaud but the French methods of recalling or proſcribing emigrants, will ſoon be adopted. You muſt have obſerved, that Savoy is now become *le department du Mont Blanc*. I cannot ſatisfy myſelf, whether the maſs of the people is pleaſed or diſpleaſed with the change; but my noble ſcenery is clouded by the democratical aſpect of twelve leagues of the oppoſite coaſt, which every morning obtrude themſelves on my view. I here conclude the firſt part of the hiſtory of our Alpine troubles, and now conſider myſelf as diſengaged from all promiſes of periodical writing. Upon the whole, I kept it beyond our expectation; nor do I think that you have been ſufficiently aſtoniſhed by the wonderful effort of the triple diſpatch.

You muſt now ſucceed to my taſk, and I ſhall expect, during the winter, a regular political journal of the events of your greater world. You are on the theatre, and may often be behind the ſcenes. You can always ſee, and may ſometimes foreſee. My own choice has indeed tranſported me into a foreign land; but I am truly attached, from intereſt and inclination, to my native country; and even as a citizen of the world, I wiſh the ſtability and happineſs of England, the ſole great refuge of mankind, againſt the oppoſite miſchiefs of deſpotiſm and democracy. I was indeed alarmed, and the more ſo, as I ſaw that you were not without apprehenſion; but I now glory in the triumph of reaſon and genuine patriotiſm, which ſeems to pervade the country; nor do I diſlike ſome mixture of popular enthuſiaſm, which

may

may be requiſite to encounter our mad or wicked enemies with equal arms. The behaviour of Fox does not ſurpriſe me. You may remember what I told you laſt year at Lauſanne, when you attempted his defence, that * * *

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, January 6th, 1793.

THERE was formerly a time when our correſpondence was a painful diſcuſſion of my private affairs; a vexatious repetition of loſſes, of diſappointments, of ſales, &c. Theſe affairs are decently arranged: but public cares have now ſucceeded to private anxiety, and our whole attention is lately turned from Lenborough and Beriton, to the political ſtate of France and of Europe. From theſe politics, however, one letter ſhall be free, while I talk of myſelf and of my own plans; a ſubject moſt intereſting to a friend, and only to a friend.

I know not whether I am ſorry or glad that my expedition has been poſtponed to the preſent year. It is true, that I now wiſh myſelf in England, and almoſt repent that I did not graſp the opportunity when the obſtacles were comparatively ſmaller than they are now likely to prove. Yet had I reached you laſt ſummer before the month of Auguſt, a conſiderable portion of my time would be now elapſed, and I ſhould already begin to think of my departure. If the gout ſhould ſpare me this winter, (and as yet I have not felt any ſymptom,) and if the ſpring ſhould make a ſoft and early appearance, it is my intention to be with you in Downing-ſtreet before the end of April, and thus to enjoy ſix-weeks or two months of the moſt agreeable ſeaſon of London and the neighbourhood, after the hurry of parliament is ſubſided, and before the great rural diſperſion. As the banks of the Rhine and the Belgic provinces are completely overſpread with anarchy and war, I have made up my mind to paſs through the territories of the French republic. From the beſt and moſt recent information, I am ſatisfied that there is little or no real danger in the journey; and I muſt arm myſelf with patience to ſupport the vexatious inſolence of demo-

cratical tyranny. I have even a ſort of curioſity to ſpend ſome days at Paris, to aſſiſt at the debates of the Pandæmonium, to ſeek an introduction to the principal devils, and to contemplate a new form of public and private life, which never exiſted before, and which I devoutly hope will not long continue to exiſt. Should the obſtacles of health or weather confine me at Lauſanne till the month of May, I ſhall ſcarcely be able to reſiſt the temptation of paſſing ſome part at leaſt of the ſummer in my own little paradiſe. But all theſe ſchemes muſt ultimately depend on the great queſtion of peace or war, which will indeed be ſpeedily determined. Should France become impervious to an Engliſh traveller, what muſt I do? I ſhall not eaſily reſolve to explore my way through the unknown language and abominable roads of the interior parts of Germany, to embark in Holland, or perhaps at Hamburgh, and to be finally intercepted by a French privateer. My ſtay in England appears not leſs doubtful than the means of tranſporting myſelf. Should I arrive in the ſpring, it is poſſible, and barely poſſible, that I ſhould return here in the autumn, it is much more probable that I ſhall paſs the winter, and there may be even a chance of my giving my own country a longer trial. In my letter to my Lady I fairly expoſed the decline of Lauſanne; but ſuch an eſtabliſhment as mine muſt not be lightly abandoned; nor can I diſcover what adequate mode of life my private circumſtances, eaſy as they now are, could afford me in England. London and Bath have doubtleſs their reſpective merits, and I could wiſh to reſide within a day's journey of Sheffield-Place. But a ſtate of perfect happineſs is not to be found here below; and in the poſſeſſion of my library, houſe, and garden, with the relicks of our ſociety, and a frequent intercourſe with the Neckers. I may ſtill be tolerably content. Among the diſaſtrous changes of

Lauſanne,

Lauſanne, I muſt principally reckon the approaching diſſolution of poor Severy and his family. He is ſtill alive, but in ſuch hopeleſs and painful decay, that we no longer conceal our wiſhes for his ſpeedy releaſe. I never loved nor eſteemed him ſo much as in this laſt mortal diſeaſe, which he ſupports with a degree of energy, patience, and even cheerfulneſs, beyond all belief. His wife, whoſe whole time and ſoul are devoted to him, is almoſt ſinking under her long anxiety. The children are moſt amiably aſſiduous to both their parents, and at all events, his filial duties and wordly cares muſt detain the ſon ſome time at home.

And now approach, and let me drop into your moſt private ear, a literary ſecret. Of the Memoirs little has been done and with that little I am not ſatisfied. They muſt be poſtponed till a mature ſeaſon; and I much doubt whether the book and the Author can ever ſee the light at the ſame time. But I have long revolved in my mind another ſcheme of biographical writing: the Lives, or rather the Characters, of the moſt eminent Perſons in Arts and Arms, in Church and State, who have flouriſhed in Britain from the reign of Henry the Eighth to the preſent age. This work extenſive as it may be, would be an amuſement, rather than a toil: the materials are acceſſible in our own language, and for the moſt part, ready to my hands: but the ſubject, which would afford a rich diſplay of human nature and domeſtic hiſtory, would powerfully addreſs itſelf to the feelings of every Engliſhman. The taſte or faſhion of the times ſeems to delight in pictureſque decorations; and this ſeries of Britiſh portraits might aptly be accompanied by the reſpective heads, taken from originals, and engraved by the beſt maſters. Alderman Boydell, and his ſon-in-law, Mr. George Nicol, bookſeller in Pall-mall, are the great undertakers in this line. On my arrival in England I ſhall be free to conſider, whether

it may ſuit me to proceed in a mere literary work without any other decorations than thoſe which it may derive from the pen of the author. It is a ſerious truth, that I am no longer ambitious of fame or money; that my habits of induſtry are much impaired, and that I have reduced my ſtudies, to be the looſe amuſement of my morning hours, the repetition of which will inſenſibly lead me to the laſt term of exiſtence. And for this very reaſon I ſhall not be ſorry to bind myſelf by a liberal engagement, from which I may not with honour recede.

Before I conclude, we muſt ſay a word or two of parliamentary and pecuniary concerns. 1. We all admire the generous ſpirit with which you damned the aſſaſſins * *. I hope that * * * * * The opinion of parliament in favour of Louis was declared in a manner worthy of the repreſentatives of a great and a wiſe nation. It will certainly have a powerful effect; and if the poor King be not already murdered, I am ſatisfied that his life is in ſafety: but is ſuch a life worth his care? Our debates will now become every day more intereſting; and as I expect from you only opinions and anecdotes, I moſt earneſtly conjure you to ſend me Woodfall's Regiſter as often (and that muſt be very often) as the occaſion deſerves it. I now ſpare no expence for news.

I want ſome account of Mrs. G.'s health. Will my Lady never write? How can people be ſo indolent! I ſuppoſe this will find you at Sheffield-Place during the receſs, and that the heavy baggage will not move till after the birth-day. Shall I be with you by the firſt of May? The Gods only know. I almoſt wiſh that I had accompanied Madame de Stael. Ever yours.

To the Same.

Begun Feb. 9,—ended Feb. 18, 1793.

THE ſtruggle is at length over, and poor de Severy is no more! He expired about ten days ago, after every

every vital principle had been exhausted by a complication of disorders, which had lasted above five months: and a mortification in one of his legs, that gradually rose to the more noble parts, was the immediate cause of his death. His patience and even cheerfulness supported him to the fatal moment; and he enjoyed every comfort that could alleviate his situation, the skill of his physicians, the assiduous tenderness of his family, and the kind sympathy not only of his particular friends, but even of common acquaintance, and generally of the whole town. The stroke has been severely felt, yet I have the satisfaction to perceive that Madame de Severy's health is not affected; and we may hope that in time she will recover a tolerable share of composure and happiness. Her firmness has checked the violent sallies of grief; her gentleness has preserved her from the worst of symptoms, a dry, silent despair. She loves to talk of her irreparable loss, she descants with pleasure on his virtues; her words are interrupted with tears, but those tears are her best relief; and her tender feelings will insensibly subside into an affectionate remembrance.* Wilhelm is much more

† Elle n'est plus, cette épouse vertueuse, cette mère adorée, cette amie sûre et constante, dont M. Gibbon avoit si bien senti le prix, dont il parle avec tant d'intérêt, auprès de laquelle, et de son respectable époux, il avoit passé dans les douceurs d'une amitié intime les dix dernières années de sa vie, dont son cœur avoit adopté les enfans!

Cathérine, Louise, Jacqueline de Chaudieu, née à Lausanne le 3 Fevrier 1741 avoit reçu de la nature la santé et la beauté; une éducation soignée avoit ajoûté à ces heureux dons les connoissances les plus agréables et les plus utiles, jointes aux principes fermes d'une réligion éclairée et douce. La fréquentation habituelle des personnes les plus distinguées, par leur mérite, leur naissance ou leurs talens, avoit perfectionné l'ouvrage de la nature et de l'éducation.—Elle épousa en 1766 M. de Charière de Severi, et assura par cet heureux mariage le bonheur auquel elle avoit droit de prétendre.—Sans entrer dans le détail de ses vertus privées et actives, nous nous contenterons de dire que Madame de Severi fut allier pendant le cours de sa vie les devoirs les plus opposés en apparence, avec une mesure de sagesse, fruit de la réflexion et de la piété, qu'elle sut concilier le talent de plaire avec la plus scrupuleuse réserve, recevoir avec discernement les hommages qu'on rend à la jeunesse et à la beauté, et conserver dans un siècle d'inconséquence et de légèreté une pureté angelique.

Heureuse dans l'intérieur de sa famille, dans ses terres, à la ville, dans ses sociétés les plus brillantes, elle étoit partout à sa place, partout considérée et respectée, une longue maladie lui enleva le 29 Janvier 1793 un époux chéri.

Ses

more deeply wounded than I could imagine, or than he expected himself: nor have I ever seen the affliction of a son more lively and sincere. Severy was indeed a very valuable man: without any shining qualifications, he was endowed in a high degree with good sense, honour, and benevolence; and few men have filled with more propriety their circle in private life. For myself, I have had the misfortune of knowing him too late, and of losing him too soon. But enough of this melancholy subject.

The affairs of this theatre, which must always be minute, are now grown so tame and tranquil, that they no longer deserve the historian's pen. The new constitution of Geneva is slowly forming, without much noise or any blood-shed; and the patriots, who have staid in hopes of guiding and restraining the multitude, flatter themselves that they shall be able at least to prevent their mad countrymen from giving themselves to the French, the only mischief that would be absolutely irretrieveable. The revolution of Geneva is of less consequence to us, however, than that of Savoy; but our fate will depend on the general event, rather than on these particular causes. In the mean while we hope to be quiet spectators of the struggle of this year; and we

Ses soins, ses veilles, et sa profonde douleur n'abattirent point son courage; elle consoloit ses enfans, et se fortifioit en leur inculquant les principes d'une réligion qu'elle envisagea toujours comme l'asyle le plus assuré dans le malheur, elle pleuroit encore dans la retraite cet époux si tendrement aimé; lorsqu'elle eut de nouvelles larmes à verser sur la mort de M. Gibbon. Le tems commençoit à peine à cicatriser ces deux blessures; trois années s'étoient écoulées depuis la mort de son époux, deux ans et un jour depuis celle de M. Gibbon; elle commençoit à embellir, à animer la société par sa présence; sa fraicheur, sa beauté, la noblesse de son port fixoient les regards; elle se montra, et disparut. Sa maladie, qui eut divers caractères, ne fut ni longue ni douloureuse; la sérénité d'une âme pure l'accompagna sans angoisse au sein du repos éternel le 17 Janvier, 1796.

Madame de Severi laissa deux enfans M. W. de Severi, que M. Gibbon fait suffisamment connoître, par ces mots insérés dans son testament ("whom I "wish to style by the endearing name of son,") et M. Angletine de Severi, bien propre à rappeller le souvenir des graces, et des vertus de sa mère; le bonheur dont jouissoit cette famille dans la société intime et continue d'une mère qui étoit leur meilleure amie rend leur perte irréparable, et leur douleur décherant, ils ne s'attendent à d'autres consolations qu' à celles que leur présentera cette réligion pure dont leur vertueuse mère a soit germer dans leurs cœurs les principes consolateurs. S.

seem

ſeem to have aſſurances that both the Emperor and the French will compound for the neutrality of the Swiſs. The Helvetic body does not acknowledge the republic of France; But Barthelemy, their ambaſſador, reſides at Baden, and ſteals, like Chauvelin, into a kind of extra official negotiation. All ſpirit of oppoſition is quelled in the Canton of Berne, and the perpetual baniſhment of the ****** family has ſcarcely excited a murmur. It will probably be followed by that of ****** *****: the crime alledged in their ſentence is the having aſſiſted at the federation-dinner at Rolle two years ago; and as they are abſent, I could almoſt wiſh that they had been ſummoned to appear, and heard in their own defence. To the general ſupineneſs of the inhabitants of Lauſanne I muſt aſcribe, that the death of Louis the Sixteenth has been received with leſs horror and indignation than I could have wiſhed. I was much tempted to go into mourning, and probably ſhould, had the Ducheſs been ſtill here; but, as the only Engliſhman of any mark, I was afraid of being ſingular; more eſpecially as our French emigrants, either from prudence or poverty, do not wear black, nor do even the Neckers. Have you read his diſcourſe for the King? It might indeed ſuperſede the neceſſity of mourning. I ſhould judge from your laſt letter, and from the Diary, that the French declaration of war muſt have rather ſurpriſed you. I wiſh, although I know not how it could have been avoided, that we might ſtill have continued to enjoy our ſafe and proſperous neutrality. You will not doubt my beſt wiſhes for the deſtruction of the miſcreants; but I love England ſtill more than I hate France. All reaſonable chances are in favour of a confederacy, ſuch as was never oppoſed to the ambition of Louis the Fourteenth; but, after the experience of laſt year, I diſtruſt reaſon, and confeſs myſelf fearful for the event. The French are ſtrong in numbers, activity, enthuſiaſm; they are

rich

rich in rapine; and although their ſtrength may be only that of a phrenzy fever, they may do infinite miſchief to their neighbours before they can be reduced to a ſtrait waiſtcoat. I dread the effects that may be produced on the minds of the people by the increaſe of debt and taxes, probable loſſes, and poſſible miſmanagement. Our trade muſt ſuffer; and though projects of invaſion have been always abortive, I cannot forget that the fleets and armies of Europe, have failed before the towns in America, which have been taken and plundered by a handful of Buccaneers. I know nothing of Pitt as a war miniſter; but it affords me much ſatisfaction that the intrepid wiſdom of the new chancellor * is introduced into the cabinet. I wiſh, not merely on your own account, that you were placed in an active, uſeful ſtation in government. I ſhould not diſlike you ſecretary at war.

I have little more to ſay of myſelf, or of my journey to England: you know my intentions, and the great events of Europe muſt determine whether they can be carried into execution this ſummer. If ***** has warmly adopted *your* idea, I ſhall ſpeedily hear from him; but, in truth, I know not what will be my anſwer: I ſee difficulties which at firſt did not occur: I doubt my own perſeverance, and my fancy begins to wander into new paths. The amuſement of reading and thinking may perhaps ſatisfy a man who has paid his debt to the public; and there is more pleaſure in building caſtles in the air than on the ground. I ſhall contrive ſome ſmall aſſiſtance for your correſpondent, though I cannot learn any thing that diſtinguiſhes him from many of his countrymen; we have had our full ſhare of poor emigrants. but if you wiſh that any thing extraordinary ſhould be done for this man, you muſt ſend me a meaſure. Adieu. I embrace my Lady and Maria, as alſo

* Lord Loughborough.

Louiſa.

Louisa. Perhaps I may soon write, without expecting an answer. Ever yours.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, April 27, 1793.

MY dearest Friend, for such you most truly are, nor does there exist a person who obtains, or shall ever obtain, a superior place in my esteem and affection.

After too long a silence I was sitting down to write, when, only yesterday morning (such is now the irregularity of the English post) I was suddenly struck, indeed struck to the heart, by the fatal intelligence * from Sir Henry Clinton and Mr. de Lally. Alas! what is life, and what are our hopes and projects! When I embraced her at your departure from Lausanne, could I imagine that it was for the last time? when I postponed to another summer my journey to England, could I apprehend that I never, never should see her again? I always hoped that she would spin her feeble thread to a long duration, and that her delicate frame would survive (as is often the case) many constitutions of a stouter appearance. In four days! in your absence, in that of her children! But she is now at rest; and if there be a future life, her mild virtues have surely entitled her to the reward of pure and perfect felicity. It is for you that I feel, and I can judge of your sentiments by comparing them with my own. I have lost, it is true, an amiable and affectionate friend, whom I had known and loved above three-and-twenty years, and whom I often styled by the endearing name of sister. But you are deprived of the companion of your life, the wife of your choice, and the mother of your children; poor children! the liveliness of Maria, and the softness of Louisa, render them almost equally the objects of my tendereſt compassion. I do not wish to aggravate your

* The death of Lady Sheffield.

grief;

grief; but, in the ſincerity of friendſhip, I cannot hold a different language. I know the impotence of reaſon, and I much fear that the ſtrength of your character will ſerve to make a ſharper and more laſting impreſſion.

The only conſolation in theſe melancholy trials to which human life is expoſed, the only one at leaſt in which I have any confidence, is the preſence of a real friend; and of that, as far as it depends on myſelf, you ſhall not be deſtitute. I regret the few days that muſt be loſt in ſome neceſſary preparations; but I truſt that to-morrow ſe'nnight (May the fifth) I ſhall be able to ſet forwards on my journey to England; and when this letter reaches you, I ſhall be conſiderably advanced on my way. As it is yet prudent to keep at a reſpectful diſtance from the banks of the French Rhine, I ſhall incline a little to the right, and proceed by Scaffouſe and Stutgard to Frankfort and Cologne: the Auſtrian Netherlands are now open and ſafe, and I am ſure of being able at leaſt to paſs from Oſtend to Dover; whence, without paſſing through London, I ſhall purſue the direct road to Sheffield-Place. Unleſs I ſhould meet with ſome unforeſeen accidents and delays, I hope, before the end of the month to ſhare your ſolitude, and ſympathize with your grief. All the difficulties of the journey, which my indolence had probably magnified, have now diſappeared before a ſtronger paſſion; and you will not be ſorry to hear, that, as far as Frankfort to Cologne, I ſhall enjoy the advantage of the ſociety, the converſation, the German language, and the active aſſiſtance of Severy. His attachment to me is the ſole motive which prompts him to undertake this troubleſome journey; and as ſoon as he has ſeen me over the roughеſt ground, he will immediately return to Lauſanne. The poor young man loved Lady S. as a mother, and the whole family is deeply affected by an event which reminds them too painfully of their own misfortune. Adieu. I could

write

write volumes, and shall therefore break off abruptly. I shall write on the road, and hope to find a few lines *à poste restante* at Frankfort and Brussels. Adieu; ever yours.

To the Same.

My Dear Friend, Lausanne, May 1793.

I MUST write a few lines before my departure, though indeed I scarcely know what to say. Nearly a fortnight has now elapsed since the first melancholy tidings, without my having received the slightest subsequent accounts of your health and situation. Your own silence announces too forcibly how much you are involved in your feelings; and I can but too easily conceive that a letter to me would be more painful than to an indifferent person. But that amiable man Count Lally might surely have written a second time; but your sister, who is probably with you; but Maria,—alas! poor Maria! I am left in a state of darkness to the workings of my own fancy, which imagines every thing that is sad and shocking. What can I think of for your relief and comfort? I will not expatiate on those common-place topics, which have never dried a single tear; but let me advise, let me urge you to force yourself into business, as I would try to force myself into study. The mind must not be idle; if it be not exercised on external objects, it will prey on its own vitals. A thousand little arrangements, which must precede a long journey, have postponed my departure three or four days beyond the term which I had first appointed; but all is now in order, and I set off to-morrow, the ninth instant, with my *valet de chambre*, a courier on horseback, and Severy, with his servant, as far as Frankfort. I calculate my arrival at Sheffield-Place (how I dread and desire to see that mansion!) for the first week in June, soon after this letter; but I will try to send you some later intelligence. I never found myself stronger, or in better health. The German road is now cleared, both

of

of enemies and allies, and though I must expect fatigue, I have not any apprehensions of danger. It is scarcely possible that you should meet me at Frankfort, but I shall be much disappointed at not finding a line at Brussels or Ostend. Adieu. If there be any invisible guardians, may they watch over you and yours! Adieu.

To the Same.

FRANKFORT, May 19th, 1793.

AND here I am in good health and spirits, after one of the easiest, safest, and pleasantest journies which I ever performed in my whole life; not the appearance of an enemy, and hardly the appearance of a war. Yet I hear, as I am writing, the cannon of the siege of Mayence, at the distance of twenty miles; and long, very long, will it be heard. It is confessed on all sides, that the French fight with a courage worthy of a better cause. The town of Mayence is strong, their artillery admirable; they are already reduced to horse-flesh, but they have still the resource of eating the inhabitants, and at last of eating one another; and, if that repast could be extended to Paris and the whole country, it might essentially contribute to the relief of mankind. Our operations are carried on with more than German slowness, and when the besieged are quiet, the besiegers are perfectly satisfied with their progress. A spirit of division undoubtedly prevails; and the character of the Prussians for courage and discipline is sunk lower than you can possibly imagine. Their glory has expired with Frederick. I am sorry to have missed Lord Elgin, who is beyond the Rhine with the King of Prussia. As I am impatient, I propose setting forwards to-morrow afternoon, and shall reach Ostend in less than eight days. The passage must depend on winds and packets; and I hope to find at Brussels or Dover a letter which will direct me to Sheffield-Place or Downing-Street. Severy goes back from hence. Adieu: I embrace the dear girls. Ever yours.

From the Same.

BRUSSELS, May 27th, 1793.

THIS day, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, I am arrived at this place in excellent preſervation. My expedition, which is now drawing to a cloſe, has been a journey of perſeverance rather than ſpeed, of ſome labour ſince Frankfort, but without the ſmalleſt degree of difficulty or danger. As I have every morning been ſeated in the chaiſe ſoon after ſun-riſe, I propoſe indulging to-morrow till eleven o'clock, and going that day no farther than Ghent. On Wedneſday the 29th inſtant I ſhall reach Oſtend in good time, juſt eight days, according to my former reckoning, from Frankfort. Beyond that I can ſay nothing poſitive; but ſhould the winds be propitious, it is poſſible that I may appear next Saturday, June firſt, in Downing-Street. After that earlieſt date, you will expect me day by day till I arrive. Adieu. I embrace the dear girls, and ſalute Mrs. Holroyd. I rejoice that you have anticipated my advice by plunging into buſineſs; but I ſhould now be ſorry if that buſineſs, however important, detained us long in town. I do not wiſh to make a public exhibition, and only ſigh to enjoy you and the precious remnant in the ſolitude of Sheffield-Place. Ever yours.

If I am ſucceſsful I may outſtrip or accompany this letter. Your's and Maria's waited for me here, and overpaid the journey.

THE preceding Letters intimate that, in return for my viſit to Lauſanne in 1791, Mr. Gibbon engaged to paſs a year with me in England; that the war having rendered travelling exceedingly inconvenient, eſpecially to a perſon who, from his bodily infirmities, required every accommodation, prevented his undertaking ſo formidable a journey at the time he propoſed.

The

The call of friendſhip, however, was ſufficient to make him overlook every perſonal conſideration, when he thought his preſence might prove a conſolation. I muſt ever regard it as the moſt endearing proof of his ſenſibility, and of his poſſeſſing the true ſpirit of friendſhip, that after having relinquiſhed the thought of his intended viſit, he haſtened to England, in ſpite of encreaſing impediments, to ſoothe me by the moſt generous ſympathy, and to alleviate my domeſtic affliction; neither his great corpulency, nor his extraordinary bodily infirmities, nor any other conſideration, could prevent him a moment from reſolving on an undertaking that might have deterred the moſt active young man. He, almoſt immediately, with alertneſs by no means natural to him, undertook a great circuitous journey, along the frontiers of an enemy, worſe than ſavage, within the ſound of their cannon, within the range of the light troops of the different armies, and through roads ruined by the enormous machinery of war.

The readineſs with which he engaged in this kind office of friendſhip, at a time when a ſelfiſh ſpirit might have pleaded a thouſand reaſons for declining ſo hazardous a journey, conſpired, with the peculiar charms of his ſociety to render his arrival a cordial to my mind. I had the ſatisfaction of finding that his own delicate and precarious health had not ſuffered in the ſervice of his friend. He arrived in the beginning of June at my houſe in Downing-Street, ſafe and in good health; and after we had paſſed about a month together in London, we ſettled at Sheffield-Place for the ſummer; where his wit, learning, and cheerful politeneſs delighted a great variety of characters.

Although he was inclined to repreſent his health as better than it really was, his habitual diſlike to motion appeared to increaſe; his inaptneſs to exerciſe confined him to the library and dining-room, and there he joined my friend

friend Mr. Frederick North, in pleaſant arguments againſt exerciſe in general. He ridiculed the unſettled and reſtleſs diſpoſition, that ſummer, the moſt uncomfortable, as he ſaid, of all ſeaſons, generally gives to thoſe who have the uſe of their limbs. Such arguments were little required to keep ſociety within doors, when his company was only there to be enjoyed; for neither the fineneſs of the ſeaſon, nor the moſt promiſing parties of pleaſure, could tempt the company of either ſex to deſert him.

Thoſe who have enjoyed the ſociety of Mr. Gibbon will agree with me, that his converſation was ſtill more captivating than his writings. Perhaps no man ever divided time more fairly between literary labour and ſocial enjoyment; and hence, probably, he derived his peculiar excellence of making his very extenſive knowledge contribute, in the higheſt degree, to the uſe or pleaſure of thoſe with whom he converſed. He united, in the happieſt manner imaginable, two characters which are not often found in the ſame perſon, the profound ſcholar and the faſcinating companion.

It would be ſuperfluous to attempt a very minute delineation of a character which is ſo diſtinctly marked in the Memoirs and Letters. He has deſcribed himſelf without reſerve, and with perfect ſincerity. The Letters, and eſpecially the extracts from the Journal, which could not have been written with any purpoſe of being ſeen, will make the reader perfectly acquainted with the man.

Excepting a viſit to Lord Egremont and Mr. Hayley, whom he very particularly eſteemed, Mr. Gibbon was not abſent from Sheffield-Place till the beginning of October, when we were reluctantly obliged to part with him, that he might perform his engagement to Mrs. Gibbon at Bath, the widow of his father, who had early deſerved, and invariably retained, his affection. From Bath he proceeded to Lord Spenſer's at Althrop, a family

mily which he always met with uncommon satisfaction. He continued in good health during the summer, and in excellent spirits (I never knew him enjoy better); and when he went from Sheffield-Place, little did I imagine it would be the last time I should have the inexpressible pleasure of seeing him there in full possession of health.

The few following short letters, though not important in themselves, will fill up this part of the narrative better, and more agreeably, than any thing I can substitute in their place.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq. to the Rt. Hon. Lord* SHEFFIELD.

October 2d, 1793.

THE Cork-Street hotel has answered its recommendation; it is clean, convenient, and quiet. My first evening was passed at home in a very agreeable *tête-à-tête* with my friend Elmsley. Yesterday I dined at Crauford's with an excellent set, in which were Pelham and Lord Egremont. I dine to-day with my Portuguese friend, Madame de Sylva, at Grenier's; most probably with Lady Webster, whom I met last night at Devonshire-House; a constant, though late, resort of society. The duchess is as good, and Lady Elizabeth as seducing, as ever. No news whatever. You will see in the papers Lord Hervey's memorial. I love vigour, but it is surely a strong measure to tell a gentleman you have *resolved* to pass the winter in his house. London is not disagreeable; yet I shall probably leave it Saturday. If any thing should occur, I will write. Adieu; ever yours.

To the Same.

SUNDAY afternoon I left London and lay at Reading, and Monday in very good time I reached this place after a very pleasant airing; and am always so much delighted,

and

and improved, with this union of eaſe and motion, that, were not the expence enormous, I would travel every year ſome hundred miles, more eſpecially in England. I paſſed the day with Mrs. G. yeſterday. In mind and converſation ſhe is juſt the ſame as twenty years ago. She has ſpirits, appetite, legs, and eyes, and talks of living till ninety*. I can ſay from my heart, Amen. We dine at two, and remain together till nine; but, although we have much to ſay, I am not ſorry that ſhe talks of introducing a third or fourth actor. Lord Spenſer expects me about the 20th; but if I can do it without offence, I ſhall ſteal away two or three days ſooner, and you ſhall have advice of my motions. The troubles of Briſtol have been ſerious and bloody. I know not who was in fault; but I do not like appeaſing the mob by the extinction of the toll, and the removal of the Hereford militia, who had done their duty. Adieu. The girls muſt dance at Tunbridge. What would dear little aunt ſay if I was to anſwer her letter? Ever yours. &c.

York-House, Bath,
October 9th, 1793.

I ſtill follow the old ſtile, though the Convention has aboliſhed the Chriſtian æra, with months, weeks, days, &c.

To the Same.

York-House, Bath, October 13th, 1793.

I AM as ignorant of Bath in general as if I were ſtill at Sheffield. My impatience to get away makes me think it better to devote my whole time to Mrs. G.; and dear little aunt, whom I tenderly ſalute, will excuſe me to her two friends, Mr. Hartley and Preſton, if I make little or no uſe of their kind introduction. A *tête-à-tête* of eight or nine hours every day is rather difficult to ſupport; yet I do aſſure you, that our converſation flows with more eaſe and ſpirit when we are alone, than when any

* She was then in her eightieth year. S.

auxiliaries are ſummoned to our aid. She is indeed a wonderful woman, and I think all her faculties of the mind ſtronger and more active, than I have ever known them. I have ſettled, that ten full days may be ſufficient for all the purpoſes of our interview. I ſhould therefore depart next Friday, the eighteenth inſtant, and am indeed expected at Althorpe on the twentieth; but I may poſſibly reckon without my hoſt, as I have not yet appriſed Mrs. G. of the term of my viſit; and will certainly not quarrel with her for a ſhort delay. I muſt have ſome political ſpeculations. The campaign, at leaſt on our ſide, ſeems to be at an end. Ever yours.

To the Same.

ALTHORP LIBRARY, Tueſday, four o'clock.

WE have ſo completely exhauſted this morning among the firſt editions of Cicero, that I can mention only my departure hence to-morrow, the ſixth inſtant. I ſhall lie quietly at Woburn, and reach London in good time Thurſday. By the following poſt I will write ſomewhat more largely. My ſtay in London will depend, partly on my amuſement, and your being fixed at Sheffield-Place; unleſs you think I can be comfortably arranged for a week or two with you at Brighton. The military remarks ſeem good; but now to what purpoſe! Adieu. I embrace and much rejoice in Louiſa's improvement. Lord Offory was from home at Farning-Woods.

To the Same.

LONDON, Friday, Nov. 8th, four o'clock.

WALPOLE has juſt delivered yours, and I haſten the direction, that you may not be at a loſs. I will write to-morrow, but I am now fatigued, and rather unwell. I will write to-morrow, but I am now fatigued, and rather unwell. Adieu. I have not ſeen a ſoul except Elmſley.

To the Same.

St. James's-Street, Nov. 9th, 1793.

AS I dropt yeſterday the word *unwell*, I flatter myſelf that the family would have been a little alarmed by my ſilence to-day. I am ſtill awkward, though without any ſuſpicions of gout, and have ſome idea of having recourſe to medical advice. Yet I creep out to-day in a chair, to dine with Lord Lucan. But as it will be literally my firſt going down ſtairs, and as ſcarcely any one is apprized of my arrival, I know nothing, I have heard nothing, I have nothing to ſay. My preſent lodging, a houſe of Elmſley's, is cheerful, convenient, ſomewhat dear, but not ſo much as a hotel, a ſpecies of habitation for which I have not conceived any great affection. Had you been ſtationary at Sheffield, you would have ſeen me before the twentieth; for I am tired of rambling, and pant for my home; that is to ſay, for your houſe. But whether I ſhall have courage to brave * * * * and a bleak down, time only can diſcover. Adieu. I wiſh you back to Sheffield-Place. The health of dear Louiſa is doubtleſs the firſt object; but I did not expect Brighton after Tunbridge. Whenever dear little aunt is ſeparate from you, I ſhall certainly write to her; but at preſent how is it poſſible? Ever yours.

To The Same, at Brighthelmſtone.

St. James's-Street, Nov. 11th, 1793.

I MUST at length withdraw the veil before my ſtate of health, tho' the naked truth may alarm you more than a fit of the gout. Have you never obſerved, through my *inexpreſſibles*, a large prominency, which, as it was not at all painful, and very little troubleſome, I had ſtrangely neglected for many years? But ſince my departure from Sheffield-Place it has increaſed, (moſt ſtupendouſly,) is increaſing and ought to be diminiſhed. Yeſterday I ſent for Quhar, who is allowed to be a very ſkilful ſurgeon. After

ter viewing and palping, he very ſeriouſly deſired to call in aſſiſtance and has examined it again to-day with Mr. Cline, a ſurgeon, as he ſays, of the firſt eminence. They both pronounce it a *hydrocele*, (a collection of water,) which muſt be let out by the operation of tapping; but, from its magnitude and long neglect, they think it a moſt extraordinary caſe, and wiſh to have another ſurgeon, Dr. Bayley, preſent. If the buſineſs ſhould go off ſmoothly, I ſhall be delivered from my burthen, (it is almoſt as big as a ſmall child,) and walk about in four or five days with a truſs. But the medical gentlemen, who never ſpeak quite plain, inſinuate to me the poſſibility of an inflammation, of fever, &c. I am not appalled at the thoughts of the operation, which is fixed for Wedneſday next, twelve o'clock; but it has occurred to me, that you might wiſh to be preſent, before and afterwards till the criſis was paſt; and to give you that opportunity, I ſhall ſolicit a delay till Thurſday, or even Friday. In the mean while, I crawl about with ſome labour, and much indecency, to Devonſhire-Houſe (where I left all the fine Ladies making flannel waiſtcoats†); Lady Lucan's, &c. Adieu. Varniſh the buſineſs for the Ladies; yet I am affraid it will be public;—the advantage of being notorious. Ever yours.

IMMEDIATELY on receiving the laſt letter, I went the ſame day from Brighthelmſtone to London, and was agreeably ſurpriſed to find that Mr. Gibbon had dined at Lord Lucan's, and did not return to his lodgings, where I waited for him, till eleven o'clock at night. Thoſe who have ſeen him within the laſt eight or ten years, muſt be ſurpriſed to hear, that he could doubt, whether his diſorder was apparent. When he returned to England in 1787, I was greatly alarmed by a prodigious

† For the Soldiers in Flanders.

increaſe,

increaſe, which I always conceived to proceed from a rupture. I did not underſtand why he, who had talked with me on every other ſubject relative to himſelf and his affairs without reſerve, ſhould never in any ſhape hint at a malady ſo troubleſome: but on ſpeaking to his valet de chambre, he told me, Mr. Gibbon could not bear the leaſt alluſion to that ſubject, and never would ſuffer him to notice it. I conſulted ſome medical perſons, who with me ſuppoſing it to be a rupture, were of opinion that nothing could be done, and ſaid that he ſurely muſt have had advice, and of courſe had taken all neceſſary precautions. He now talked freely with me about his diſorder; which, he ſaid, began in the year 1761; that he then conſulted Mr. Hawkins the ſurgeon, who did not decide whether it was the beginning of a rupture, or an hydrocele; but he deſired to ſee Mr. Gibbon again when he came to town. Mr. Gibbon not feeling any pain, nor ſuffering any inconvenience, as he ſaid, never returned to Mr. Hawkins; and although the diſorder continued to increaſe gradually, and of late years very much indeed, he never mentioned it to any perſon, however incredible it may appear, from 1761 to November 1793. I told him, that I had always ſuppoſed there was no doubt of its being a rupture; his anſwer was, that he never thought ſo, and that he, and the ſurgeons who attended him, were of opinion that it was an hydrocele. It is now certain that it was originally a rupture, and that an hydrocele had lately taken place in the ſame part; and it is remarkable, that his legs, which had been ſwelled about the ankle, particularly one of them, ſince he had the eriſipelas in 1790, recovered their former ſhape as ſoon as the water appeared in another part, which did not happen till between the time he left Sheffield-Place, in the beginning of October, and his arrival at Althorpe, towards the latter end of that month. On the Thurſday following the date of his laſt letter, Mr.

Gibbon

Gibbon was tapped for the firſt time; four quarts of a tranſparent watery fluid were diſcharged by that operation. Neither inflammation nor fever enſued: the tumour was diminiſhed to nearly half its ſize; the remaining part was a ſoft irregular maſs. I had been with him two days, before, and I continued with him above a week after the firſt tapping, during which time he enjoyed his uſual ſpirits; and the three medical gentlemen who attended him will recollect his pleaſantry, even during the operation. He was abroad again in a few days, but the water evidently collecting very faſt, it was agreed that a ſecond puncture ſhould be made a fortnight after the firſt. Knowing that I ſhould be wanted at a meeting in the country, he preſſed me to attend it, and promiſed that ſoon after the ſecond operation was performed he would follow me to Sheffield-Place; but before he arrived I received the two following Letters.

Mr. GIBBON *to Lord* SHEFFIELD, *at* Brighton.

ST. JAMES'S STREET, Nov. 25th, 1793.

THOUGH Farquhar has promiſed to write you a line, I conceive you may not be ſorry to hear directly from me. The operation of yeſterday was much longer, more ſearching, and more painful than the former; but it has eaſed and lightened me to a much greater degree*. No inflammation, no fever, a delicious night, leave to go abroad to-morrow, and to go out of town when I pleaſe, *en attendant* the future meaſures of a radical cure. If you hold your intention of returning next Saturday to Sheffield-Place, I ſhall probably join you about the Tueſday following, after having paſſed two nights at Beckenham †. The Devons are going to Bath, and the hoſpitable Craufurd follows them. I paſſed a delightful day with Burke; an odd one with Monſignore Eiſkine, the Pope's Nuncio. Of public news, you and the pa-

* Three quarts of the ſame fluid as before were diſcharged. † Eden-Farm.

pers

pers know more than I do. We ſeem to have ſtrong ſea, and land hopes; nor do I diſlike the Royaliſts having beaten the Sans Culottes, and taken Dol. How many minutes will it take to guillotine the ſeventy three-new members of the Convention, who are now arreſted? Adieu; Ever yours.

Mr. GIBBON *to Lord* SHEFFIELD.

ST. JAMES'S-STREET, Nov. 30th, 1793.

IT will not be in my power to reach Sheffield-place quite ſo ſoon as I wiſhed and expected. Lord Auckland informs me, that he ſhall be at Lambeth next week, Tueſday, Wedneſday, and Thurſday. I have therefore agreed to dine at Beckenham on Friday. Saturday will be ſpent there, and unleſs ſome extraordinary temptation ſhould detain me another day, you will ſee me by four o'clock Sunday the ninth of December. I dine to-morrow with the Chancellor at Hampſtead, and, what I do not like at this time of the year, without a propoſal to ſtay all night. Yet I would not refuſe, more eſpecially as I had denied him on a former day. My health is good; but I ſhall have a final interview with Farquhar before I leave town. We are ſtill in darkneſs about Lord Howe and the French ſhips, but hope ſeems to preponderate. Adieu. Nothing that relates to Louiſa can be forgotten. Ever yours.

Mr. Gibbon generally took the opportunity of paſſing a night or two with his friend Lord Auckland, at Eden-Farm, (ten miles from London,) on his paſſage to Sheffield-Place; and notwithſtanding his indiſpoſition, he had lately made an excurſion thither from London; when he was much pleaſed by meeting the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, of whom he expreſſed an high opinion. He returned to London, to dine with Lord Loughborough, to meet Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, and particularly Mr. Pitt,

Pitt, with whom he was not acquainted; and in his laſt journey to Suſſex, he reviſited Eden-Farm, and was much gratified by the opportunity of again ſeeing, during a whole day, Mr. Pitt, who paſſed the night there. From Lord Auckland's, Mr. Gibbon proceeded to Sheffield-Place; and his diſcourſe was never more brilliant, nor more entertaining, than on his arrival. The parallel he drew, and the compariſons he made, between the leading men of this country, were ſketched in his beſt manner, and were infinitely intereſting. However, this laſt viſit to Sheffield-Place became far different from any he had ever made before. That ready, cheerful, various, and illuminating converſation, which we had before admired in him, was not always to be found in the library or the dining-room. He moved with difficulty, and retired from company ſooner than he had been uſed to do. On the twenty-third of December, his appetite began to fail him. He obſerved to me, that it was a very bad ſign *with him* when he could not eat his breakfaſt, which he had done at all times very heartily; and this ſeems to have been the ſtrongeſt expreſſion of apprehenſion that he was ever obſerved to utter. A conſiderable degree of fever now made its appearance. Inflammation aroſe from the weight and bulk of the tumour. Water again collected very faſt, and when the fever went off, he never entirely recovered his appetite even for breakfaſt. I became very uneaſy indeed at his ſituation towards the end of the month, and thought it neceſſary to adviſe him to ſet out for London. He had before ſettled his plan to arrive there about the middle of January. I had company in the houſe, and we expected one of his particular friends; but he was obliged to ſacrifice all ſocial pleaſure to the immediate attention which his health required. He went to London on the ſeventh of January, and the next day I received the following billet; the laſt he ever wrote:

EDWARD GIBBON *Esq. to Lord* SHEFFIELD.

ST. JAMES'S-STREET, four o'clock, Tuesday.

"THIS date says every thing. I was almost killed "between Sheffield-Place and East Grinsted, by hard, "frozen, long, and cross ruts, that would disgrace the "approach of an Indian wig-wam The rest was some-"thing less painful; and I reached this place half-dead, "but not seriously feverish, or ill. I found a dinner in-"vitation from Lord Lucan; but what are dinners to "me? I wish they did not know of my departure. I "catch the flying post. What an effort! Adieu, till "Thursday or Friday."

By his own desire, I did not follow him till Thursday the ninth. I then found him far from well. The tumour more distended than before, inflamed, and ulcerated in several places. Remedies were applied to abate the inflammation; but it was not thought proper to puncture the tumour for a third time, till Monday the 13th of January, when no less than six quarts of fluid were discharged. He seemed much relieved by the evacuation. His spirits continued good. He talked, as usual, of passing his time at houses which he had often frequented with great pleasure, the Duke of Devonshire's, Mr. Craufurd's, Lord Spenser's, Lord Lucan's, Sir Ralph Payne's, and Mr. Batt's; and when I told him that I should not return to the country, as I had intended, he pressed me to go; knowing I had an engagement there on public business, he said, "you may be back on Satur-"day, and I intend to go on Thursday to Devonshire-"House." I had not any apprehension that his life was in danger, although I began to fear that he might not be restored to a comfortable state, and that motion would be very troublesome to him; but he talked of a radical cure. He said, that it was fortunate the disorder had shewn itself while he was in England, where he might procure the best assistance; and if a radical cure could

not

not be obtained before his return to Lauſanne, there was an able ſurgeon at Geneva, who could come to tap him when it ſhould be neceſſary.

On Tueſday the fourteenth, when the riſk of inflammation and fever from the laſt operation was ſuppoſed to be paſt, as the medical gentlemen who attended him expreſſed no fears for his life, I went that afternoon part of the way to Suſſex, and the following day reached Sheffield-Place. The next morning, the ſixteenth, I received by the poſt a good account of Mr. Gibbon, which mentioned alſo that he hourly gained ſtrength. In the evening came a letter by expreſs, dated noon that day, which acquainted me that Mr. Gibbon had had a violent attack the preceding night, and that it was not probable he ſhould live till I could come to him. I reached his lodgings in St. James's-ſtreet about midnight, and learned that my friend had expired a quarter before one o'clock that day, the 16th of January 1794.

After I left him on Tueſday afternoon the fourteenth, he ſaw ſome company, Lady Lucan and Lady Spenſer, and thought himſelf well enough at night to omit the opium draught, which he had been uſed to take for ſome time. He ſlept very indifferently; before nine the next morning he roſe, but could not eat his breakfaſt. However, he appeared tolerably well, yet complained at times of a pain in his ſtomach. At one o'clock he received a viſit of an hour from Madame de Sylva, and at three, his friend, Mr. Craufurd, of Auchinames, (whom he always mentioned with particular regard,) called, and ſtayed with him till paſt five o'clock. They talked, as uſual, on various ſubjects; and twenty hours before his death, Mr. Gibbon happened to fall into a converſation, not uncommon with him, on the probable duration of his life. He ſaid, that he thought himſelf a good life for ten, twelve, or perhaps twenty years. About, ſix, he ate the wing of a chicken, and drank three glaſſes of Madeira.

After

After dinner he became very uneasy and impatient; complained a good deal, and appeared so weak, that his servant was alarmed. Mr. Gibbon had sent to his friend and relation, Mr. Robert Darell, whose house was not far distant, desiring to see him, and adding, that he had something particular to say. But, unfortunately, this desired interview never took place.

During the evening he complained much of his stomach, and of a disposition to vomit. Soon after nine, he took his opium draught, and went to bed. About ten, he complained of much pain, and desired that warm napkins might be applied to his stomach. He almost incessantly expressed a sense of pain till about four o'clock in the morning, when he said he found his stomach much easier. About seven, the servant asked, whether he should send for Mr. Farquhar? he answered, no; that he was as well as he had been the day before. At about half past eight, he got out of bed, and said he was "*plus adroit*" than he had been for three months past, and got into bed again, without assistance, better than usual. About nine, he said that he would rise. The servant, however, persuaded him to remain in bed till Mr. Farquhar, who was expected at eleven, should come. Till about that hour he spoke with great facility. Mr. Farquhar came at the time appointed, and he was then visibly dying. When the *valet de chambre* returned, after attending Mr. Farquhar out of the room, Mr. Gibbon said, "*Pourquoi est ce que vous me quittez?*" This was about half past eleven. At twelve, he drank some brandy and water from a tea-pot, and desired his favourite servant to stay with him. These were the last words he pronounced articulately. To the last he preserved his senses; and when he could no longer speak, his servant having asked a question, he made a sign, to shew that he understood him. He was quite tranquil, and did not stir; his eyes

half-shut.

half-ſhut. About a quarter before one, he ceaſed to breathe*.

The *valet de chambre* obſerved, that Mr. Gibbon did not, at any time, ſhew the leaſt ſign of alarm, or apprehenſion of death; and it does not appear that he ever thought himſelf in danger, unleſs his deſire to ſpeak to Mr. Darell may be conſidered in that light.

Perhaps I dwell too long on theſe minute and melancholy circumſtances. Yet the cloſe of ſuch a life can hardly fail to intereſt every reader; and I know that the public has received a different and erroneous account of my friend's laſt hours.

I can never ceaſe to feel regret that I was not by his ſide at this awful period: a regret ſo ſtrong, that I can expreſs

* The body was not opened till the fifth day after his death. It was then found, except that a degree of mortification, not very conſiderable, had taken place on a part of the *colon*; which, with the whole of the *omentum*, of a very enlarged ſize, had deſcended into the *ſcrotum*, forming a bag that hung down nearly as low as the knee. Since that part had been inflamed and ulcerated, Mr. Gibbon could not bear a truſs; and when the laſt ſix quarts of fluid were diſcharged, the *colon* and *omentum* deſcending lower, they, by their weight, drew the lower mouth of the ſtomach downwards to the *os pubis*, and this probably was the immediate cauſe of his death.

The following is the account of the appearance of the body, given by an eminent ſurgeon who opened it:

"Aperto tumore, qui ab inguine uſque ad genu ſe extenderat, obſervatum "eſt partem ejus inferiorem conſtare ex tunicâ vaginali teſtis continenti duas "quaſi libras liquoris ſeroſi tincti ſanguine. Ea autem fuit ſacci illius amplitu- "do ut portioni liquoris longè majori capiendæ ſufficeret. In poſteriori parte "hujus ſacci teſtis ſitus fuit. Hunc omninò ſanum invenimus.

"Partem tumoris ſuperiorem occupaverant integrum ferè omentum et major "pars inteſtini coli. Hæ partes, ſacco ſibi proprio incluſæ, ſibi invicem et "ſacco ſuo adeò arctè adhæſerunt ut coïviſſe viderentur in maſſam unam ſolidam "et irregularem; cujus a tergo chorda ſpermatica ſedem ſuam obtinuerat.

"In omento et in inteſtino colo haud dubia recentis inflammationis ſigna vidi- "mus, necnon maculas nonnullas lividi coloris hinc inde ſparſas.

"Aperto abdomine, ventriculum invenimus a naturali ſuo ſitu detractum uſ- "que ad annulum muſculi obliqui externi. Pylorum retrorſùm et quaſi ſurſùm "a duodeno retractum. In hepate ingentem numerum parvorum tuberculorum. "Veſicam felleam bile admodùm diſtentam. In cæteris viſceribus, examini "anatomico ſubjectis, nulla morbi veſtigia extiterunt."

it

it only by borrowing (as the eloquent Mr. Maſon has done on a ſimilar occaſion) the forcible language of Tacitus: *Mihi præter acerbitatem* amici *erepti, auget mœſtitiam quod aſſidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, ſatiari vultu, complexu non contigit.* It is ſome conſolation to me, that I have not, like Tacitus, by a long abſence, anticipated the loſs of my friend ſeveral years before his deceaſe. Although I had not the mournful gratification of being near him on the day he expired, yet, during his illneſs, I had not failed to attend him, with that aſſiduity which his genius, his virtues, and, above all, our long, uninterrupted, and happy friendſhip demanded.

POSTSCRIPT.

MR. Gibbon's Will is dated the 1st of October 1791, juſt before I leſt Lauſanne; he diſtinguiſhes me, as uſual, in the moſt flattering manner:

"I conſtitute and appoint the Right Honourable John "Lord Sheffield, Edward Darell Eſquire, and John "Thomas Batt Eſquire, to be the Executors of this my "laſt Will and Teſtament; and as the execution of this "truſt will not be attended with much difficulty or trou- "ble, I ſhall indulge theſe gentlemen, in the pleaſure "of this laſt diſintereſted ſervice, without wronging my "feelings, or oppreſſing my heir, by too light or too "weighty a teſtimony of my gratitude. My obligations "to the long and active friendſhip of Lord Sheffield, I "could never ſufficiently repay."

He then obſerves, that the Right Hon. Lady Eliot, of Port-Eliot, is his neareſt relation on the father's ſide; but that her three ſons are in ſuch proſperous circumſtances, that he may well be excuſed for making the two children of his late uncle, Sir Stanier Porten, his heirs; they being in a very different ſituation. He bequeaths annuities to two old ſervants; three thouſand pounds, and his furniture, plate, &c. at Lauſanne, to Mr. Wilhelm de Severy; one hundred guineas to the poor of Lauſanne, and fifty guineas each to the following perſons: Lady Sheffield and daughters, Maria and Louiſa, Madame and Mademoiſelle de Severy, the Count de Schomberg, Mademoiſelle la Chanoineſſe de Polier, and M. le Miniſtre Le Vade, for the purchaſe of ſome token which may remind them of a ſincere friend. *The remains of Mr. Gibbon were depoſited in Lord Sheffield's family burial-place in Suſſex.*

APPENDIX.

THE Letters of Mr. Gibbon, from the time of his return to Switzerland in 1788, are annexed to his Memoirs, as the beſt continuation of them. Among his Letters of an earlier date, I find ſeveral which he has alluded to, and others which will illuſtrate the account he has given of himſelf. Theſe, I flatter myſelf, will pleaſe the generality of readers; ſince, when he touches on matters of private buſineſs, even ſubjects of the drieſt nature become intereſting, from his mode of treating them. Many Letters from diſtinguiſhed perſons to him will be introduced, and ſome that he received at a very early period of life, Although we have not at all his own Letters to which theſe were anſwers, yet we have enough to teſtify his ambition, even in youth, to be diſtinguiſhed as a ſcholar.

It has been ſometimes thought neceſſary to offer to the Public an apology for the publication of private Letters: I have no ſcruple to ſay, that I publiſh theſe, becauſe I think they place my friend in an advantageous point of view. He might not, perhaps, have expected that all his Letters ſhould be printed; but I have no reaſon to believe that he would have been averſe to the publication of any. If I had, they never would have been made public, however highly I might have conceived of their excellence.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

EDWARD GIBBON, Eſquire.

N°. I.

M. CREVIER *à M.* GIBBON.

MONSIEUR, PARIS, 7 Août 1756.

JE ne puis qu'être très ſenſible aux témoignages d'eſtime dont vous voulez bien me combler, quoique je ſois fort éloigné de les prendre à la lettre, et de me regarder comme un oracle. Mais je ſuis homme vrai, et par là même qui aime à profiter des lumières que l'on a la bonté de me communiquer. Ainſi, Monſieur, je reçois avec toute la ſatisfaction poſſible l'ingénieuſe conjecture que vous propoſez, pour l'éclairciſſement d'un paſſage de Tite Live

[TRANSLATION.]

Mr. CREVIER *to Mr.* GIBBON.

SIR, PARIS, 7th Auguſt 1756.

I am extremely obliged by your expreſſions of eſteem, without taking them in the literal ſenſe, and believing myſelf an oracle. But I am a lover of truth and ſincerity, and always ready to avail myſelf of the communications of my learned friends. With the greateſt pleaſure, therefore, I received

Live ſur lequel je n'avois ſu qu'être embaraſſé. J'adopte toutes vos obſervations, tous vos raiſonnemens. Par le changement d'une ſeule lettre, vous ſubſtituez à un ſens louche et obſcur, une penſée claire, convenable au caractère de celui qui parle, et bien liée avec tout le reſte du diſcours. Je ne manquerai pas d'en faire une note, et de me ſervir de cette judicieuſe correction, ſi l'occaſion s'en préſente, en prenant ſoin d'en faire honneur à celui àqui je la dois.

J'ajouterai ſeulement une remarque de peu de conſéquence, mais qui me paroît néceſſaire pour donner toute ſa perfection à la phraſe, ſur laquelle vous avez travaillé ſi heureuſement. Voici la phraſe avec le changement que vous propoſez. *Nec eſſe in vos otio veſtro conſultum ab Romanis credatis.* Or *in vos* ne me paroît point s'accorder avec *otio veſtro.* L'expreſſion *in vos* ſemble marquer quelque choſe qui doit être contraire au bien des Carthaginois, et qui par conſéquence s'allie mal avec l'idée de leur repos. Ainſi au lieu de ces mots *in vos* j'aimerois mieux lire *in his.* Alors la phraſe ſera completement bonne. *Nec eſſe*

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your ingenious conjecture illuſtrating a paſſage of Livy, by which I had been puzzled. I adopt all your obſervations and reaſonings. By changing a ſingle letter, you ſubſtitute, inſtead of an aukward and obſcure meaning, a thought perſpicuous in itſelf, ſuitable to the character of the ſpeaker, and connected with the purport of his diſcourſe. I ſhall not fail noticing this judicious correction, when an opportunity occurs, and mentioning the name of the perſon to whom I am indebted for it.

I will add only one remark, of ſmall importance indeed, but neceſſary for giving complete correctneſs to the paſſage with which your attention has been ſo ſucceſsfully occupied. With your emendation it runs thus: *Nec eſſe in vos otio veſtro conſultum ab Romanis credatis.* The *in vos* does not appear to me to correſpond well with *otio veſtro*; ſince it ſeems to indicate ſomething adverſe to the intereſt of the Carthaginians, and therefore does not accord well with the idea of their tranquillity. Inſtead of the words *in vos* I would read *in his*; which would render the paſſage perfectly correct. *Nec eſſe*

in

eſſe in his otio veſtro conſultum ab Romanis credatis. " Ne penſez pas que dans ces meſures que prennent les Ro- " mains, pour vous ôter toutes vos forces, et en vous in- " terdiſant la guerre avec l'étranger, ils aient eu pour ob- " jet votre tranquillité et votre repos."

Il ne me reſte plus, Monſieur, qu'à vous remercier de la bonté que vous avez eu de me faire part d'une idée auſſi heureuſe. Ce ſeroit une grande joie pour moi ſi je reçevois ſovent de pareils ſecours ſur tout ce que j'ai donné au public.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec bien de la reconnoiſſance et de reſpect, &c.

CREVIER.

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in his otio veſtro conſultum ab Romanis credatis. " Do not believe that the " Romans, when they deprive you of your forces, and forbid you to make " war on foreign nations, mean thereby to promote your tranquillity.

It remains only, Sir, that I ſhould thank you for your goodneſs in communicating to me ſo happy a thought. It would give me the greateſt pleaſure to be frequently favoured with ſuch aſſiſtance in my literary labours.

I have the honour to remain, with much gratitude and reſpect,

Yours, &c.

CREVIER.

N°. II.

M. ALLAMAND *à Mr.* GIBBON.

MONSIEUR, BEX, Sept. 14, 1756.

A PRESENT que me voilà échappé de l'orage des fonctions publiques dont cette église eſt chargée en tems de fête, je ſaiſis avec joie quelques momens de repos pour m'entretenir, Monſieur, avec vous: ce ſera, s'il vous plait, ſans faire de trop grands efforts ſur l'article des idées innées que vous me propoſez. Outre que je riſquerois de dire comme je ne ſais quelle des interlocutrices de Terence, *Magno conatu magnas nugas*; il y a fort long tems que je n'ai relu M. Locke, l'oracle moderne ſur cette matière, et il faudroit trop de tems et de papier pour tout éplucher. Ayez donc la bonté de vous contenter des premières réflexions qui ſe préſenteront ſur quelques endroits de ſon premier livre.

Je

Mr. ALLAMAND *to Mr.* GIBBON.

SIR, BEX, 14th September 1756.

AFTER eſcaping from the tumult of public functions, in which the miniſters of this church are employed during the holydays, I ſit down with much pleaſure to converſe with you a few minutes on paper; without intending to make any very violent exertion in anſwering the queſtions concerning innate ideas, which you propoſe for my conſideration. I am not willing to riſk the being obliged to ſay, with one of Terence's characters, *Magno conatu magnas nugas*; beſides, it is long ſince I looked into Locke, the modern oracle on that ſubject; and too much time and paper would be requiſite completely to canvas ſo intricate a ſubject. You will have the goodneſs, therefore, to be contented with the firſt reflections that occur to me on ſome paſſages of his firſt book.

In

Je commence par le chap. i. § 5. où cet habile homme entreprend de prouver que ces deux principes, *Ce qui eſt, eſt ; il eſt impoſſible qu'une meme choſe ſoit, et en meme temps ne ſoit pas,* ne ſont point innés, puiſqu'ils n'étoient point dans l'eſprit pendant l'enfance ; et la preuve qu'ils n'y étoient pas, c'eſt que l'enfant n'y penſoit point, et que bien des gens meurent, ſans les avoir jamais apperçus ; " or," dit M. Locke, " une idée ne ſauroit être dans l'eſprit, ſans que l'eſprit ne s'en apperçoive," &c.

Il eſt clair, Monſieur, que toute la force de ce raiſonnement, eſt dans cette dernière aſſertion ; mais cette aſſertion n'eſt elle pas evidemment détruite par l'expérience ? Apperçevez-vous actuellement toutes les idées que vous avez dans l'eſprit ? N'y en a t'il point auxquelles vous ne prendrez peut-être garde de pluſieurs années ? Et dans les efforts que l'on fait ſouvent pour rappeller ce qu'on a confié à ſa mémoire, ne ſent-on pas qu'il peut y avoir des connoiſſances ſi cachées dans ſes replis, que loin de les apperçevoir ſans ceſſe, il faut bien de la peine pour les rattrapper ? Je ſais que M. Locke, qui a ſenti la difficulté, tâche de

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In chapter i. § 5. that able writer undertakes to prove that the axioms " Whatever is, is ;" and " It is impoſſible for the ſame thing to be and not to " be at the ſame time ;" are not innate ; becauſe children are totally ignorant of them, as appears from their never taking notice of them ; and many perſons die without ever perceiving the truth of theſe axioms ; " but it is impoſſible," Mr. Locke obſerves, " for an idea to be in the mind, which the mind never takes notice of." It is plain that the whole weight of his reaſoning reſts on this laſt aſſertion ; which aſſertion itſelf ſeems to be manifeſtly contradicted by experience. Do you perceive, Sir, at this moment all the ideas that are in your mind ? Are there not ſome of them which you may not, perhaps, take notice of for many years ? In the efforts which we make to recall things to the memory, are we not ſenſible that ſome ideas may be ſo deeply hidden in its receſſes, that inſtead of continually perceiving them, we have no ſmall trouble in bringing them back to our remembrance ? I know that Mr. Locke, c. iii. § 20, endeavours to obviate theſe

de la réſoudre. Ch. iii. § 20. Mais en vérité, la longueur et l'embarras de cet article montre aſſez que M. L. n'étoit par à ſon aiſe en l'écrivant; et comment y auroit-il été? Voici, autant que j'en puis juger, à quoi il ſe réduit. Il avoue, " Que nous avons dans l'eſprit des idées que " nous n'apperçevons point actuellement; mais, dit-il, " c'eſt dans la *mémoire* qu'elles ſont: et cela eſt ſi vrai, " qu'on ne ſe les rappelle point ſans le ſouvenir, en même " temps, qu'on les a déjà apperçues. Or, tel n'eſt point " le cas des *idées* qu'on prétend *innées*. Quand on les " apperçoit pour la première fois, ce n'eſt point avec ré- " miniſcence, comme on devroit, ſi ces idées là avoient " été dans l'eſprit avant cette première apperception," &c.

De grâce, Monſieur, croyêz vous que M. Locke s'entendoit bien lui-même, quand il diſtinguoit *être dans l'eſprit* et *être dans la mémoire*? Et qu'importe à la queſtion, qu'on ſe ſouvienne d'avoir déjà ſu ce que l'on ſe rappelle, s'il n'en eſt pas moins vrai qu'on l'a eu long temps dans l'eſprit ſans s'en apperçevoir; ce qui eſt le point dont il

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theſe objections; but the length and perplexity of that article ſhews that he was not at eaſe in writing it. How indeed could he be ſo? ſince, as far as I am able to judge, the following is the reſult of his argument: " I confeſs that we have " ideas in the mind, of which we are not conſcious; but then theſe ideas are " in the memory; as appears from this, that we never recall them without re- " membering that they formerly were objects of our perception. But this is " not ſuppoſed to hold with regard to what are called innate ideas. When theſe " are perceived for the firſt time, it is not with reminiſcence, which would cer- " tainly be the caſe if they had been in the mind before this firſt perception of them," &c.

Be pleaſed to tell me, Sir, whether you think that Mr. Locke himſelf well underſtood the diſtinction which he makes between *being in the mind*, and *being in the memory*? And of what importance is it, that we remember to have formerly had the recalled ideas, provided it be allowed that we had them

il s'agit? Au reste, M. Locke auroit pu sentir que si l'on ne se *rappelle* point les idées innées par *réminiscence*, c'est qu'elles ne sont point entrées dans l'esprit d'une manière qui ait exigé, ou attiré son attention. Et c'est aussi le cas de plusieurs idées acquises; car, quoiqu'en puisse dire M. Locke, chacun se trouve au besoin, nombre d'idées qui ne peuvent s'être insinuées dans son esprit, qu'à la présence de certains objets, auxquels il n'a point pris garde, ou, en général, par des moyens inconnus, qui l'ont enrichi sans qu'il sache comment, et sans qu'il crût les avoir jusques au moment qu'elles se sont présentées.

Sur le fond même de la question, il me semble que M. Locke confond perpétuellement deux choses très différentes. *L'idée elle-même*, qui est une connoissance dans l'esprit et un principe de raisonnement; et *l'énoncé de cette idée* en forme de proposition, ou de définition. Il se peut, et il est même très probable, que bien des gens n'ont jamais formé ou envisagé en eux-mêmes cet énoncé, *il*

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them long, without taking any notice of them, which is the point in question? Besides, Mr. Locke ought to have known that innate ideas are not recalled with reminiscence, because those ideas come originally into the mind in a way that neither excites nor requires our attention; for whatever Mr. Locke may say, every one may be sensible from his own experience, that many even of his acquired ideas could not have come into his mind independently of the presence of certain objects of which he had never taken any notice; or, in general, independently of certain unknown causes, which enriched him, without his being sensible of it, with ideas that he did not believe himself possessed of, till they actually presented themselves to his understanding.

As to the main question, Mr. Locke seems to me perpetually to confound two things extremely different; the idea itself, which is a preception of the mind, and a principle of reasoning; and the expression of that idea in the form of a proposition or definition. It is possible, nay, very probable, that many persons have never formed, or thought of the proposition, "It is

"impossible

il eſt impoſſible qu'une choſe ſoit, et ne ſoit pas en même tems. Voyez Liv. 1. ch. i. § 12. Mais ſuit-il delà, qu'ils ne connoiſſent pas la vérité qu'il exprime, et qu'ils n'en ont pas l'idée?—Nullement. Tout homme qui aſſure, qui nie, tout homme qui parle, un enfant quand il demande, quand il refuſe, quand il ſe plaint, &c. ne ſuppoſe t'-il pas, que dès qu'une choſe eſt, il eſt impoſſible qu'en même tems elle ne ſoit pas? Ne trouvez-vous pas, Monſieur, qu'on pourroit ſoutenir la réalité des idées innées, préciſément ſur ce que M. Locke allégue contre elles, que beaucoup de gens n'ont jamais penſé aux propoſitions évidentes dont il parle; car, puiſque ſans y avoir penſé, ils s'en ſervent, ils bâtiſſent là-deſſus, ils jugent de la vérité, ou de l'abſurdité d'un diſcours par ſes rapports avec ces principes là, &c. D'où leur vient cette familiarité avec des principes qu'ils n'onjamais ap perçus diſtinctement, ſi ce n'eſt de ce qu'ils en ont une connoiſſance, ou ſi l'on veut, un ſentiment naturel?

Aux § 17 et 18, M. Locke nie que le conſentement que l'on donne à certaines propoſitions, dès qu'on les entend prononcer,

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"impoſſible for the ſame thing to be and not to be at the ſame time." See Locke, b. i. c. 1. § 12. But does it follow from this, that they are ignorant of the truth expreſſed by theſe words? By no means. Every man who affirms, denies, or ſpeaks; a child who aſks, refuſes, or complains, muſt know the truth of this propoſition. Does it not appear to you, Sir, that the doctrine of innate ideas may be defended on the ſame principle by which Mr. Locke attacks it; namely, that many perſons have never thought of the propoſitions or deſcriptions by which they are expreſſed? For if without ever having thought of thoſe propoſitions, they make uſe of them in their reaſonings, and employ them in judging of the juſtneſs or abſurdity of every diſcourſe which they hear, how could they be ſo familiar with principles which they never diſtinctly took notice of, unleſs they had a natural knowledge or innate perception of them?

In paragraphs 17 and 18, Mr. Locke denies that our conſenting to certain propoſitions at firſt hearing them, is a proof that the ideas expreſſed by them

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prononcer, ſoit une preuve que l'idée qu'elles expriment ſoit innée ; et il ſe fonde, ſur ce qu'il y a bien des propoſitions que l'on reçoit ainſi d'abord, qui certainement ne ſont point innées ; et il en donne divers exemples, viz. *deux & deux ſont quatre*, &c. Mais ne vous paroîtra-t'il pas qu'il confond içi de ſimples définitions de mots avec des vérités évidentes par elles-mêmes ? Au moins, eſt il certain que tous ces exemples, ſont de ſimples définitions des mots, *deux et deux ſont quatre*. L'idée qu'on exprime par *deux et deux*, eſt la même que celle qu'on exprime par *quatre*, &c. Or perſonne ne dit que la connoiſſance d'une définition de mots ſoit innée, puiſqu'elle ſuppoſe celle du langage. Mais cette propoſition, *le tout eſt plus grand que chacune de ces parties*, n'eſt point dans ce cas ; et il eſt certain que le plus petit enfant ſuppoſe la vérité de cette propoſition toutes les fois que non content d'une moitié de pomme, il vuet la pomme toute entière.

Prenez la peine, Monſieur, d'examiner le § 23 ; où M. Locke vuet convaincre de fauſſeté cette ſuppoſition, qu'il y a des principes tellement *innés*, que ceux qui en entendent

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are innate ; ſince many propoſitions, thus aſſented to, evidently expreſs ideas that had been acquired ; viz. *two and two make four*, &c. But does it not appear to you, that he here confounds the definition of words with ſelf-evident truths ? at leaſt, all the examples which he gives are mere definitions. The idea expreſſed by *two and two* is preciſely the ſame with the idea of *four*. Nobody ſays that our knowledge of the definitions of words is innate, becauſe that would imply language to be ſo. But the knowledge of this truth, that the whole is greater than its part, does not imply that ſuppoſition ; ſince an infant ſhews itſelf acquainted with this principle, when, diſſatisfied with the half of an apple, it indicates its deſire to poſſeſs the whole.

Take the trouble, Sir, to examine § 23 ; in which Mr. Locke endeavours to diſprove the aſſertion, that there are ſome principles ſo truly innate, that thoſe who hear them expreſſed in words for the firſt time, immediately comprehend

entendent pour la première fois, et qui en comprennent l'énoncé, n'apprennent rien de nouveau. " Premièrement, dit-il, il eſt clair qu'ils ont appris les *termes* de l'énoncé et la *ſignification* de ces termes." Mais qui ne voit que M. Locke ſort de la queſtion ? Perſonne n'a jamais dit que des termes, qui ne ſont que des ſignes arbitraires de nos idées, fuſſent innés. Il ajoute, " Que les " idées renfermées dans de pareils énoncés ne naiſſent " pas plus avec nous, que leurs expreſſions, et qu'on " acquiert ces idées dans la ſuite après en avoir appris les " noms." Mais, 1. N'eſt ce pas donner pour preuve de ce qu'on affirme, cette affirmation même ? Il n'y a point d'idées innées, car il n'y en a que d'acquiſes ! M. Locke riroit bien d'un pareil raiſonnement, s'il le trouvoit dans ſes adverſaires. 2. S'il eſt vrai qu'on apprend les mots avant que d'avoir les idées qu'ils expriment, au moins s'il eſt vrai que cela ſoit toujours ainſi, comme M. Locke l'entend, je voudrois bien ſavoir comment la première langue a pu être formée ? Et même comment il eſt poſſible qu'on faſſe comprendre à quelqu'un le ſens d'un mot nouveau pour lui ? Tout homme qui n'a nulle idée de *l'ordre*,

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prehend them without learning any thing new. " Firſt of all," he obſerves, " it is clear they muſt have learned the terms of the expreſſion, and the " meaning of thoſe terms." But here Mr. Locke manifeſtly departs from the queſtion. Nobody ſays that words, which are merely arbitrary ſigns of our ideas, are innate. He adds, " that the ideas denoted by theſe expreſſions " are no more born with us than the expreſſions themſelves, and that we ac- " quire the ideas after firſt learning the terms by which they are expreſſed." But, 1. Is not this to take for granted the thing to be proved ? There are no innate ideas, for all ideas are acquired. Mr. Locke would laugh at his adverſaries, were they to make uſe of ſuch an argument. 2. If words are learned before ideas, at leaſt if that is always the caſe, as Mr. Locke underſtands it to be, I would be glad to know how the firſt language could have been formed, or how it could be poſſible to communicate to any one the meaning of a word altogether new to him ? A perſon who had no idea of order, for example, would be

l'ordre, par exemple, doit auſſi peu être capable d'entendre ce mot *ordre*, qu'un aveugle né celui de *couleur*.

Au § 27, M. Locke nie les idées innées, parcequ'elles ne paroiſſent ni dans les enfans, ni dans les imbécilles, où elles devroient paroître le plus. Mais, 1. Ceux qui admettent les idées innées, ne les croyent pas plus naturelles à l'ame, que ſes facultés ; puis donc que l'état et la conſtitution du corps nuit à celles-ci dans les imbécilles, elle ſera auſſi cauſe qu'on ne leur remarque point les autres. 2. Le fait même n'eſt pas entièrement vrai ; les enfans et les imbécilles ont l'idée de leur exiſtence, de leur individualité, de leur identité, &c.

Dans le reſte de ce §, M. Locke ſe divertit au dépens ce ceux qui croyent que les énoncés des maximes abſtraites ſont innées : mais les plus déterminés ſcholaſtiques n'ont jamais rien dit de ſemblable, et il rit d'une chimère qu'il s'eſt faite lui même.

Je ne ſais, Monſieur, comment il eſt arrivé qu'au lieu de trois ou quatre courtes réflexions que j'aurois du vous donner

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be no more capable of underſtanding the word order, than a man born blind could underſtand the word colour.

In paragraph 27, Mr. Locke denies innate ideas, becauſe they are not found in children and idiots, in whom we ought moſt to expect meeting with them. I anſwer, 1. Thoſe who admit innate ideas, do not believe them more natural to the mind than its faculties ; and as the ſtate and conſtitution of the body diſturbs the faculties of idiots, the ſame cauſe may hinder them from ſhowing any ſigns of innate ideas. 2. The fact is not ſtrictly true. Even idiots and infants have the idea of their exiſtence, individuality, identity, &c.

In the remainder of that paragraph, Mr. Locke diverts himſelf with the abſurdity of thoſe who believe the expreſſions of abſtract maxims to be innate ; but the moſt determined ſcholaſtic never maintained any ſuch opinion ; and he combats a chimera which is the work of his own fancy.

I know not how it has happened that, inſtead of a few general reflections which I intended, I have ſent you a long and tireſome criticiſm on ſome

paſſages

donner sur tout ceci, je me suis engagé dans une critique longue et ennuyeuse, de quelques endroits d'un seul chapitre : c'est apparemment un reste de lassitude : j'ai trouvé plus de facilité à suivre et à chicaner M. Locke qu'à penser tout seul. Prenez patience et pardonnez. J'entrevois bien des choses à dire sur le second chapitre, où il s'agit des principes innés de pratique ; mais je ne vous en fatiguerai qu'après en avoir reçu l'aveu de vous-même.

On écrit içi, que le Roi de Prusse vient de battre les Autrichiens et de leur tuer 20 mille hommes, en ayant perdu 15 mille des siens. Voilà donc où il alloit en passant par Leipsic. Si cette nouvelle est vraie, la guerre ne sauroit manquer de devenir générale, et de l'air qu'elle commence, elle sera terrible : mais je crains bien que sa M. P. n'ait le sort de Charles XII. Qui le soutiendra contre la France, l'Autriche, et peut-être la Russie réunies ?

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec une parfaite considération, Monsieur, &c.

ALLAMAND.

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passages of a single chapter. The remains of lassitude, probably, made it easier for me to follow and dispute with Mr. Locke, than to think and reason alone. Have patience, and pardon me. There are many remarks to make on the second chapter, where he treats of innate practical principles. But I will not tire you with that subject, unless you desire it.

Our newspapers say, that the King of Prussia has beat the Austrians, and killed twenty thousand of their men ; with the loss of fifteen thousand of his own. This was the object he had in view when he passed through Leipsick. If the news be true, the war must become general ; and, according to appearances, it will be terrible. But I much fear lest his Prussian Majesty meet with the fate of Charles XII. What are his resources for defence against the united strength of France and Austria, and perhaps of Russia ?

I have the honour to be, with the most perfect consideration, yours, &c.

ALLAMAND.

No. III.

M. Allamand *à M.* Gibbon.

MONSIEUR, Bex, le 12 Octobre 1756.

JE suis charmé de l'exactitude et de la pénétration qui se disputent le terrein dans la dernière lettre que vous avez pris la peine de m'écrire : et comme vous, Monsieur, je crois que la question touche à sa décision.

Vous avez sans doute raison de dire que les propositions évidentes dont il s'agit, ne sont pas de simples idées, mais des jugemens. Mais ayez aussi la complaisance de reconnoître que M. Locke les alléguant en exemple d'idées qui passent pour innées et qui ne le sont pas selon lui, s'il y a içi de la mépriſe, c'est lui qu'il faut relever là-dessus, et non pas moi, qui n'avois autre chose à faire qu'à refuter sa manière de raisonner contre l'innéité de ces idées, ou jugemens là. D'ailleurs, Monsieur, vous remarquerez, s'il vous plait, que dans cette dispute il s'agit en effet, de savoir si certaines vérités évidentes et communes, et non pas seulement certaines idées simples, sont innées ou non.

Mr. Allamand *to Mr.* Gibbon.

SIR, Bex, October 12, 1756.

I am delighted with your last letter, equally distinguished by accuracy and penetration ; and with you, Sir, I believe that the question approaches to its decision.

You are right in saying, that the self-evident propositions, which I mentioned, are not merely ideas, but judgments : yet you will have the goodness to observe, that Mr. Locke having given them as examples of ideas which pass for being innate, but which he does not regard as such, the mistake is chargeable on him, and not on me, who had nothing farther to do than to refute his manner of reasoning. Besides, you will be pleased to remark, that the real question is, whether not only certain ideas, but also certain

non. Ceux qui affirment, ne donnent guère pour exemple d'idées ſimples qui le ſoyent, que celles de Dieu, de l'unité, et de l'exiſtence : les autres exemples ſont pris de propoſitions completes, que vous appellez jugemens.

Mais, dites-vous, y aura t-il donc des jugemens innés ? Le jugement eſt-il autre choſe qu'un acte de nos facultés intellectuelles dans la comparaiſon des idées ? Le jugement ſur les vérités évidentes, n'eſt il pas une ſimple vue de ces vérités là, un ſimple coup d'œil que l'eſprit jette ſur elles ? J'accorde tout cela. Et de grace, qu'eſt ce qu'*idée ?* N'eſt ce pas *vue*, ou coup d'œil, ſi vous voulez ? Ceux qui définiſſent l'idée autrement, ne s'eloignent-ils pas viſiblement du ſens et de l'intention du mot ? Dire que les idées ſont les eſpèces des choſes imprimées dans l'eſprit, comme l'image de l'objet ſenſible tracée dans l'œil, n'eſt ce pas jargonner plutôt que définir ? Or c'eſt la faute, qu'ont faite tous les metaphyſiciens, et quoique M. Locke l'ait bien ſentie, il a mieux aimé ſe fâcher contre eux, et tirer contre les girouettes de la place, que s'appliquer

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certain common and ſelf-evident propoſitions be innate. The only examples produced of innate ideas are thoſe of God, unity, and exiſtence; the other examples are of innate propoſitions, which you call judgments.

You aſk, whether it be poſſible that our judgments ſhould be innate, judgment being nothing elſe but the act of our intellectual faculties in comparing our ideas, and our judgment concerning ſelf-evident truths being merely the perception of thoſe truths by a ſimple glance of the mind ? I grant all that but would aſk, what elſe is an idea but a glance of the mind ? Thoſe who define it otherwiſe, wildly depart from the original ſenſe of the word; and talk unintelligibly, when they ſay that ideas are ſpecies; that is, appearances of things impreſſed on the mind, as the images of corporeal objects are impreſſed on the eye. All metaphyſicians have committed this miſtake; and Mr. Locke, though ſenſible of it, has choſen in his anger to direct his batteries againſt the weathercocks, rather than againſt the building itſelf. According to the meaning

s'appliquer à démêler ce galimatias. Que n'a-t-il dit : non ſeulement il n'y a point d'idées innées dans le ſens de ces Meſſieurs ; mais il n'y a point d'idées du tout dans ce ſens là : toute idée eſt un acte, une vue, un coup d'œil de l'eſprit. Dès lors demander s'il y a des idées innées, c'eſt demander s'il y a certaines vérités ſi évidentes et ſi communes que tout eſprit non ſtupide puiſſe naturellement, ſans culture et ſans maître, ſans diſcuſſion, ſans raiſonnement, les reconnoître d'un coup d'œil. L'affirmative me paroît inconteſtable, et ſelon moi, la queſtion eſt vuidée par là.

Maintenant prenez garde, Monſieur, que cette manière d'entendre l'affaire, va au but des partiſans des idées innées tout comme la leur ; et par là même, contredit M. Locke dans le ſien. Car pourquoi voudroit-on qu'il y eût des idées innées ? C'eſt pour en oppoſer la certitude et l'évidence au doute univerſel des ſceptiques, qui eſt ruiné d'un ſeul coup, s'il y a des vérités dont la vue ſoit néceſſaire et naturelle à l'homme. Or vous ſentez, Monſieur, que je puis leur dire

ing of theſe metaphyſicians, there are ſurely no innate ideas, becauſe in their ſenſe of the word there are no ideas whatever. An idea is merely an act or perception of the mind : and the queſtion concerning innate ideas is merely to determine, whether certain truths be not ſo common and ſo evident, that every mind, not abſolutely ſtupid, muſt recognize them at a ſingle glance, without the aſſiſtance of any teacher, and without the intervention of any diſcuſſion or reaſoning ; and often without being ſenſible that this glance is caſt on them ? The affirmative appears to me incontrovertible ; and the queſtion thereby is ſolved.

You will pleaſe to remark, that this way of explaining the matter is as favourable to innate ideas, and therefore as oppoſite to Mr. Locke's doctrine, as the unintelligible hypotheſis above mentioned. For what reaſon do we contend in favour of innate ideas ? To oppoſe evidence and certainty to univerſal ſcepticiſm ; whoſe cauſe is ruined by proving certain truths to be ſo neceſſary and ſo natural to man, that they are univerſally recognized by a ſingle glance. This may be proved according to my meaning of the word idea, as well as according

dire cela dans ma façon d'expliquer la chose, tout aussi bien que les partisans ordinaires des idées innées dans la leur. Et voilà ce qui semble incommoder un peu M. Locke, qui, sans se declarer pyrrhonien, laisse apperçevoir un peu trop de foible pour le pyrrhonisme, et a beaucoup contribué à le nourrir dans ce siècle. A force de vouloir marquer les bornes de nos connoissances, ce qui étoit fort nécessaire, il a quelquefois tout mis en bornes.

Après ces remarques générales sur le fond de la question, il est peu nécessaire de s'arrêter à quelques particulières, où vous ne me croyez pas fondé. Cependant vous me permettrez de vous faire faire observer sur celles que vous relevez : 1. Que dans ce § 5. du ch. 1. il est bien vrai que M. Locke, mêle ces deux choses, être actuellement dans l'esprit, *sans que l'esprit s'en apperçoive*—et, y être, *sans qu'il s'en soit jamais apperçu.*—Mais il est certain aussi, qu'à la conclusion de ce §, il s'en tient au premier incognito, et donne lieu à ma critique en s'exprimant en ces termes. Je suis la traduction Françoise, n'ayant pas l'original. " De sorte, dit-il, que soutenir qu'une chose " soit dans l'entendement, et qu'elle n'est pas conçue par " l'entendement,

to the sense in which this word was vulgarly taken; and the proof would not have been very pleasing to Mr. Locke, who without professing himself a sceptic, yet shews a leaning to the sceptical side; and whose works have contributed much to the diffusion of scepticism in the present age. His too eager desire of fixing the limits of human knowledge, a thing highly necessary, has made him leave nothing but limits.

After these general observations on the main question, it is not very necessary to descend to the particulars in which you think me mistaken. Yet you will permit me to answer your objections. 1. It is true, that Mr. Locke, § 5. c. 1. joins the two expressions, " being in the mind, without being ac- " tually perceived by the mind;" and " being in the mind, without having ever " been perceived by the mind;" but at the conclusion of the paragraph he lays himself open to my criticism, by expressing himself as follows: " So that to " be in the understanding and not to be understood, to be in the mind and

" never

" l'entendement, qu'elle eſt dans l'eſprit, ſans que l'eſ-
" prit l'apperçoive, c'eſt autant que ſi l'on diſoît, qu'-
" une choſe eſt, et n'eſt pas dans l'eſprit ou dans l'enten-
" dement." N'eſt-il pas clair, Monſieur, que ce grand philoſophe, écrivant cela, étoit dans l'erreur, ou la mépriſe de fait que je prends la liberté de lui reprocher; c'eſt que l'eſprit ne peut avoir aucune connoiſſance qu'il ne l'apperçoive actuellement? Je crois bien que ſi on l'avoir d'abord relevé là-deſſus il auroit ſenti ſa mépriſe, mais il n'en eſt pas moins vrai, et qu'il y eſt tombé, et qu'il s'en fait un principe contre ſes adverſaires.

2. Vous voulez qu'on lui paſſe ſa diſtinction entre les idées qui *ſont dans l'eſprit* et celles qui ſont *dans la mémoire:* à moi ne tienne, pourvû que vous preniez le mot d'idée comme moi; car, en ce ſens, une idée eſt dans l'eſprit, lorſque l'eſprit enviſage actuellement la propoſition qui eſt l'objet de ſon idée, ou de ſon coup d'œil; et elle n'eſt que dans la mémoire, lorſque l'eſprit ayant auparavant jetté ce coup d'œil ſur elle, en a plus de facilité à la réitérer, et en le réitérant, ſent que ce n'eſt pas la première

" never to be perceived, is all one as to ſay, any thing is and is not in the " mind or underſtanding." It is clear, Sir, that this great philoſopher erred in writing this paſſage; maintaining, what I took the liberty to contradict, that nothing could be in the underſtanding without being perceived to be there. I doubt not that he would have corrected this miſtake had it been pointed out to him; but he certainly falls into it, and employs it as a principle of reaſoning againſt his adverſaries.

2. You think that we ought to admit his diſtinction between " ideas in the " mind," and " ideas in the memory." I admit the diſtinction with all my heart, provided you take the word idea in the ſame acceptation as I do. In that ſenſe an idea is in the mind, when the mind actually conſiders the propoſition which is the object of its idea, that is, of its glance or perception; and an idea is in the memory when the mind, having formerly caſt that glance on it, finds thereby a greater facility in recalling it, remembering at the ſame time that it formerly was the object of its perception. But if you underſtand

fois qu'il enviſage cette propoſition là.—Mais ſi par idées, vous entendez ces *eſpèces* chimériques, ſuppoſées par les metaphyſiciens, et autant qu'il m'en ſouvient, pas aſſez nettement congédiées par M. Locke, j'en reviens, s'il vous plaît, à ma prétenſion, qu'on ne s'entend pas ſoi même quand on diſtingue la mémoire de l'eſprit.

Un violent mal de tête que j'ai apporté de notre vénérable claſſe, ne me permet pas d'étendre davantage cette lettre, et m'empêche de la faire moins courte et plus nette. Je vous prie, Monſieur, de l'excuſer telle qu'elle eſt. Peut-être, pénétrant comme vous l'êtes, ne laiſſerez-vous pas d'y entrevoir dequoi prévenir toute difficulté ſur les principes innés de pratique : M. Locke me paroît plus fort içi que ſur les autres, mais il n'a pas laiſſé de s'y embaraſſer un peu par-ci par-là.

Je me faiſois une fête de vous voir un moment à Vevay, et j'ai été capot dêtre *diſappointed* ; ſi j'entends ce mot de votre langue, la nôtre n'en a point qui peut dire ſi bien la même choſe. Je n'ai même vu M. Pavillard que dans l'aſſemblée.

Si

by ideas theſe chimerical ſpecies, the mere fictions of metaphyſicians, and as it ſeems to me, not ſufficiently diſproved by Mr. Locke, I return to my aſſertion, and maintain that the diſtinction is unintelligible between "being "in the mind," and "being in the memory."

A violent headach, which I brought with me from our venerable claſs, hinders me from continuing this letter, or rendering what I have already written ſhorter and more perſpicuous. I intreat you to excuſe its imperfections. Your penetration will perhaps diſcern how all difficulties may be ſolved concerning innate practical principles. Mr. Locke treats this ſubject better than he does the others ; but in ſeveral parts he is ſomewhat puzzled.

I rejoiced at the hopes of ſeeing you for a moment at Vevay, and was ſurpriſed at being *diſappointed*. If I rightly underſtand this word of your language, it cannot be well tranſlated into ours. I met with Mr. Pavillard only in the aſſembly.

Si la marche de 120 mille Ruſſes n'eſt pas une fable, que va devenir S. M. Pruſſienne ? Ne croyez-vous pas, Monſieur, que nous touchons à de grandes revolutions ? Il y a long tems que je ſoupçonne un plan formé, de réduire le ſyſtême général à trois grands empires ; celui des François, à l'occident du Rhin, celui d'Autriche à l'orient, et celui des Ruſſes au nord. Il n'y en a pourtant rien dans l'Apocalypſe. Qu'on partage la terre comme on voudra, pourvû qu'il y ſoit toujours permis de croire, que ce qui eſt, eſt ; et que les contradictoires ne peuvent pas être vraies en même temps. Au reſte ces trois empires auroient beau être grands, méſurés à nos toiſes, ils paroîtroient toujours bien petits, vus ſeulement depuis la lune ; et à quelle hauteur ne s'élèvent pas par delà des yeux philoſophes.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec bien de la conſidération, Monſieur, &c. ALLAMAND.

M. de N*** m'écrit que *tout va mieux que jamais* à préſent, que Madame D. ſa nièce eſt bien malade, et que voilà 200 mille hommes prêts à s'égorger pour 5 ſols par jour. Il eſt de mauvaiſe humeur contre ce *tout eſt bien.*

If the march of an hundred and twenty thouſand Ruſſians is not a fable, what muſt become of the King of Pruſſia? Does it not appear to you, that we are threatened with great revolutions? I have long ſuſpected a deſign of reducing the general ſyſtem of Europe to three great empires; that of the French on the weſt of the Rhine, of Auſtria on the eaſt, and of Ruſſia in the north. Yet we read of nothing of this kind in the Revelation. But let the world be divided as it may, provided it be lawful for us to believe that "whatever is, is;" and "that two contradictory propoſitions cannot "both at the ſame time be true." Thoſe three empires will be great only when meaſured on this earth; viewed but from the moon, they will be ſmall enough; and how far do philoſophical eyes ſoar beyond that luminary!

I have the honour to be, with much conſideration, yours, &c. ALLAMAND.

Mr. de N*** writes to me that things go better and better now, that his niece Madame D. is extremely ill; and that 200,000 men are ready to cut one another's throats at the rate of five *ſous* a day. He is provoked at the maxim, "all for the beſt."

N° IV.

M. le Professeur BREITINGER *à M.* GIBBON, *à* Lausanne.

October 22, 1756.

EQUIDEM Davus sum, non Œdipus; dicam tamen quid de dubiis e Justino propositis locis mihi videatur.

1. JUSTINUS, libr. ii. c. 3. *His igitur Asia per mille quingentos annos vectigalis fuit. Pendendi tributi finem Ninus rex Assyriorum imposuit.* Adeo manifestus est calculi error, ut mirum videri possit, hanc lectionem unquam fuisse a quoquam in textum receptam; ita enim Ninus Sesostre mille quingentis annis inferior esset ætate. Orosius, qui Justinum per compendium summa cum fide expressit, hæc in hunc modum commemorat. Lib. i. c. 14. *Universam quoque Ægyptum (Scythæ) populassent, nisi paludibus impediti, repulsi fuissent. Inde continuò reversi, perdomitam infinitis cædibus Asiam vectigalem fecere: ubi per* 15 *annos sine pace immorati, tandem uxorum flagitatione revocantur, denunciantium,*

Professor BREITINGER *to Mr.* GIBBON *at* Lausanne.

October 22, 1756.

THOUGH I am Davus, not Œdipus, I will give you my opinion concerning the difficulties in Justin, which you propose for my consideration.

1. In the third chapter of his second book he says, "That Asia was tributary fifteen centuries to the Scythians, and that Ninus put an end to "those contributions." The number of years is so manifestly erroneous, that it is astonishing such a reading should ever have been admitted into the text; for it makes Ninus later than Sesostris by a period of fifteen hundred years. Orosius, who abridged Justin with the greatest fidelity, speaks to the following purpose: "The Scythians would have ravaged the whole of "Egypt, had they not been prevented by the marshes. When they re- "turned from that country, they made a bloody conquest of Asia, and ren- "dered it tributary. Having remained there fifteen restless years, they at "length

denunciantium, ni redeant, sobolem se a finitimis quæsituras. Dubium ergo nullum est, quin pro MD. substituendum sit XV. Tu inquiris in causam erroris satis argutè. Sed non potest habere locum illa tua emendatio, *per mille* in *permissa*, si quidem notis arithmeticis, quod admodum probabile est, in antiquis libris numeri fuerunt expressi.

2. JUSTIN. libr. xii. c. 8. *Itaque cæsis hostibus, cum gratulatione in eadem* (castra) *reverterunt.* Frustra mihi sollicitare videris lectionem receptam: gratis enim a te assumitur quod Cuphites ne quidem aggredi fuerint ausi. Alia te docebit fidus *Justini* interpres Orosius, lib. iii. cap. 19. *Cumque ad Chosides ventum esset, ibi contra CC millia equitum hostium pugnam* CONSERUERUNT; *et cum tam ætate detriti, animo ægri, viribus lassi, difficile* VICISSENT, *castra ob memoriam plus solito magnifica condiderunt.* Itaque non priusquam

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"length returned home, at the earnest intreaty of their wives; who said, "that unless their husbands came home to them, they would, for the sake "of having children, cohabit with their neighbours." Orosius, lib. i. c. 14. There cannot be any doubt, therefore, that "fifteen hundred has been substituted for "fifteen." You investigate very ingeniously the cause of the error; but the emendation which you propose, by changing *per mille* into *permissa*, cannot be well founded, if the number was expressed, as is most probable, by arithmetical marks in the ancient copies.

2. In Justin, lib. xii. c. 8. we read, "They (the Macedonians) returned, "after beating the enemy, with congratulations, or thanksgivings, into the "same camp." In this passage you seem to me needlessly to disturb the ancient reading. You assume, without proof, that they did not venture to attack the Cuphites. Orosius, Justin's faithful interpreter, declares the direct contrary. "When they came to the country of the Chosides, they "fought with two hundred thousand of the enemy's cavalry; and, having "conquered them with much difficulty, because they themselves were now "worn out with years and fatigue, and sunk in spirit, they formed a camp "more magnificent than usual, to commemorate their exploit." Orosius, lib. iii. c. 19. They did not, therefore, return into their camp until they had combated

priuſquam manus conſeruiſſent, nonniſi poſt hoſtes devictos ac cæſos, in caſtra reverterunt. Quid quod ipſe Juſtinus idem haud obſcurè innuit, quum ait: *Motus his tam juſtis precibus, velut in finem* VICTORIÆ *caſtra fieri juſſit quorum molitionibus et hoſtis* TERRERETUR. Quod ſi vero ſtatuas, Macedonum exercitum infinitis Cuphitarum copiis territum a prœlio abſtinuiſſe, atque hoc timore perculſum reditum maturandum eſſe cenſuiſſe, næ ego non intelligo quo ſenſu Juſtinus dixerit: *Caſtra poſuiſſe velut in finem* VICTORIÆ: *poſuiſſe eadem ſolito magnificentiora ut hoſtis* TERRERETUR: *et cum* GRATULATIONE *in eo reverſiſſe*. Ubi et hoc contra Sebiſii emendationem notari velim, formulam illam loquendi CUM GRATULATIONE alterum illud, εὐχαριστηρια θυειν, *cæſis hoſtiis*, jam comprehendere. Adeoque illa tua emendatio *omiſſis hoſtibus* et ab hiſtoriæ fide et a Juſtini ſententia multum abludit.

3. JUSTIN. lib. xxii. c. 8. *Terræ motu portio montis abrupta Gallorum ſtravit exercitum, et confertiſſimi cunei, non ſine vulneribus hoſtium, diſſipati, ruebant.* Ne te offendat durior, quæ tibi videtur trajectio vocis *hoſtium* qua

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combated and conquered the enemy. Juſtin himſelf gave us to underſtand as much, when he ſays, "That Alexander, moved by ſuch juſt prayers, "cauſed, at the end of his *victory*, a camp to be formed, whoſe walls might "*inſpire terror* into the enemy." If the Macedonians, therefore, as you imagine, had been frightened at the innumerable forces of the Cuphites, and therefore returned haſtily into their camp, I do not ſee why Juſtin ſhould ſay, *at the end of his victory, inſpire terror into the enemy*, or *that they returned to their camp with thankſgivings*. It may here be remarked, in oppoſition to Sebiſius' emendation, that the expreſſion, *cum gratulatione*, if tranſlated "with thankſgivings," will include the *cæſis hoſtiis*, ἀντὶ εὐχαριστηρίων θύειν; that is, the *ſacrifice of thanks*; ſo that your alteration of *cæſis hoſtiis* into *omiſſis hoſtibus*, is equally inconſiſtent with hiſtorical truth and the words of Juſtin.

3. In Juſtin, lib. xxiv. c. viii. we read, "Part of the mountain carried "away by the earthquake overwhelmed the army of the Gauls; and its "thick maſſes breaking in ſcattered pieces, fell down with great force, not "without wounding the enemy." You need not be offended with the harſh tranſpoſition

qua cum *confertiſſimi cunei*, conjungendam cenſes, atque intelligis de cuneis hoſtium, ſive Gallorum, militaribus. Atque tu, re ritè expenſa, cognoſces, nullam hic trajectionem locum habere, ſed omnia naturali ordine fluere: tantum *cuneos* exponas, non per cohortes hoſtium militares, ſed per *moles conglobatas* a monte ac rupe avulſas, quæ non *confertim*, ſed poſtquam præcipiti curſu in *cuneos* diffiluiſſent, *diſſipatæ ruebant non ſine vulneribus hoſtium*, h. e. *Gallorum*. Ita perſpecta erit ac manifeſta ratio, cur illud *hoſtium* cum *confertiſſimi cunei* nec poſſit, nec debeat conjungi: ne ſcilicet perperam ad cuneos militares traheretur, adeoque ad vitandum omnem ſermonis ambiguitatem.

4. JUSTIN. lib. xxviii, c. 2. *Adverſus Gallos urbem eos ſuam tueri non potuiſſe: captamque non ferro defendiſſe, ſed auro redemiſſe.* Si quidem iſte locus medicam manum poſtularet aut admitteret, non eſt altera qua uterer libentiùs quam tua, qua pro *captamque* reſtituis *capitoliumque*. Et fruſtra Schefferus hic ſcrupulos movet, quaſi ineptum fuerit dicere, *captam* urbem *ferro defendi* potuiſſe; id

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tranſpoſition of the word *hoſtium*, which you think ought to be joined with *confertiſſimi cunei*; as if that laſt word meant, the military *cunei*, or wedges, of the Gauls; whereas it really means the thick maſſes detached from the rock or mountain, which, breaking into ſmaller fragments, fell down and wounded the enemy, that is, the Gauls. There is no tranſpoſition therefore in the caſe; the ſentence flows in the moſt natural order; and the *confertiſſimi cunei* ought not to be joined with *hoſtium*, leſt the ambiguity of the word *cunei* ſhould make it be applied to the military *cunei*, or wedges of men.

4. In Juſtin, lib. xxviii. c. 2. we read "That the Romans could not ſave "their city from the Gauls; and when it was taken, inſtead of defending it "by the ſword, had ranſomed it with money." If this paſſage required, or admitted emendation, there is no correction I would adopt more willingly than yours, which, inſtead of *captamque*, ſubſtitutes *capitoliumque*. Schefferus objects, without reaſon, that a city *captam*, taken, cannot properly be ſaid *defendi ferro*, to be defended with the ſword; for the Roman hiſtorians agree

id enim, quamvis ignavè, factum fuisse memorant historici Romani uno quasi convitio: in illis *Orosius*, lib. ii. c. 19. *Patentem Galli urbem penetrant:* en captam urbem Romam! Universam reliquam juventutem *in arce Capitolini Montis latitantem* OBSIDIONE *concludunt: ubique infelices reliquias, fame, peste, desperatione, formidine tenent, subigunt*, &c. Vides urbe jam capta, defensioni tamen locum superfuisse; neque profecto redimi urbem opus fuisset, nisi jam in hostium potestate, *h. e.* capta fuisset. Non videris de eo emendationis tuæ incommodo cogitâsse, quod capitolium solum auro fuisse redemptum affirmaret, contra historiæ fidem.

5. JUSTIN. lib. xxxi. c. 1. *Legati primum a senatu Romano missi, ut Antiocho Syriæ regi persuaderent, ne bello invadat eas Cœle-Syriæ civitates, quas Ægyptii priore bello occupârant, quæ proinde Ægyptii juris fuerunt, hoc usi sunt argumento, quod hæ civitates ad regem* pupillum *pertinerent*, fidei suæ traditum. Atque etiam supra Justinus, lib. xxx. c. 3. memorat: *Mittitur et M. Lepidus in Ægyptum, qui tutorio*

agree that their city, when taken, was defended, though in a cowardly manner. Orosius, among others, says, lib. xi. c. 19. "The Gauls penetrated "into the open city; Rome was now taken; the rest of the youth were "shut up and *besieged* in the citadel of the Capitoline Mount; where they "were a prey to hunger, pestilence, terror, and despair." You may perceive, therefore, that though the city was taken, its defence was not entirely abandoned; and if it had not been taken, it needed not to have been ransomed. It seems not to have occurred to you, that your correction implies the Capitol only to have been ransomed, which is not historically true.

5. In Justin, lib. xxxi. c. 1. we read, "Ambassadors were first sent by the "Roman senate to persuade Antiochus, King of Syria, that he should not "make war on the cities of Cœle-Syria, which the Egyptians had occupied "in the former war, and which were therefore subject to Egypt; using with "him this argument, that these cities belonged to a young prince, their "pupil, who had been committed by his father to the protection of the "Romans." This same Author, lib. xxx. c. iii. says, "M. Lepidus was "sent

tutorio nomine regnum pupilli administret. Altera deinde legatio, quæ supervenit, postquam Antiochus has civitates in potestatem suam jam redegerat, postulans, ut *illæ in integrum restituantur, omissa pupilli persona,* nunc alio prætextu utitur, nimirum quod istæ civitates *jure belli factæ* sint *populi Romani.* Quid *jus belli* sit, quatenus ab ipso bello, sive eo quod bello partum est, distinguitur, declarabo duobus locis Livii; altero ex Quinti Flaminini ad Nabidem oratione, lib. xxxiv. c. 32. *Quibus igitur amicitia violatur? nempe his duabus rebus maximè: si socios meos pro hostibus habeas: si cum hostibus te conjungas. Utrum non a te factum sit? nam et Messenen uno atque eodem jure fœderis, quo et Lacedæmonem in amicitiam nostram acceptam, socius ipse sociam nobis urbem vi atque armis cepisti: et cum Philippo hoste nostro societatem . . . pepigisti* Altera Flori, lib. iii. c. v. *Quippe rex non jam quasi alienam, sed quia amiserat, quasi raptam, jure belli repetebat.* Ut taceam illud

" sent into Egypt to govern that kingdom, with the title of tutor to the " young king. A second embassy was sent, after Antiochus had taken " possession of these cities, demanding that they should be restored; and " without making any mention of the pupil king, merely on this ground, " that these cities belonged to the Romans by the right of war." Justin, lib. xxxi. c. 1. What this right of war is, in contradistinction both to war itself, and to conquests made by war, appears from the two following passages, the first of which is part of Quintus Flamininus's speech to the tyrant Nabis, in Livy, lib. xxxiv. c. 32: " By what measures is the friendship " between states violated? Principally by these two; when you treat with " hostility our allies, and when you make alliance with our enemies. Are " not you guilty of both, since you, through our ally, have seized, by arms " and violence, Messene, a city as much our ally as Lacedemon itself; and " since you have entered into an alliance with Philip our enemy?" The other passage is in Florus, lib. iii. c 5. " The King (Mithridates) did " not consider Asia as a country not belonging to him; but as it had been " formerly taken from him by violence, he sought to recover it by the law " of

lud *jure belli* ad utrumque, potiore tamen ſenſu ad *jubebat reſtitui in integrum* referri poſſe; ſtatim enim ſubjicit: abnuenti bellum denunciatum.

6. JUSTIN. libr. xxxi. c. 1. *Igitur Senatus ſcripſit Flaminino, ſi ei videatur, ſicuti Macedoniam a Philippo, ita Græciam a Nabide liberet.* Quid de gloria Flaminini ducis belli Macedonici ſtatuendum ſit, docet formula S. C. apud Livium, lib. xxxiii. c. 32. *S. P. Q. R. et L. Quintius Imp. Philippo rege, Macedonibuſque* DEVICTIS, *liberos, immunes ſuis legibus eſſe jubet Corinthios*, &c. Et Florus, lib. ii. c. xii. *Succeſſerat Philippo filius Perſes, qui* SEMEL IN PERPETUUM VICTAM *eſſe Macedoniam non putabat ex gentis dignitate.* Quæritur jam an Quintius, qui Macedoniam vicit, ullo ſenſu dici poſſit *Macedoniam a Philippo liberâſſe*, quamvis deinde ipſa Macedonia Philippo non fuerit

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" of war." I need not mention that " the law of war," in Juſtin, may have a reference to both the circumſtances by which friendſhip between ſtates is violated; but principally to the attack made on the dominions of Ptolemy, an ally of the Romans, who deſire him to be reinſtated by Antiochus in his poſſeſſions; for the author immediately adds, that when Antiochus refuſed to comply, war was denounced againſt him.

6. In Juſtin, lib. xxxi. c. 1. we read, " The ſenate, therefore, wrote to " Flamininus, that if it ſeemed expedient to him, as he had delivered Ma- " cedon from Philip, ſo he ſhould deliver Greece from Nabis." " The glory of Flamininus, the general in the Macedonian war, is ſufficiently atteſted by the words of the ſenate's decree, in Livy, lib. xxxiii. c. 32. " The ſe- " nate and Roman people, and L. Quintius the general, having conquered " king Philip and the Macedonians, declare free and independent republics, " the Corinthians," &c. Florus, lib. ii. c. 12. ſays, " Perſeus ſucceeded his " father Philip, and did not think it becoming the dignity of Macedon, that it " ſhould remain in ſubjection, in conſequence of being defeated in one war." You aſk, whether Quintius, who conquered Macedon, can be ſaid, in any ſenſe to have delivered it from Philip, although it appears that Philip was really

tit adempta: et si Nabidem pari modo vinceret, an non hoc ipso Græciam liberâsse censendus sit? At vero omnem rem explicâsse videtur ipse Justinus, qui, libr. xxx. cap. ult. hæc habet: *Sed Macedones Romana fortuna vicit: fractus itaque bello Philippus, pace a Flaminino Cos. petita, nomen quidem regium retinuit; sed omnibus Græciæ urbibus, velut* REGNI (MACEDONICI) MEMBRIS, *extra terminos antiquæ possessionis, omissis,* SOLAM *Macedoniam retinuit.* In literis, ergo, Senatus Rom. ad Cos. Flamininum per *Macedoniam* significatur, non tantum Macedonia strictè sic dicta, et antiquis terminis comprehensa, quæ sola Philippo non fuit adempta, sed in primis ea Græciæ pars (istæ urbes,) quæ *extra terminos antiquæ possessionis* veluti *regni* Macedonici *membra* accesserant, quæque sub Philippo ad Macedonicum regnum pertinebant; quibus, in senatûs literis, opponitur Græcia reliqua, a Nabide tentata, quæ hactenus imperio Macedonico nunquam fuerat subjecta. Hinc Senatûs Rom. sententia isthæc fuerit: sicuti Macedoniam a Philippo, ita *reliquam* Græciam a Nabide liberet. Vel, sicuti partem Græciæ, quæ ad Macedoniam pertinebat

really not deprived of that kingdom? and whether, if the Roman general conquered Nabis, as he had already conquered Philip, he did not thereby free Greece? These difficulties are solved by Justin, lib. xxx. c. 4. "The "fortune of the Romans conquered the Macedonians; so that Philip, after "his defeat, having obtained peace from the consul Flamininus, preserved "indeed the name of king, but kept possession only of Macedon, having "lost all those cities of Greece, which, like scattered members of the Ma-"cedonian kingdom, lay beyond its ancient boundaries." In the letters, therefore, of the Roman senate to the consul Flamininus, Macedon signifies not the country strictly so called, which alone was not taken from Philip, but that part of Greece which lay beyond the original limits of Macedon; to which is opposed the rest of Greece, which was then harrassed by Nabis, but which, had never been subject to Macedon. Hence the meaning of the senate appears to have been, that Quintius, as he had delivered Macedonia, that is, the part of Greece belonging to Macedon, from Philip, so he should deliver

pertinebat a Philippo, ita nunc universam pene Græciam a Nabide liberet.

Quis dixerit?

—— Non est sententia; verum est:
Credite me vobis folium recitare Sibyllæ!

November 17, 1756.

SINT criticæ disciplinæ studiosi in solicitandis veterum auctorum locis cautiores, et in legendis ipsis auctoribus diligentiores, atque ita intelligant, quantæ diligentiæ sit hæc critica ars, et quam temerè faciant, qui, ut aliquid concoquere non possunt, aut non satis vel analogiæ respondens vel dialecticis præceptiunculis suis conveniens putant, ita mutare sustinent; quæ temeritas est, cum a multis, tum a Cel. Burmanno imprimis in præfatione aurea Phædro præmissa, reprehensa; cujus ego præfationis uti tanquam normam mihi semper propositam habui, ad quam quicquid est hujus facultatis dirigerem, ita lectionem omnibus his vehementer commendatam esse cupio, qui in hoc genere elaborare volunt. His, quæ præfiscine dicta velim, præmissis, accedo nunc ad eam disputationem, quæ circa dubia quædam Justini loca doctè versatur.

1. Emen-

deliver the rest of Greece from Nabis, who had actually made himself master nearly of the whole of that country.

This is not merely a conjecture sage,
But truth as certain as the Sibyl's page.

November 17, 1756.

THOSE who apply themselves to criticism ought to be cautious in conjectural emendation, and diligent in classical study, that they may perceive what vast application this critical art requires, and how rashly those behave, who immediately alter a passage which they do not at first sight understand, or which seems to them inconsistent with their rules of grammar or logic. This rashness is justly reprehended by many, and particularly by the illustrious Burman, in his valuable preface to Phædrus: which, as I have always made it the rule by which my own critical labours have been directed, so I would warmly recommend it to all those who pursue the same walk of literature. Having made this preparatory observation, I proceed to the difficulties in Justin, about which so much learning has been employed.

1. The

1. Emendatio loci libr. ii. cap. 3. § 18. manifestè corrupti (cujusmodi corruptio in numeris admodum proclivis, et propterea etiam frequens est) quæ scisit vulnus sanari, mutando MD. vel CIↃIↃ. in XV. non potest non omnibus cordatis se probare; quanquam ipsa tam pudendi erroris ratio in obscuro lateat: et ut verum fatear, curiosa mihi, ne quid gravius dicam, semper visa est ea cura ac diligentia, quæ in investigando ac definiendo eo ponitur, quod mille diversis modis accidere ac oriri potuit. Corrupta lectio ita se habet: *his igitur Asia per mille quingentos annos vectigalis fuit.* Convenit inter nos de sincera lectione ita restituenda: *his igitur Asia per quindecim annos vectigalis fuit.* Tu vero, pro tuo acumine, in ipsa corrupta lectione videris tibi cernere haud obscura quædam pristinæ lectionis vestigia; atque illud *per mille* ex *permissa* natum esse tibi persuades; ut vera hujus loci lectio hujusmodi sit: *his igitur Asia permissa quindecim annos vectigalis fuit.* Contra hoc lectionis supplementum, cujus ego necessitatem nullam video, monui, codices

1. The emendation of the manifestly corrupt passage in lib. ii. c. 3. § 18. (a corruption depending on numbers, and therefore as natural as frequent,) which corrects the error by changing fifteen hundred into fifteen, must be approved by all judicious critics. The cause which introduced the faulty reading into the text is uncertain; and the question that has been so industriously agitated concerning it, appears to me more curious than useful, since the error might have originated in a thousand different sources. The corrupt reading runs thus: Asia was tributary to the Scythians fifteen hundred "years." We agree that it should be corrected thus: "Asia was tributary "to the Scythians fifteen years." But in the corrupt text you think that obscure traces of the genuine reading may be discerned, and imagine that *per mille* had crept into the text, instead of *permissa*; explaining the passage as if "Asia had been permitted to be tributary to the Scythians for fif-"teen years." I observed that this emendation, for which I see not any necessity, is rendered highly improbable, because in ancient manuscripts the

numbers

dices antiquos, qui numeros literarum notis descriptos præferunt, huic tuæ conjecturæ nullo modo favere. Et quamvis non negaverim dari codices antiquos qui numeros integris vocibus expositos efferant; mihi tamen persuasum est, plurimos dari antiquos libros, in primis historicos, in quibus frequentiores calculi occurrunt, qui numeros literarum notis descriptos repræsentent: huic vero persuasioni fidem faciunt et exempla et testimonia luculentissima: unicum e multis afferam Galeni de Antidot. I. Τα δε δη βιβλια, ἵνα καλα τας βιβλιοθηκας αποκειμενα, τα των αριθμων εχοντα σημεια ραδιως διαγιγνωσκηται· το μεν πεντε ποιουντων εννεα, καθαπερ και το Ο. το δε ΙΓ προσθεσει μιας γραμμης ωσπερ γε και αφαιρεσει μιας ἑλεγας κτλ. Atque oppidò miror, quin etiam doleo, hoc criticæ disciplinæ caput, de notis numeralibus, in antiquis codicibus variè descriptas, nondum certis observationibus et regulis ita esse adstrictum, et in artis formam redactum, ut frivola quorundam in numeris et calculis pro libidine fingendis ac refingendis intemperies coerceri, certæ contra notæ characteristicæ de ætate et fide codicum constitui, possint. Fac vero huic tuæ conjecturæ qua *per mille* in *permissa* mutandum censes, a parte scripturæ codicum MSS. nihil obstare; eam tamen prorsus respuit, quem ipse notas Justini error, qui Sesostrem ab Scythis *in fugam actum exercitu cum*

names of numbers are expressed, not by words, but by letters used as numeral marks; and though they are sometimes expressed by words, yet this is not frequent, especially in works of history. This assertion is confirmed by innumerable testimonies; I shall be contented with referring to that of Galen de Antidot. I.—It is a subject indeed both of surprise and grief, that this part of criticism, which consists in ascertaining exactly the rules of numeral notation, should not have met with due attention; although thereby the rashness of wild conjecture would be greatly restrained, and more certainty might be attained in determining the age and authenticity of manuscripts. But let it be supposed that your correction were safe on this side, yet it would be destroyed by the passage which you yourself quote from Justin; "That Sesostris being put to flight by the Scythians, left behind him his "army

cum omni apparatu belli relicto, perhibet: quumque Juſtinus ſupra, § 15. diſerte commemorat *Scythas*, a perſequendo rege reverſos, *Aſiam* PERDOMITAM *vectigalem feciſſe*; quî mox § 18. idem Aſiam non perdomitam, ſed a Seſoſtre PERMISSAM narraret? Non agitur de fide narrationis, ſed de Juſtini ſententia, ſive vera ſive falſa. Neque fingendum eſt Juſtinum aperte ſibi contrariari.

Arrianum ſi hic conſulamus, ille ſimpliciter memorat, *Alexandrum ad Hyphaſin amnem proceſſiſſe, Indos qui trans flumen habitarent, ſubacturum: tum vero Macedonas, quum belli finem nullum cernerent, ulterius progredi noluiſſe, tandemque Cœno deprecante impetrâſſe ab Alexandro, ut ſe ad reditum pararet, quoniam omnia illum ab ulteriore profectione revocarent. Ibi tum Alexandrum XII aras ingentes μνημεια των αθλων πονων, conſtituiſſe.* Nihil ille de Cuphitis; nihil de CC millibus equitum qui terrorum incuterent Macedonibus; nihil de caſtris, &c. Curtius, lib. ix. c. 2. pari

"army and baggage." The hiſtorian having obſerved, in § 15, that the Scythians, after returning from the purſuit of the king, rendered Aſia, which they had ſubdued, tributary; how is it poſſible that, in § 18, he ſhould ſay that this happened not in conſequence of their own military ſucceſs, but in conſequence of the permiſſion of Seſoſtris? We are not now inquiring what is hiſtorically true, but what is Juſtin's report; which muſt not be ſuppoſed inconſiſtent with itſelf.

2. If we here conſult Arrian, he tells us merely that "Alexander proceeded to the river Hyphaſis, with a view to conquer the Indians who lived beyond it; but that the Macedonians, then perceiving there was no end to their labours, refuſed to advance; and finally prevailed on Alexander, through the earneſt intreaty of Cœnus, to prepare for his return; ſince every thing ſeemed adverſe to his farther progreſs. Then Alexander erected twelve great altars, as monuments of his conqueſts." Arrian ſays nothing about the Cuphites, the camp, or the two hundred thouſand horſemen, who ſo much terrified the Macedonians. Curtius lib. ix. c. 2 and 3, relates, "that Alexander, when he came to the Hy-

2. pari modo memorat, *Alexandrum, quum Fluvium Hyphasin perveniſſet, cognoviſſe, ulteriorem ripam colere gentes Gangaridas et Pharraſios, eorumque regem, XX millibus equitum, CC peditum, obſidentem vias: ad hæc quadrigarum MM. trahere, et præcipuum terrorem elephantos quos MMM. numerus expleret. Tum vero Macedonas regem ſequi ulterius detractaſſe; Cœnoque deprecante, impetraſſe ut reditum in patriam pararent:* ſubjungit vero: *Tertio die proceſſit, erigique XII aras ex quadrato Saxo, monumentum expeditionis ſuæ; munimenta quoque caſtrorum juſſit extendi, cubiliaque amplioris ornatæ quam pro corporum habitu relinqui, ut ſpeciem omnium augeret, poſteritati fallax mirabulum preparans.* Gemina fere habet Plutarchus in Alex. Quiſquis hæc cum Juſtino comparat, facile intelliget, Juſtinum quamvis eandem hiſtoriam commemoret, nihilominus in præcipuis quibuſdam facti circumſtantiis, et Alexandri conſiliis, ab his ſcriptoribus diſcrepare: maxime autem in eo, quod duplex caſtrorum tam inſolita magnificentia conſtruendorum conſilium fuiſſe dicit, alterum quod *hoſtes*, alterum

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" phaſis, diſcovered that the farther bank was inhabited by the Gangaridæ " and Pharraſi; that their king, with twenty thouſand horſe and two hun- " dred thouſand foot, meant to obſtruct his paſſage; being furniſhed beſides " with two thouſand chariots and three thouſand elephants; which laſt formed " the moſt alarming part of his ſtrength. The Macedonians then refuſed " to follow the king farther; and obtained, through Cœnus' entreaty, that " preparations ſhould be made for their return home." He ſubjoins; " Alexander came forth on the third day, and ordered twelve altars of " ſquare ſtone to be erected as a monument of his expedition, and the for- " tifications of his camp to be enlarged, and beds of a gigantic ſize to be " conſtructed, that by diffuſing an air of vaſtneſs on every object around " him, he might excite the credulous wonder of poſterity." Plutarch, in his treatiſe concerning the fortune of Alexander, ſpeaks to the ſame purpoſe. By comparing theſe authors with Juſtin, the reader will perceive that he differs from them all in ſeveral eſſential circumſtances; and particularly in ſaying that Alexander had two motives for enlarging the fortifications of his camp; one of which regarded the enemy, and the other had a re-

alterum quod *poſteros*, ſpectaret. § 16. *Motus his tam juſtis precibus, velut in finem victoriæ, caſtra ſolito magnificentiora fieri juſſit, quorum molitionibus et* HOSTIS *terreretur,* ET POSTERIS *admiratio ſui relinqueretur.* De priore conſilio, nim. *ut hoſtus terreretur,* altum apud reliquos ſilentium. Ex quo clarum eſſe arbitror, ipſum Juſtinum receptam lectionem et omnibus codicibus probatam tueri, tuam vero emendationem reſpuere: quandoquidem enim *caſtra ſolito magnificentiora, velut in finem victoriæ fieri juſſit,* hoc nonniſi de ultima ac recente aliqua victoria accipi poteſt. Quod ſi enim ad ſuperiores victorias reſpexiſſet Juſtinus, dicendum fuiſſet (uti ipſe agnoſcis) *in finem victoriarum,* perinde atque ſupra § 10. habet: *Non minus victoriarum numero quam laboribus feſſus.* Jam vero altera illa conſilii ratio, quam reliqui omnes ſilentio premunt, nimirum *ut hoſtis terreretur,* non potuit locum habere, ſi, intactis hoſtibus, caſtra movere ac diſcedere fuerat conſtitutum. Unde enim terror Cuphitis eſſet injectus, ſi caſtra tantum ὡς μνημεῖον τῶν ἄνω πεπραγμένων fuiſſent

a relation to poſterity. " Moved by ſuch juſt prayers, he ordered a camp to " be built more magnificent than uſual, as at the end of his victory; that its " fortifications might be an object of terror to the enemy, and of admiration " to poſterity." Juſtin, *ibid.* § 16. The other hiſtorians are totally ſilent as to what regards the enemy; which is favourable to that reading of Juſtin which on the faith of manuſcripts ſtands in the text, and extremely adverſe to your emendation. For " the end of his victory" muſt refer to ſome recent victory, and not to his victories in general; otherwiſe Juſtin, as you acknowledge, would have ſaid, " the end of his victories," as in § 10. above, " wearied, not leſs by the number of his victories, than by his " toils." As to Alexander's ſecond motive, concerning which all other hiſtorians are ſilent, " that his fortifications might be an object of terror to the enemy;" there would not ſurely be any room for it, on the ſuppoſition that he had determined to move his camp, and leave the country, without fighting a battle. The Cuphites could not be ſeized with alarm at ſeeing the monuments of the exploits of a man who had not ventured to engage with their army; nor, on that ſuppoſition, would there be any mention of

fuiſſent conſtructa et relicta? Etenim *omiſſis hoſtibus*, quæ *victoria?* quis *terror?* quæ deinde *gratulatio?* *Gratulationis* vocem autem de ſolemnibus victimis ob lætum eventum, ſeu de χαριστηρίοις qualia Arrianus memorat, paſſim uſurpari, nemini qui in lectione veterum tritas aures habet, poteſt eſſe obſcurum. Ut taceam illud *omiſſis*, tanquam quod inceptum aliquod, immo etiam neglectum, involvit, mihi non recte arridere, atque etiam a ſtilo Juſtini alienum videri. Cæterum quæ de Oroſii ætate, ſcopo, fide prolixe diſputas, parum ad rem facere videntur. Conſtat inter omnes Oroſium in pleriſque Juſtinum ita preſſe, ne dicam ſuperſtitioſe, eſſe ſecutum, ut ejus fere verbis ac ſententiis paſſim loqui videatur: et infinitis prope in locis Juſtini lectionem et ſententiam, quam quidem ii libri, quibus Oroſius uſus eſt præferebant, ex Oroſio probabili ratione intelligi, confirmari, ac reſtitui poſſe, dudum oſtenderunt viri docti. Immo et h. l. qui non videat, Oroſium Juſtini narrationem ante oculos habuiſſe, eum ego nihil omnino cernere prope dixerim: unde enim Oroſius *Choſidum* ſeu *Cuphitum* nomen omnibus aliis indictum, niſi ex Juſtino hauſerit? Quod vero ſi ita eſt, quis non intelligit

victory, terror, or ſacrifices of thanks; for that the word *gratulatio* refers to the ſolemn victims ſacrificed in gratitude for ſucceſs, and frequently mentioned by Arrian, cannot be doubtful to thoſe converſant with ancient writers. Beſides, the word *omiſſis* including the idea of ſomething begun or neglected, does not pleaſe, nor ſeem conformable with Juſtin's ſtyle. Your prolix diſcuſſion concerning the age, deſign, and character of Oroſius has but little connection with the preſent ſubject. It is univerſally acknowledged, that he ſo cloſely, or rather ſuperſtitiouſly, follow's Juſtin's footſteps, that he frequently expreſſes himſelf in the ſame words and phraſes; and it has long ago been proved by good critics, that Juſtin's text, ſuch as it ſtood in the copy uſed by Oroſius, may in innumerable places be reſtored by an attention to the latter writer. He muſt be blind indeed, who does not perceive that in the paſſage before us Oroſius muſt have copied Juſtin. Whence could he otherwiſe have derived the name *Choſidum*, or *Cuphitum*, which is not mentioned by any other hiſtorian? and if that be the caſe, Oroſius muſt have found

intelligit, Orosium apud Justinum non *omissis* aut *intactis hostibus*, *sed cæsis hostibus*, in suis legisse libris, atque ita Justinus interpretari ?

4. Verum equidem est urbem captam obsidione cingi non posse: sed an ea non possit DEFENDI a præsidiis arci impositis ? hoc quæritur: arce enim ab obsidione liberata, et urbs, quamvis jam capta, ab omni periculo defensa liberatur. Et quoties non, qui ingeniose dicere volunt, ac ludunt in antitheses, rem supra fidem augent, ut tanto major esse videatur ?

5. Quæ de Syriæ oppidis *jure belli* factis P. R. novissime commentus es, nodum omnino solverent, nisi parachronismo essent superstructa : fœdus enim illud cum Antiocho per legatos pacem petente initum, cujus priora verba ex Livio, lib. xxxviii. c. 37. excitas, hanc Antiochi in Ægyptum expeditionem, quam Justinus, lib. xxxi. c. 1. memorat, non præcessit, sed demum aliquo temporis intervallo subsecutum est. Vide an non huc pertineat, quæ memoriæ prodita habet Livius, lib. xxxiii. c. 34.

found in his original, not that "the enemy were omitted," but that "they "were beat;" in which sense Justin ought to be interpreted.

4. I grant that a town taken by a siege cannot be said to be defended by its own walls. But may it not be defended by troops in the citadel ? When the enemy are obliged to raise the siege of the citadel, the town may thereby be delivered from all danger. The expression, at least, might be used by an author fond of antithesis and amplification.

5. Your new conjecture concerning the towns of Syria which the Romans acquired by the law of war, would solve the difficulty, were not that conjecture built on an anachronism. For the league entered into with the ambassadors of Antiochus, who came to crave peace, which you find in Livy, lib. xxxviii. c. 37. was not prior, but subsequent, to Antiochus's expedition into Egypt, mentioned in Justin, lib. xxxi. c. 1. You may consider whether the following words of Livy do not refer to this subject: "After this, "Quintus and his ten lieutenants received the ambassadors of kings, na-

"tions,

c. 34. *Secundum ista jam Quintius, et decem legati, legationes regum, civitatumque audivere. Primi omnium regis Antiochi vocati legati sunt: his eadem, quæ fere Romæ erant verba sine fide rerum jactata: nihil jam perplexe, ut ante, quum dubiæ res incolumi Philippo erant, sed aperte pronunciatum, ut excederet Asiæ urbibus, quæ aut* PHILIPPI *aut* PTOLOMÆI *regum fuissent*, &c. Conf. et ejusd. libri, cap. 39. et 40. Hoc esto nunc Catone contentus. Vale, et rem tuam ex voto gere.

" nations, and cities. Those of king Antiochus were first introduced. " They said the same things as formerly, when at Rome, without gaining " belief; and they were now told, not in the ambiguous language which the " Romans had used before the defeat of Philip, and while their own for- " tune was still doubtful, but in express terms, that Antiochus must evacuate " all the cities of Asia, which had belonged either to Philip or Ptolemy." Livy, lib. xxxi. c. 34; with which compare c. 39 and 40. Be satisfied with this authority. Farewell and prosper.

ZURICH, 14th November.

N°. V.

M. BREITINGER *à M.* GIBBON.

PRÆCLARISSIME AC NOBILISSIME VIR,

QUANQUAM ex longo jam tempore severioribus musis me totum dare, hisque sacris operari institui, immo etiam in iis acquiescere per reliquum vitæ spatium constitutum habeo; non injucundum tamen fuit subinde invitantibus amicis in amœniora hæc literarum vireta oblectandi animi gratia exspatiari; et quotiescunque intellexi esse aliquem qui ad hæc literarum studia excolenda animum adjiciat, non destiti admovere stimulos, ac fungi vice cotis, acutum reddere quæ ferrum valeat, exsors ipsa secandi. Quapropter nihil mihi obtingere potuisset aut jucundius aut magis exoptandum, quam a te ανονυμω primum, nunc etiam aperto marte ac fronte, ad hæc literarum studia, pristinas meas delicias, deduci: et laudo hoc tuum ingenium, tuamque sagacitatem, quæ non stimulo, sed fræno potius opus habere videtur; atque magnopere velim alium pro me tibi obtigisse, cui majus subactum ingenium, majorque doctrinæ copia esset, quicum hunc callem terere posses.

Multus

Mr. BREITINGER *to Mr.* GIBBON.

ALTHOUGH I had long dedicated myself, and had purposed to spend my life, in more severe and sacred studies, yet it is not without pleasure that, at the invitation of my friends, I occasionally descend into the pleasing fields of literature; never losing an opportunity to stimulate the diligence of those who delight in such pursuits, and to serve as a whetstone to others, though myself unfit for carving. Nothing, therefore, could have been more agreeable to my wish, than to be called back to those studies, formerly my delight, by you; anonymously at first, but now in open war. I cannot but commend your sagacity and genius, which require rather the rein than the spur; and I earnestly wish that you were accompanied in this literary walk by a scholar of more cultivated taste, and more copious erudition, than myself.

You

Multus es in defendenda emendatione loci Juſtin. lib. xii. c. 8. § 17. ubi tu pro *cæſis hoſtibus*, contra omnium codicum fidem ex ingenio, ſubſtituendum cenſes *omiſſis hoſtibus*; quam ego emendationem, in ſuperioribus meis, variis inductus rationibus, oppugnaveram. Equidem non eſt animus denuo in hanc diſputationem deſcendere, aut ſingulatim ea quæ ad diluendas meas rationes in medium abs te adlata ſunt, ſub incudem revocare. Strictim tantum exponam, cur ego nec receptam lectionem ſollicitandam, nec propoſitam abs te emendationem admittendam eſſe cenſeam. Nemo eſt qui non fateri cogatur receptam ac codicum fide et conſenſu probatam lectionem, in ſe ſpectatam, bonum et apertum ſenſum fundere, nec a ſtilo Juſtini, nec a Latini ſermonis ratione abludere. Quod vero recepta iſthæc lectio, commiſſum cum Cuphitis prælium memorat, de quo apud reliquos ſcriptores qui res Alexandri memoriæ prodiderunt, altum quidem ſilentium eſt; (quamquam nemo ſit illorum qui hoc prælium commiſſum eſſe negaverit;) an hoc, inquam, nos ad ſollicitandam conſtantem codicum lectionem inducere debeat, ut pro *commiſſo* prælio illud *omiſſum eſſe*, Juſtinum diſerte cogamus pronuntiare? Ego quidem neceſſitatem nullam video. Quod ſi hæc licentia daretur arti criticæ, ut ſi quæ in aliquo ſcriptore facta legimus commemorata, quæ ab

You employ many arguments in defending your emendation of Juſtin, lib. xii. c. 8. § 17; where inſtead of "the enemy being beat," you ſubſtitute "the enemy being omitted." I formerly gave you my reaſons for rejecting this emendation, and ſhall not repeat them here, nor enter into a particular diſcuſſion of the anſwers which you make to my objections. Thus much only in general I will obſerve, that the reading in the text, which is approved of by the conſenting authority of the manuſcripts, muſt be acknowledged to contain a very natural meaning, conveyed in good Latin, and in Juſtin's ſtyle. This reading, indeed, makes mention of a battle with the Cuphites, concerning which the other hiſtorians of Alexander are ſilent. But ought this ſilence to make us alter Juſtin's text, eſpecially as none of thoſe hiſtorians deny ſuch a battle to have happened? If ſuch licence be indulged

ab aliis ſilentio involvantur, illa, ſtatim expungenda, aut per contortam emendationem in contrarium plane ſenſum forent convertenda, nihil fere certum aut conſtans in hiſtoricorum ſcriptorum commentariis reperiretur. Quo minus autem tuam, vir nobiliſſime, emendationem admittere poſſim, duæ potiſſimum obſtant rationes : altera eſt, quod admiſſa tua emendatione, reliquæ Juſtini orationi ſua non amplius ratio conſtet : ſed integrum illud comma foret expungendum : quid enim ſibi vellet *omiſſis hoſtibus in caſtra* REVERTERUNT, quæ cur unquam relinquerent, admiſſa tua emendatione, nulla ratio aut neceſſitas fuit ? Altera vero ratio, quæ iſtam tuam emendationem reſpuere videtur, hæc eſt, quod phraſis *omittere hoſtes*, *omiſſis hoſtibus*, Juſtino admodum trita, nuſquam eodem ſenſu, quo tu adhibes, quantum quidem memini, apud Juſtinum occurrit : nuſquam enim MILITES dicuntur *omittere hoſtes*, ſed belli duces penes quos ſummum imperium eſt, non illi quorum eſt imperata facere, et qui hoc ipſo loco deprecati ſunt, ne juberentur amplius cum hoſte congredi : accedit quod phraſis illa *omiſſis hoſtibus* aliis in locis non FINEM belli ſed MUTATIONEM involvit : in-

ſpice

indulged to critics, that they may expunge or alter the words of an hiſtorian, becauſe he is the ſole relater of a particular event, we ſhall leave few materials for authentic hiſtory. Two reaſons ſtrongly militate againſt your correction : the firſt, that if it be admitted, there will no longer be any conſiſtency in Juſtin's narrative ; and the whole clauſe muſt be expunged which mentions the return of the Macedonians into their camp ; which, if they did not mean to fight, it was not neceſſary for them to leave. The ſecond reaſon is, that the phraſe *omittere hoſtes*, though frequently uſed by Juſtin, is never, that I know, applied by him in the ſenſe which you give to it. The generals entitled to direct military meaſures are ſaid *omittere hoſtes* ; but never the ſoldiers, whoſe duty it is to obey orders ; and who, in the paſſage under conſideration, requeſt that they may not be ordered to renew the engagement with the enemy. To this may be added, that wherever this phraſe *omiſſis hoſtibus*, occurs in Juſtin, it denotes not an end, but only a change of the war. Turn to the paſſage which you formerly referred

to,

ſpice locum a temet excitatum, lib. xxvii. c. 3. § 6. *Sed omiſſo externo hoſte in mutuum exitium* BELLUM *reparant.* Addo ego locum alterum, lib. xxix. c. 2. § 7. *Hujuſcemodi oratione impulit Philippum ut omiſſis Ætolis* BELLUM *Romanis inferret*, &c. Cæterum ſufficit Oroſium ſuo tempore apud Juſtinum legiſſe *cæſis hoſtilus*, quo recepta lectio mirifice confirmatur, perinde ut illa magnopere vacillaret, ſi in ejus ætatis Juſtini codicibus *omiſſis hoſtibus* fuiſſe lectum conſtat.

De Syriæ civitatibus *jure belli factis P. R.* quod, iis quæ hactenus in hanc rem diſputata ſunt, addam, non habeo.

Moves denique, vir nobiliſſime, ne eadem ſemper chorda oberremus, neve amicæ diſputationi materia deſit, novam quæſtionem circa I. Jul. Cæſaris conſulatum, quem adiit Kal. Jan. A. V. C. DCXCV. anno ætatis XLI., quum per annales leges nemini licuerit, hunc magiſtratum petere ante annum ætatis XLIII. At vero hanc Villii, ut cæteras annales leges, non fuiſſe perpetuæ obſervationis, et faſti et hiſtoriarum

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to, lib. xxvii. c. 3. § 6. "They left off fighting againſt their foreign ene-"my, and made war on each other:" to which you will find a parallel in lib. xxix. c. 2. § 7. "By this oration he prevailed with Philip to leave "off fighting againſt the Etolians, and to make war on the Romans." But it is ſufficient that Oroſius read *cæſis hoſtibus* in the copies of Juſtin which he made uſe of. If, by ſaying *omiſſis hoſtibus*, Oroſius confirmed your conjecture, the reading of the text would be doubtful indeed.

I have nothing farther to add to my obſervations concerning the cities of Syria which the Romans acquired by the right of war.

That we may not harp on the old ſtring, but have new matter for our friendly conteſt, you raiſe a difficulty concerning the firſt conſulſhip of Julius Cæſar; which happened on the firſt of January, in the ſix hundred and ninety-fifth year of Rome, and in the forty-firſt of his age; although by the laws aſcertaining the age of candidates, no perſon was entitled to crave that honour before his forty-third year. But this law, which was propoſed by Villius, appears not, any more than other laws appertaining to the ſame object, to have been of perpetual authority? as we learn, both from the

Roman

hiſtoriarum monumenta docent: apud Liv. lib. viii. c. 4. relatum legimus, C. Mario Rutilo et Q. Servilio Ahala coſſ. plebiſcito cautum ne quis eundem magiſtratum intra X annos capeſſeret: non tamen videtur aut lex iſta perlata aut poſtea quicquam valuiſſe. Occurrit enim II. poſt iſtos coſſ. anno apud Faſtorum conditores ipſumque T. Livium, T. Manlius Torquatus, qui IV. ante annos; poſtea M. Valerius Corvus, qui VIII.; L. Papirius Craſſus, qui VI. coſſ. fuerant. Immo unus L. Papirius Curſor intra VIII annos quaternos conſulatus geſſit: quod fieri, lata hac lege, vel certe ſalva, non poterat. Huc etiam pertinent, quæ Dio Caſſ. lib. xl. §. 56. de alia lege annali memorat: *Pompeius, inquit, reſtituit legem de Comitiis, quæ jubet, ut magiſtratum aliquem ambientes ad ipſa omnino Comitia præſto ſint,* (ὡστε μηδενα απουτα αιρεισθαι) *neglectam omnino renovavit; et S. C. paulo prius factam, ut qui in urbe magiſtratus geſſiſſent, externas provincias, ante V anni exitum, ne ſortirentur, confirmavit, Nec vero puduit Pompeium, qui tum eas promulgaverat, ipſum Hiſpaniæ imperium*

Roman hiſtorians and from the conſular Faſti. Livy, lib. viii. c. 4, ſays, that in the conſulſhip of C. Marius Rutilus and Q. Servilius Ahala, it was provided by a law of the people, that no perſon ſhould bear the ſame magiſtracy twice in the ſpace of ten years. But this law ſeems either not to have been confirmed, or not to have remained in force: for we afterwards find both in the Faſti, and in Livy, that T. Manlius Torquatus was a ſecond time conſul in the ſpace of four years; M. Valerius Corvus, in eight; and L. Papirius Craſſus, in ſix: L. Papirius Curſor, was four times conſul in eight years: which things are inconſiſtent with this law. To this ſubject may be referred what Dio Caſſius ſays concerning another law of the ſame kind, in his fortieth book, ſect. 56. " Pompey reſtored the law of the Comitia, which prohi-" bited any perſon from being elected into any office of magiſtracy in his " abſence; a law which had fallen into total diſuſe; and confirmed another " which had been a ſhort time before enacted by the ſenate, forbidding any " man who had been a magiſtrate in the city to command in any foreign " province before the expiration of five years. Yet Pompey, who had juſt " paſt theſe laws, was not aſhamed to accept his command in Spain for five " years

perium in aliud quinquennium paulo poſt accipere: et Cæſari (cujus amici indigniſſime has leges ferebant) abſenti quoque conſulatus petendi poteſtatem eodem decreto concedere, &c. Quod vero jam ad Villianam illam annalem legem attinet, nec eam conſtanter ita fuiſſe obſervatam, ut nunquam migraretur, vel ex ipſo Ciceronis loco, Orat. contra Rullum, colligi poteſt, ubi gloriatur quod ex *novis hominibus* primus, et quidem prima petitione, *anno ſuo*, hoc honore fuerit auctus; cum qui ante ipſum ex hoc hominum genere, anno ſuo petierint, ſine repulſa, non ſint facti conſules. Ex hoc enim loco quæ Villianæ legis vis fuerit, quum patricius aut conſularis ex antiquo genere conſulatum peteret intelligi non poteſt. Certe Dolabellam, cæſo Cæſare, anno non ſuo, quippe XXV annos natus, teſte Apiano conſulatum invaſit, qua de re Dio Caſſ. l. xliv. § 22. Ο Δολοβελλας ες την υπατον αρχην, και περ μηδεπω ες προσηκοντως εσηλθε. Et Suetonius, chap. 18. tantum non diſerte memorat Julio contra leges aliquid fuiſſe conceſſum: *ſed cum edictis jam Comitiis, ratio ejus haberi non poſſet niſi privatus introiſſet urbem, et ambienti ut legibus ſolveretur;*

"years longer; and to grant, by the ſame decree, to Cæſar (whoſe friends "impatiently brooked ſuch regulations) the permiſſion of being candidate "for the conſulſhip in his abſence," &c. That the law propoſed by Villius was not uniformly obſerved, appears from Cicero's oration againſt Rullus; where the orator boaſts that he was the firſt man, not graced by ancient nobility, who had obtained the conſulſhip in the year that he was entitled to ſolicit it: but his paſſage does not inform us what was the force of Villius's law, when the candidates were patricians of ancient family, or men of conſular dignity. Dolabella certainly, after Cæſar's murder, ſeized the conſulſhip, when only twenty-five years old, as we are informed by Appian: on which ſubject Dio Caſſius, lib. xliv. § 22, ſays that Dolabella intruded himſelf into the conſulſhip, though in no wiſe belonging to him; and Suetone inſinuates, that Julius obtained ſomething to which he was not by law entitled. "As the Comitia were already proclaimed, his demand could not be at-"tended to, unleſs he entered the city as a private perſon; and many op-

"poſing

solveretur, multi contradicerent, coactus est triumphum, ne consulatu excluderetur, dimittere. Quam in rem etiam apud Dionem Cass. libr. xliv. Antonius in oratione funebri diserte hæc memorat: Τοιγαρῖοι και τα επινικια αυλω δια ΐδ' scil. ob expeditionem Hispanicam) ἐψηφισασθε και την αρχην την υπατον ΕΥΘΥΣ ἐδωκατε,——*Triumpho omisso, cum res urgeret, actisque vobis pro eo honore, quem sibi ad gloriam satis esse ducebat, gratiis, consulatum accepit.* Ita quum vix annus deesset, quo minus consulatum petere liceret Julio, aliquid fuisse ei concessum, ut triumphum dimitteret, manifestum est: quod si etiam ex lege annali consulatu excludere eum voluissent, non intelligo, qua ratione ipsi, quod ad triumphi honorem attinet, repulsam dare potuissent.

Oblatas animadversiones in Salchlini libellum Museo Helv. inferendas, quanquam Gallico idiomate conscriptas, cupide exciperem; nisi Musei illius cursus ad tempus foret inhibitus; nec dum constat utrum, et quando, typographo

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" posing his being indulged with any favour to which he was not legally en-
" titled, he chose to postpone his claim to a triumph, lest he should be ex-
" cluded from the consulship." Sueton. lib. i. c. 88. Nearly to the same purpose Anthony, in Cæsar's funeral oration, in the forty-fourth book of Dio Cassius, says, " for this reason, (his success in Spain,) you granted to him
" a triumph, and immediately appointed him consul. In the urgency of
" his affairs he postponed his triumph; and accepting the consulship,
" thanked you for that honour, which he thought sufficient for his own glory." It is therefore plain, that by deferring his claim to a triumph; he obtained the consulship, though a year younger than the age required for holding that office. Had the Romans intended to enforce against him the Villian law, there would not have been any reason to withold from him the honour of a triumph.

I should willingly admit your remarks, though written in French, on Salchlini's little work, into the *Museum Helveticum*, were not that publication interrupted

typographo licuerit aut placuerit, iſthoc opus novo aliquo tomo augere.

Vale, Vir Nobiliſſime, rem tuam ex animi ſententia age, meque ama hominem ad omnia humanitatis officia paratiſſimum

BREITINGERUM.

ZURICI HELVETIORUM, Kal. Mart.
CIↃIↃCCLVII.

interrupted at preſent; and it is uncertain when the printer will be allowed, or will have inclination, to publiſh a new volume.

Farewell, my noble Sir, and proſper; and love me as a man devoted to every kind duty.

BREITINGER.

ZURICH, March 1, 1757.

N°. VI.

M. GIBBON *à M.* GESNER.

MONSIEUR,

CHEZ les Romains, ce peuple généreux, qui nous a laiſſé tant de choſes à admirer et à imiter, les vieux jurisconſultes, que leurs longs travaux avoient rendus les oracles du barreau, ne ſe croyoient pas inutiles à la république, lorſqu'ils cherchoient à développer, à former des talens naiſſans, et à ſe donner de dignes ſucceſſeurs. Je voudrois la rétablir cette coutume excellente, et la tranſporter même dans les autres ſciences. Quiconque connoît tant ſoit peu vos ouvrages et votre réputation, ne vous refuſera pas, je penſe, le titre d'un des premiérs littérateurs du ſiècle, et je ne crois pas qu'une folle préſomption m'égare, lorſque je m'attribue quelques diſpoſitions à réuſſir dans les Belles Lettres. Votre commerce pourroit m'être d'une grande utilité. Voilà mon ſeul titre pour vous le demander. Dans l'eſpérance qu'il pourra vous engager à me l'accorder, je vais vous demander

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Mr. GIBBON *to Mr.* GESNER.

SIR,

AMONG the Romans, that generous people, who had ſo many inſtitutions worthy of being admired and imitated, the moſt reſpectable old lawyers, whoſe long labours had rendered them the oracles of the bar, did not think their time uſeleſs to the community, when it was employed in forming the talents of youth, and in providing for themſelves worthy ſucceſſors. This excellent cuſtom ought to be adopted, and extended to other ſciences. Whoever is acquainted with your reputation and your works, will not deny you the title of one of the moſt learned men of the age; and I hope that my fooliſh preſumption does not deceive me, when I aſcribe to myſelf ſome natural aptitude for ſucceeding in the purſuits of literature. Your correſpondence would be highly uſeful to me. On this ground only I requeſt it. In the hope that it will not be refuſed, I proceed to beg your explanation of ſome

mander des éclairciſſemens ſur quelques difficultés, et des déciſions ſur quelques conjectures qui ſe ſont offertes à mon eſprit.

1. Qui étoit ce Piſon le Père, à qui Horace addreſſe ſon art poétique? M. Dacier croit que c'étoit ce L. Piſon le pontife qui triompha pour ſes exploits en Thrace, et qui mourut préfet de la Ville A. U. C. 785*. Mais il eſt évident que ce ne fut point lui. Horace écrivit ſon art poétique avant l'an 734, puiſqu'il y parle de Virgile, qui mourut dans cette année, d'une façon à faire bien comprendre qu'il étoit encore vivant †. Or dans un autre endroit du même art poétique ‡, il s'addreſſe à l'aîné des fils de ce Piſon comme à un jeune homme qui avoit l'eſprit deja formé.

" O major juvenum, quamvis et voce paternâ
" Fingeris ad rectum et per te ſapis."

Ce qui ne peut guères convenir qu'à un jeune homme de dix huit à vingt ans. Mais ce L. Piſon ne pouvoit point avoir dans ce tems là un fils auſſi âgé. Il mourut en 785, âgé de quatre vingt ans §. Il naquit donc en 705, et

ſome difficulties that I have met with, and your opinion of ſome conjectures that have occurred to my mind.

1. Who was that Piſo, the father, to whom Horace addreſſes his Art of Poetry? Mr. Dacier ſuppoſes him to have been the high-prieſt who obtained a triumph for his exploits in Thrace, and who died præfect of the city in the ſeven hundred and eighty-fifth year of Rome*. But that could not be the man; for Horace's Art of Poetry was written before the year ſeven hundred and thirty-four, ſince it makes mention of Virgil (who died that year) in terms which ſhew that he was ſtill alive †: and in another part of the poem ‡, Horace addreſſes the eldeſt of Piſo's ſons, as a young man of cultivated talents; which implies that he was not leſs than eighteen or twenty years of age. But L. Piſo the high-prieſt, could not ſurely have a ſon ſo old. He himſelf died at the age of fourſcore §, in the ſeven hundred and eighty-fifth

* Tacit. An. vi. c. 10. Flor. Hiſt. Rom. L. iv. c. 12. T. Liv. Epit. L. c.
† Horat. Art. Poet. v. 55. ‡ Ibid. v. 366. § Tacit. ubi ſupra.

year

et il n'avoit que trente ans tout au plus, quand cette épître fut écrite. Je vois aſſez clairement, que ce ne pouvoit pas être là le Piſon que nous cherchons ; mais, parmi un aſſez grand nombre de perſonnages du ſiècle d'Auguſte qui portoient ce nom, je voudrois qu'on m'âidat à trouver celui ſur qui les ſoupçons peuvent tomber avec quelque vraiſemblance.

2. Vous ſavez combien les critiques ſe ſont donnés de peine, pour rechercher le vrai but qu'avoit Horace dans la troiſième ode du troiſième livre. La grandeur des idées, et la nobleſſe des expreſſions y font ſentir partout la main de maître : mais on eſt à la fois fâché et ſurpris que la harangue de Junon paroît ne tenir à rien, et n'aboutir à rien ; et après avoir admiré cette ode par parties, on ne peut guères s'empêcher d'en condamner l'enſemble. Taneguy le Fèvre l'avoit expliquée par un ſyſtême que M. Dacier trouve mériter autant d'éloges que l'ode elle même, et qui en effet me paroît des plus jolis. Vous ſavez qu'il le fonde ſur la crainte qu'il prête au peuple Romain de voir transférer à Ilium le ſiège de l'empire

year of Rome. He was born, then, in ſeven hundred and five ; and was not above thirty when the Art of Poetry was written. It is clear therefore, that he is not the perſon to whom Horace writes ; but, among the number of other men who bore that name, I wiſh that you would help me to diſcover the Piſo to whom that poem was moſt probably addreſſed.

2. You know how much trouble it has coſt the critics to find out Horace's true deſign in the third ode of his third book. This maſterly performance is diſtinguiſhed by greatneſs of thought and dignity of expreſſion ; but we are ſurpriſed and grieved to find, that the end does not correſpond with the beginning ; and that Juno's ſpeech is totally unconnected with what precedes or follows it ; ſo that after admiring the detached parts of this ode, we are forced to condemn it as a whole. Taneguy le Fevre explained it by a conjecture, which Dacier thinks deſerving of as high encomiums as the ode itſelf ; and which is, doubtleſs, very ingenious. You know that his explanation, turns on the ſuppoſed dread of the Romans, leſt the ſeat of their em-

l'empire; et qu'il ſuppoſe qu'Horace compoſa cette ode dans la vue de detourner Auguſte de ce deſſein, en lui rappellant toute la part que les Dieux avoient eue à la deſtruction de cette ville, et combien le mortel qui oſeroit la rebâtir s'expoſeroit à tout le courroux de ces mêmes Dieux. Le peuple pouvoit d'autant plus facilement ſuppoſer ce deſſein à ce prince, que ſon pere adoptif en avoit été ſoupçonné*. Mais je doute que ce ſyſtème puiſſe ſe ſoutenir. Et on ne ſauroit jamais prouver ces craintes prétendues du peuple Romain, qui ſont mêmes ſans vraiſemblance; Auguſte ſe diſtingua toujours par les ſoins particuliers qu'il donna à la ville de Rome, qui devoient raſſurer le peuple contre toutes les craintes d'une pareille eſpèce. On peut en voir le détail dans la vie d'Auguſte par Suétone, c. 28, 29, 30. Je n'en marquerai que deux: il engagea la plupart des grands à orner la ville, par des bâtimens ſuperbes †, et il bâtit un Temple à Mars le Vengeur, où il ordonna que le ſénat s'aſſembleroit toutes les fois qu'il ſeroit queſtion de guérres ou de triomphes ‡. Sont-ce là les actions d'un homme qui ſonge à ſe

pire ſhould be removed to Troy; and that he fancies the ode to have been written with a view to divert Auguſtus from ſuch a deſign, by ſhewing him how earneſtly the Gods had co-operated towards the deſtruction of Troy, and how much their reſentment would be provoked by an attempt to rebuild that ill-fated city. The people might the more naturally ſuſpect Auguſtus of ſuch an intention, becauſe it was thought to have been entertained by his adoptive father.* But this conjecture, I fear, will not bear examination. It is impoſſible to prove thoſe pretended fears of the Romans; which are rendered highly improbable, when we conſider that Auguſtus was remarkable for his affectionate partiality towards Rome: as may be ſeen in his life, by Suetonius, c. 28, 29, 30. I ſhall mention but two examples of it. He encouraged almoſt all the great men of Rome to adorn the city by ſuperb edifices†; and himſelf erected a temple to Mars the Avenger, where the ſenate was ordered to aſſemble during its deliberations concerning wars and triumphs ‡.

* Suet. L. i. c. 79. † Vell. Paterculus, L. ii. c. 89. ‡ Suet. L. ii. c. 29.

Theſe

à ſe faire une nouvelle capitale? L'exemple de ſon oncle ne pouvoit conclure; ce fut vers la fin de ſa vie qu'il dut concevoir ce projet, dans un tems où la proſperité l'avoit aveuglé et engagé dans mille démarches folles et mal entendues, qu'Auguſte ſe piqua toujours d'éviter avec ſoin. La ſage opiniâtreté avec laquelle il refuſa toujours la dictature, peut ſervir de preuve à ce que je dis*. Voilà les raiſons qui m'empêchent d'acquieſcer au ſyſtême de Taneguy le Fêvre. J'en ſuis fâché, et je ne ſerai tout à fait content que lorſque vous m'aurez fourni une autre explication de cette ode, plus ſolide ſans doute, et qui en applanira également les difficultés.

3. Antiochus, roi de Syrie, avoit pris pluſieurs villes de la Cœlé-Syrie et de la Paleſtine au jeune Ptolémée, alors ſous la tutelle des Romains. Ceux-ci prennent la défenſe de leur élève, et ordonnent au roi de Syrie de les rendre. Il mépriſe ces ordres, et les retient. Sur quoi on lui envoye une ſeconde ambaſſade, laquelle laiſſant de côté les prétenſions du jeune prince, lui ordonna de rendre des villes,

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Theſe are not the actions of a man who wiſhed to found a new capital. The example of his uncle is not applicable; that project was formed by him towards the end of his life, when he was intoxicated by proſperity, and engaged in a thouſand wild enterpriſes, which the prudence of Auguſtus carefully avoided. The cautious firmneſs with which the latter prince always refuſed the office of dictator, confirms my remark*. Such are the reaſons which hinder me from acquieſcing in Le Fevre's explanation. I am ſorry for it, and will not be eaſy till you ſupply me with another more ſolidly founded, and equally well fitted to remove all difficulties.

3. Antiochus, king of Syria, had taken poſſeſſion of ſeveral cities in Cœle-Syria and Judæa, belonging to young Ptolemy, then under the protection of the Romans. That people undertake the defence of their pupil, and order Antiochus to reſtore his towns. He deſpiſes their orders, and keeps thoſe towns in his poſſeſſion; in conſequence of which, the Romans ſend to him a ſecond embaſſy, which, without making any mention of young Ptolemy's pretenſions, " claim thoſe towns as belonging to the Romans by

* Sueton. L. ii. c. 52. Vell. Patercul. L. ii. c. 89.

villes, que le peuple Romain avoit acquiſes par le droit de la guêrre, *civitates jure belli factas populi Romani.* Ce ſont là les termes de Juſtin*, qui nous jettent dans une difficulté embaraſſante. On ne conçoit pas comment les Romains pouvoient avoir acquis des villes dans la Syrie et dans l'Egypte, puiſque, bien loin d'y avoir fait des conquêtes, ils ne portèrent leurs armes en Aſie que pluſieurs années après cette époque. On connoît bien un traité qu'ils avoient fait avec les Rois d'Egypte avant ce tems†, mais c'étoit un pur traité d'alliance et d'amitié qui ne fut précedé ni ſuivi d'aucune guêrre. J'ai cru que l'examen des autres hiſtoriens, qui ont raconté ces mêmes évènemens, pouvoit jetter quelques lumières ſur un paſſage de Juſtin auſſi obſcur que celui-là. Mais Tite Live, qui parle pluſieurs fois ‡ des négociations par leſquelles les Romains tachèrent de faire rendre à Ptolémée les villes d'Aſie, qu'on lui avoit priſes, ne parle nulle part de ce droit de la guêrre en vertu duquel les Romains les demandoient. Le ſavant M. Breitinger, profeſſeur en langue Grecque à Zurich, à qui j'ai communiqué cette difficulté,

" the right of war." Theſe are Juſtin's words*, which preſent us with a very perplexing difficulty; becauſe we do not perceive how the Romans could have acquired thoſe places by the right of war, ſince they were ſo far from having made conqueſts in Aſia then, that they did not carry their arms into that country till a later æra. A treaty indeed ſubſiſted between them and the kings of Egypt†. but it was a treaty merely of friendſhip and alliance, neither preceded nor followed by any war. I thought that an examination of the other hiſtorians, who relate the ſame tranſactions, might throw light on this obſcure paſſage of Juſtin. But Livy, who mentions ſeveral times ‡ the negociations by which the Romans endeavoured to recover for Ptolemy the places taken from him by Antiochus, is altogether ſilent with regard to this " right of war," in virtue of which they were demanded. I acquainted the learned Mr. Breitinger, profeſſor of Greek at Zurich, with my difficulty on

* Juſtin. L. xxx. c. 1.

† Tit. Liv. Epitom. L. iv. Eutrop. L. ii. Valer. Maxim. L. iv. c. 3.

‡ Tit. Liv. L. xxxiii. c. 34, 39, 40.

this

culté, après avoir tenté en vain de la réſoudre, a été obligé enfin dé la laiſſer ſans explication.—Mais,

" Nil deſperandum, Teucro duce; et auſpice Teucro."

4. Un différent que Scaliger et Iſaac Voſſius ont eu enſemble, ſur la véritable époque de la mort du poëte Catulle, a fait beaucoup de bruit dans la république des lettres. Je n'ai point eu en main les pièces du procès, ſavoir les éditions de Catulle de ces deux hommes célèbres; mais Bayle* nous a donné un extrait fort detaillé de leur diſpute, y ajoûtant ſes propres réflexions. Je ſuis fâché de ne pouvoir pas Remonter aux ſources; mais dans la néceſſité de me ſervir de rapporteur, je n'en connoîs point de meilleur que Bayle.

Quoique deux habiles littérateurs ſe ſoient exercés ſur cette queſtion, je ſuis bien loin de la regarder comme parfaitement éclaircie. Voſſius me paroît avoir trop avancé la mort du poëte, Scaliger l'a certainement trop reculée. Catulle ne mourut pas bien ſûrement A. U. C. 696; mais il ne veçut pas non plus juſqu'aux jeux ſéculaires d'Auguſte,

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this ſubject; which, after attempting in vain to reſolve, he was obliged to leave unexplained. But,

" Nil deſperandum, Teucro duce; et auſpice Teucro."

4. A difference of opinion between Scaliger and Iſaac Voſſius, concerning the time of Catullus' death, made great noiſe in the republic of letters. I have not at hand the original arguments of thoſe learned men, which are contained in their reſpective editions of Catullus; but Bayle * has given us a particular account of their diſpute, with his own reflections on the ſubject. I am ſorry that I cannot draw from the fountain head; but Bayle's accuracy as a compiler will not be diſputed.

Notwithſtanding the labours of theſe great ſcholars, I am far from thinking the queſtion decided. Voſſius ſeems to me to place Catullus' death too early, and Scaliger certainly fixes it at too late an æra. That poet ſurely did not die in the year of the city ſix hundred and ninety-ſix; but neither did

* Bayle Dictionnaire Critique, art. Catulle.

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guſte A. U. C. 736. Prouvons ce que nous avons avancé, et cherchons l'époque en queſtion, qui doit ſe trouver entre ces deux années.

Catulle parle de la Grande Bretagne et de ſes habitans*, or Céſar fut le premier qui fit connoître cette iſle aux Romains†, et Céſar y fit ſa première expédition en 698‡. Auſſi bien Catulle parle t-il du ſecond conſulat de Pompée, qui tombe ſur la même année §. Il vivoit même encore en 706, puiſqu'il parle auſſi du conſulat de Vatinius ‖. Je ne veux pas me ſervir des argumens de Scaliger pour prouver qu'il fut ſpectateur des triomphes de Céſar, parceque je ne les crois pas de bon alloi. Je me diſpenſerai d'examiner en détail ſi les paroles *paterna prima lancinata ſunt bona*, &c.¶ conviennent mieux aux premières victoires de Céſar qu'aux dernières, parceque je crois qu'il n'y eſt queſtion ni des unes ni des autres. Il n'y a qu'à lire cette épigramme avec quelque attention pour voir que Catulle s'addreſſe toujours à Céſar dans la ſeconde perſonne :

" Cinœde Romule, hæc videbis et feres ?
" Es impudicus, et vorax, et helluo." Pen-

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he live to ſee the ſecular games of Auguſtus celebrated in ſeven hundred and thirty-ſix. Let us prove theſe aſſertions and endeavour to find out the true æra in queſtion, which muſt have been at an intermediate time between the years juſt mentioned.

Catullus ſpeaks of Great Britain and its inhabitants*, with which Cæſar firſt made the Romans acquainted†, by his expedition thither, in the year of Rome ſix hundred and ninety-eight‡. Catullus alſo mentions the ſecond conſulſhip of Pompey, which happened on that ſame year §. He lived ſo late as the year ſeven hundred and ſix, ſince he ſpeaks of the conſulſhip of Vatinius ‖. I will not make uſe of Scaliger's arguments to prove that the poet witneſſed Cæſar's triumphs, becauſe I do not believe them well-founded. I will not particularly examine whether the words *paterna prima lancinata ſunt bona*¶," beſt apply to the firſt or laſt victories of Cæſar, becauſe I do not believe them to have any reference to the one or the other. We need only to read

* Vid. Catull. Carm. xi. &c. † Tacit in Vit. Agricol. C. 13.
‡ Cæſar. Comm. L. iv. Dion. Hiſt. L. xxxix. p. 113.
§ Catull. Carm. cxi. ‖ Idem, lii. ¶ Idem, xxvii. ver. 29.

Pendant que Mamurra y paroît tojuours dans la troiſième perſonne, ce qui eſt le cas dans les lignes :

" Parum expatravit ? an parvum helluatus eſt ?
" Paterna prima lancinata ſunt bona."

Il n'y eſt donc nullement queſtion des diſſipations de Céſar, mais de celles de Mamurra ; et toutes les conſéquences qu'on en peut tirer par rapport aux triomphes de celui-là, ſont illégitimes*.

* Cependant ſi l'on avoit la curioſité de rechercher l'époque préciſe de la compoſition de cette épigramme, un paſſage de Cicéron nous conduiroit à la fixer vers l'an 708. Car quoiqu'en diſe Bayle, on ne peut guères entendre ce paſſage que d'une pièce ſatyrique faite contre Mamurra ; auſſi bien le ſavant Dr. Middleton a-t-il embraſſé cette opinion. Il eſt inutile de dire que Catulle n'auroit jamais oſé compoſer cette épigramme contre Céſar alors tout puiſſant. La clémence de Céſar envers ſes ennemis étoit aſſez connue ; la façon même, dont les anciens parlent de la modération dont Céſar uſa envers le ſatyrique, ſemble ſuppoſer qu'il avoit alors la puiſſance en main, puiſqu' auparavant ſa clémence auroit eu peu de mérite. Tacite (1) qui en parle, la fait conſidérer ſur le même pied que celle de Bibalculus. Or on ne peut pas douter qu' Auguſte ne fût ſouverain alors.

the epigram attentively, to perceive that Catullus always addreſſes Cæſar in the ſecond perſon, and Mamurra in the third.

The poet alludes, therefore, not to Cæſar's diſſipation, but to that of Mamurra ; and all the conſequences deduced from his applying his words to the former, are built on a falſe hypotheſis †.

† Were we curious to aſcertain exactly the date of this epigram, a paſſage of Cicero would lead us to fix it at the year 708. For, notwithſtanding Bayle's reaſonings, we cannot regard it in any other light than that of a ſatire written againſt Mamurra ; an opinion embraced by the learned Dr. Middleton. There is no weight in the obſervation, that Catullus would not have ventured to write this epigram againſt Cæſar in the plenitude of his power. Cæſar's clemency towards his enemies is well known ; and the terms in which hiſtorians ſpeak of his lenity ſhewn to this ſatiriſt implies that he was then poſſeſſed of power to puniſh him ; otherwiſe his moderation would have been of little value. Tacitus (1) ſpeaks of this affair as a parallel to that of Bibalculus, who ſatiriſed Auguſtus when the latter was certainly inveſted with ſovereign dominion.

(1) Annal. L. iv. c. 34.

Catullus,

D'un autre côté, Catulle ne veécut pas juſqu'aux jeux ſéculaires d'Auguſte, puiſqu'il mourut avant Tibulle. Ovide, dans l'élégie qu'il fit exprès ſur la mort de ce dernier, met Catulle parmi les poëtes, que ſon ami devoit rencontrer à ſa deſcente dans les champs Elysées :

" Si tamen a nobis aliquid niſi nomen et umbra
" Reſtat : in Elyſia Valle Tibullus erit.
" Obvius huic venias hederâ juvenilia cinctus
" Tempora, cum Calvo, docte Catulle tuo*."

Mais dans quel tems Tibulle mourut-il ? Une petite épigramme de Domitius Marius nous l'apprend : le même jour, ou du moins la même année, que Virgile :

" Te quoque Virgilio comitem non æqua, Tibulle,
" Mors juvenem Campos miſit ad Elyſios †.

Or perſonne n'ignore que Virgile mourut le 22 Septembre 734‡. Il eſt donc clair que Catulle, déjà mort dans ce tems là, ne vit point les jeux ſéculaires qui ne ſe célébrèrent qu'en 736.

Avançons plus loin, et diſons, que Catulle étoit déjà mort avant 721. Je me fonde ſur le témoignage d'un hiſtorien

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Catullus, on the other hand, did not live to ſee the ſecular games celebrated by Auguſtus, ſince he died before Tibullus. Ovid, in an elegy written on the death of the latter, places Catullus among the poets whom his friend will meet with in the Elyſian fields*.

But when did Tibullus die ? A little epigram of Domitius Marius informs us, that he died the ſame day, or at leaſt in the ſame year, with Virgil ?† Now it is well known that Virgil died the twenty-ſecond of September ſeven hundred and thirty-four ‡. Catullus then could not ſee the ſecular games, which were not celebrated till ſeven hundred and thirty ſix.

We may go farther, and affirm, that Catullus was dead before the year ſeven hundred and twenty-one. This is proved by a contemporary hiſto-

* Ovid. Eleg. L. iii 9. †V. Tibull. Carm. L. iv. c. 15. ‡ Don. in Vit. Virgian,

torien contemporain, ami de Cicéron* et de Catulle lui même†; en un mot de Cornelius Nepos. Il faut le développer ce témoignage. Dans la vie d'Atticus, que cet écrivain nous a laiſſée, parlant d'un certain L. Julius Calidius, à qui Atticus rendit de grands ſervices, il ajoûte pour le faire mieux connoître, *quem poſt Lucretii Catullique mortem, multo elegantiſſimum poetam, noſtram tuliſſe ætatem vere videor poſſe contendere* ‡. Catulle étoit donc mort lorſque Nepos écrivit ce paſſage. Mais ne pourroit-on pas fixer le tems de ſa compoſition ? très facilement : de vingt deux chapîtres qui compoſent cette vie d'Atticus dix huit furent publiés de ſon vivant. *Hactenus Attico vivo hæc a nobis edita ſunt* §. Le paſſage, où il eſt parlé de la mort de Catulle, ſe trouve dans le douzième chapître ; d'où il s'enſuit que Catulle mourut avant Atticus. Mais celui-ci finit ſa vie ſous le conſulat de Cn. Domitius et de C. Soſius ||. Si l'on vouloit pouſſer l'exactitude encore plus loin, et qu'on eût envie de déterminer l'année préciſe de la mort de notre poëte, on ne ſe tromperoit pas de beaucoup en prenant l'année moyenne entre A. U. C. 706 et

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rian, the friend of Cicero * and of Catullus † ; I mean Cornelius Nepos. In his life of Atticus, ſpeaking of a certain Julius Calidius, to whom Atticus had rendered very important ſervices he diſtinguiſhes him, " as the moſt " elegant poet of that age, ſince the death of Lucretius and Catullus ‡." The latter, therefore, was dead before Nepos wrote this paſſage ; of which it is not difficult to fix the date. Nepos' Life of Atticus conſiſts of twenty-two chapters ; the firſt eighteen of which were, as he tells us, written while the ſubject of them ſtill lived §. The paſſage mentioning the death of Catullus is in the twelfth chapter ; from whence it follows, that Atticus ſurvived Catullus. But Atticus died during the conſulſhip of Cn. Domitius and C. Soſius ||. Did we wiſh to aſcertain ſtill more accurately the preciſe year of Catullus' death, we ſhould not be much miſtaken in fixing it at the middle term between the years of Rome ſeven hundred and ſix, and ſeven

* Sueton. L. i. c. 55. Voſſ. de Hiſt. Latin. L. i. c. 24. † Catull. Carm. i.
‡ Cornel. Nepos, in Vit. Attici, c. 12. § Idem, c. 18. || Idem, c. 21.

706 et 721 ; ce qui nous donnera 714, époque qui quadre fort bien avec tout ce que nous en ſavons d'ailleurs.

Le ſeul argument de Scaliger, qui pourroit embarraſſer, eſt celui qu'il tire du poëme ſéculaire que Catulle doit avoir compoſé. La conjecture de Voſſius qu'on célébra des jeux au commencement du VII ſiècle de Rome n'eſt pas ſoutenable. Je doute que celle de Bayle vaille mieux. Le commencement de ce ſiècle étoit marqué par tant de déſordres, on negligeoit tellement les anciennes cérémonies*, qu'il n'y pas d'apparence qu'on ait conçu le deſſein de célébrer de pareils jeux, ni que le peuple s'y attendît. Mais quel beſoin de ſuppoſer que ce poëme avoit été compoſé pour les ſéculaires. N'eſt-il pas bien plus naturel de le croire deſtiné pour la fête de Diane qui ſe célébroit tous les ans au mois d'Août ; Bentley avoit déjà fait cette conjecture †. On peut la confirmer par la compariſon du poëme ſéculaire d'Horace avec ce morceau de

hundred and twenty one ; which will give us the year ſeven hundred and fourteeen ; which very well agrees with all other particulars known concerning him.

The only argument adduced by Scaliger, that can occaſion any difficulty, is, that Catullus compoſed a ſecular poem. Voſſius' conjecture, that the ſecular games were celebrated at the commencement of the ſeventh century of Rome, is altogether unwarranted : that of Bayle, I fear, reſts, not on much better authority. The beginning of that century was deformed by ſo many diſorders, and by ſuch a marked neglect of ancient ceremonies*, that there is not any probability that ſuch games ſhould then have been either exhibited or expected. But it is not neceſſary to ſuppoſe that Catullus' poem was written for the ſecular games. It might have been intended merely for Diana's feſtival, which was celebrated yearly in the month of Auguſt ; as Bentley conjectured †. This is confirmed by comparing this poem with Horace's *Carmen Seculare*. In the former, both the boys and girls

* Sueton. L. ii. c. 37. † Bentl. in Præfat. Edit. Horatian.

form

de Catulle. Dans celui-ci les garçons et les filles ne font qu'un chœur pour s'addreſſer en commun à Diane:

" Dianæ ſumus in fide
" Puellæ et pueri integri*."

Au lieu que dans Horace les garçons s'addreſſent à Apollon, les filles à Diane:

" Supplices audi pueros Apollo,
" Siderum Regina bicornis audi,
" Luna puellas † "

Cette diſtinction leur avoit été même ordonnée par l'oracle qui leur enjoignit la célébration de ces jeux ‡.

Je m'arrête: en voilà bien aſſez pour une fois. Je dois ſentir que vos momens ſont précieux, et il faut au moins vous diſpoſer à ne pas trouver mauvaiſe la liberté que j'ai priſe, en n'en abuſant pas.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec beaucoup de conſidération,

Monſieur, &c.

EDWARD GIBBON.

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form but one chorus, which addreſſes itſelf to Diana*. In Horace, the boys addreſs themſelves to Apollo, and the girls to Diana †. This diſtinction had been eſtabliſhed by the oracle who commanded the celebration of the games ‡.

But I have done. This is enough for one letter. Your time is precious and I would not offend you by carrying too far the liberty I have taken in writing to you. I have the honour to be, with much conſideration,

Yours, &c.

EDWARD GIBBON.

* Catull. Carm. xxxiv. ver. 1. † Horat. Carm. Secular. ver. 34.
‡ V. Diſſertat. Cl. Turretin de Ludis Secular. p. 36.

N°. VII.

M. GESNER *à M.* GIBBON.

1. QUÆRITUR de Piſonibus quibus honorem in Arte Poetica habuit Horatius. Dacerius et Sanadonus forte fidem apud te, Gibbone, Vir Doctiſſime, inventuri erant facilius, ſi auctorem ſententiæ ſuæ laudaſſent, ſine quo ea levis, et hariolationi ſimilis, videri poteſt, et quæ argumento etiam non nimis valido everti queat. Jam vero eſt illa Porphyrionis antiqui hominis, qui eam forte debet antiquiori, qui de nominibus Horatianis ſcripſit. Hic ergo Porphyrio, ut eſt ex optimis libris editus, *Hunc librum*, inquit, *qui inſcribitur de Arte Poetica ad L. Piſonem, qui poſtea urbis cuſtos fuit, miſit. Nam et ipſe Piſo poeta fuit, et ſtudiorum liberalium antiſtes.* At ætas non convenit! Immo pulchre. Mortuus eſt ille Piſo, Tacito teſte, (An. l. vi. c. 10.) octogenarius A. U. 785. Geſſit præfecturam urbis annis XX.; ſuſcepit ergo A. U. 765.

Mr. GESNER to *Mr.* GIBBON.

1, YOU inquire who were the Piſos, of whom Horace ſpeaks in ſuch honourable terms in his Art of Poetry. Dacier and Sanadon would probably, moſt learned Sir, have obtained more credit with you, had they cited the authority on which their opinion reſts; independently of which, it ſeems no better than a gueſs, which a ſlight argument is ſufficient to overturn. This authority is that of Porphyrio, an ancient writer, who treats of the names mentioned in Horace, and who here perhaps copies from ſome author more ancient than himſelf. In his corrected edition Porphyrio, ſays, "Horace's work, intitled the Art of Poetry, is addreſſed to L. Piſo, who was "afterwards governer of Rome; for Piſo was himſelf a poet, and a patron "of literary purſuits". But chronology, you ſay, does not warrant this explanation. It does; for Tacitus tells us, in his Annals, (lib. vi c. 10.) that Piſo died U. C. 785, at the age of eighty. He held his office twenty years;

765. Antequam illud munus suscepirit, debet scripta esse epistola de Arte Poetica (quam ego suspicor fuisse aliquando secundi libri tertiam): quia Porphyrio dicit, *qui* postea *urbis custos fuit*. Ponamus natum esse Pisoni majorem filiorum anno ætatis XXX. eumque filium annos XVI. habuisse, cum ad illum ista scriberet Horatius (366): *O major juvenum*, &c. Scripta erit Ars Poetica anno ætatis Horatii LII. quod pulchre convenit cum Bentleianis rationibus, quas ego, cum ante hos fere annos Horatium ederem, comperi hactenus certe justas esse, ut diligenter licet attendenti, nihil occurrerit, quod illis repugnet. Si putemus in adolescentem XVI annorum, non convenire laudem, quam illi tribuit Horatius (quod mihi quidem contra videtur) prius natum possumus V vel X adeo annis dicere. At Virgilius vivebat adhuc cum Artem Poeticam scriberet Horatius, qui mortuus est A. U. 735, cum vir XXX annorum esset Piso, nec filium habere posset X vel XII ad summum annis majorem. Primo nec ipsum hoc forte absurdum putarint quidam, *juvenem* hic vocari præcocis ingenii et doctrinæ puerum decennem.

years; and therefore entered on it U. C. 765; before which period Horace must have sent to him the Art of Poetry, (which I suspect once stood at the third epistle of the second book,) because Porphyrio says, "who was after-"wards governor of Rome." Let us suppose that Piso's son was born when the Father was thirty years old; and that the son was sixteen when Horace addressed him, *O Major juvenum*; the Art of Poetry will then have been written in the fifty-second year of Horace's age; which well agrees with Bentley's computation; a subject which I remember to have examined and approved when about the same time of life I published my edition of Horace. If we think sixteen years too young for the praises bestowed by the poet, we may add to them five, or even ten years more. But to this mode of reckoning it is objected, that Virgil was alive when Horace wrote his Art of Poetry; and as the latter died in the year of Rome seven hundred and thirty five, Piso, who was then but thirty years old himself, could not have a son above ten or twelve at the utmost. But some critics do not disapprove of the application of *juvenis* to a boy of ten

years,

nem. Hac quidem ætate poetas fuiſſe Hugonem Grotium alioſque novimus: et liberalius, credo, utebantur aulici homines *juvenis* appellatione, poſtquam nequiter adeo Ciceroni expetiverat *puerum* quod vocaſſet Octavium.

Sed quod pace tua dixerim, Vir Humaniſſime, nihil cauſæ video cur in vivis adhuc fuiſſe, ſtatuendum ſit Virgilium, ſcribente Artem Horatio. Neque enim ſimpliciter eo loco vivi poetæ mortuis opponuntur, ſed antiqui novis: non ſola Libitina ſacrare poetam poteſt; ſed annos jam plures mortuus ſit, ſecundum iſtos judices, oportet:

"Eſt vetus atque probus, centum qui perficit annos."

Vide, quæſo, epiſtolam libri ſecundi primam.

2. De Horatii ode libri tertii tertia, ſententiam dixi in meis ad illum obſervationibus, quas tibi viſas non puto, quare hic repetam et explicabo. Luſit Auguſtus cœnas Deorum nonnunquam. Notum eſt ex Suetonio (l. ii. c. 70.), male audiſſe aliquando cœnam illius δωδεκα θεων *h. e.* duodecim illorum Deorum, quibus pulvinaria, ſeu lecti

years, and of a forward genius: Grotius and others were poets at that age; and the Roman courtiers would naturally, I think be prodigal in uſing the term *juvenis*, after Cicero gave ſo much offence by applying the term *puer* to Auguſtus.

But I ſee not any convincing argument to prove that Virgil was alive when the Art of Poetry was written. For, in the paſſage alluded to, Horace does not contraſt living poets with thoſe that were dead, but ancient poets with the modern; and, according to the critics whom he mentions, not death alone, but the being dead a certain number of years, was neceſſary for the attainment of poetical fame.

"Eſt vetus atque probus, centum qui perficit annos."

See the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book.

2. Concerning the third ode of the third book, I formerly gave my opinion in the obſervations accompanying my edition, which, as you have not ſeen them, I ſhall here repeat and explain. Auguſtus ſometimes repreſented in ſport the ſuppers of the Gods. We know from Suetone, lib. ii. c, 70. that he was blamed for his imitation of the ſupper of the twelve gods, which

uſed

lecti ſternebantur in Capitolio (*e. g.* Liv. xxii. 10.) Quid ſi Horatius juſſus vel injuſſus ſcripſit verſus tali dramati aptos; Quid ſi, cum male audirent id genus ludi, voluit, hoc velut ſpecimine propoſito, perſuadere hominibus, eſſe illos innocentes, civiles, Romani populi ſtudiis conformes? Voluit eadem ode blandiri genti Juliæ, quæ origines Trojanas ab Ænea, et Iülo udum adoptaverat. Aditum ſibi parat ad eam rem pulcherrimum poeta. Fortitudo cum juſtitia homines ad Deos perducit. Inter hos jam eſt noſtra admiratione et prædicatione, Auguſtus, et (ut eodem circiter tempore cecinit, Od. iii. c. 5. § 2.) *præſens divus habebitur.* Nempe non minus meritorum ac juris habet Auguſtus quam habuit olim cum Baccho Romulus: qui tamen non ſine difficultate receptus eſt, *donec gratum elocuta eſt Juno Diis conſiliantibus.* Hujus oratio ejuſdem plane argumenti eſt, cujus illa Virgiliana, (Æn. l. xii. v. 791. *et ſeq.*) Et potuit Horatius illud argumentum eligere, ſi vel nunquam ſerio cogitavit de transferenda imperii

uſed to take place in the capitol, where pallets were ſpread for them; of which we ſee an example in Livy, lib. vxii. c. 10. Is it not poſſible that Horace, either with or without the orders of Auguſtus, might think proper to write verſes adapted to ſuch a repreſentation? Might he not endeavour to remove the blame attached to it, by exhibiting an example in which it was not only innocent, but conformable with the inſtitutions and inclinations of the Romans? At the ſame time his ode would be a compliment to the Julian family, which had long boaſted its deſcent from Æneas and Iülus. For entering on this ſubject, the poet ingeniouſly prepares the way, by ſhowing that men had attained divinity through juſtice and fortitude. Auguſtus is entitled to our admiration and praiſe; and, as he ſung in another ode, written nearly about the ſame time, *præſens divus habebitur*, being not leſs worthy of divinity than Bacchus and Romulus; the latter of whom was not without difficulty admitted to that honour, "till Juno made her moſt pleaſing and acceptable ſpeech in the council of the gods." This ſpeech is of the ſame purport with that in the Æneid, lib. xii. v. 791. *& ſeq.*; and might have been pronounced with propriety, without ſuppoſing that Auguſtus ever ſeriouſly thought of changing the ſeat of his empire. That prince alſo muſt

have

imperii ſede Auguſtus. Potuit ea re gratum facere principi, ſi crederet ipſe populus damnari in aula conſilium illud antiquum Julii Cæſaris, calamitoſum Romæ ac deteſtabile. Quod hic longior eſt, et παθητικαλεξις, quam ab illo exordio aliquis exſpectaret; næ ignarus fuerit naturæ carminis lyrici, quatenus illa exemplis veterum cognoſcitur, qui longum adeo excurſum, ſi vel excurſus ſit, reprehendat.

3. Durus ſatis nodus eſſe debet, qui non modo eruditum atque ingenioſum juvenem, ſed veteranum etiam in his literis virum, Breitingerum, cujus nomen ſemper cum honore uſurpo, potuit tenere. Quî enim poſtulare potuit legatio populi Romani, "civitates jure belli ſuas factas reſtituti in integrum ab Antiocho," quas paulo ante Senatus Ptolemæi pupilli ſui eſſe dixerat? Quî potuere Romani jure belli aſſerere ſibi urbes Aſiæ, in quam aliquot demum annis poſt "primus omnium Romanorum ducum "Scipio cum exercitu trajecit?" (Epit. Liv. l. xxxvii.) Verum ſolvi tamen poteſt hic nodus, etiam non adhibito

have been pleaſed with an attempt to perſuade the people that he condemned a deſign, ſaid to have been entertained by Julius Cæſar, but which was ſo much deteſted by the Romans, and would, if carried into execution, have been ſo calamitous to Rome. The ſpeech indeed is longer, and more pathetic than might be expected from the beginning of the ode; but *he* muſt be ignorant of the nature of lyric poetry, as illuſtrated in the writings of the ancients, who find fault with the length of this real or apparent digreſſion.

3. The knot muſt be hard indeed, which not only baffles the exertions of a learned and ingenious youth, but reſiſts the ſtrength of Breitinger, a veteran in the literary field, whoſe name I never pronounce but with the higheſt reſpect. How could Roman ambaſſadors require that the cities taken by Antiochus in Aſia ſhould be reſtored, according to the law of war, to Rome, when the ſenate ſhortly before had declared thoſe cities to belong to its pupil Ptolemy? Or how could the Romans claim thoſe cities by the law of war, when Scipio, a few years afterwards, was the firſt Roman general that paſſed into Aſia with an army? Livy, lib. xxxvii. The knot, however, may be untied, without having recourſe to Alexander's ſword, provided we follow

to Alexandri gladio, modo ſeriem illarum rerum apud ipſum Juſtinum atque Livium inſpiciamus. Hic (l. xxxi. c. 14.), *Philippo*, inquit, *animos faciebat—fœdus ictum cum Antiocho Syriæ rege, diviſæque jam cum eo Ægypti opes, cui morte audita Ptolemæi regis, ambo imminebant.* Juſtinus (lib. xxx. c. 2.), *Legatos Alexandrini ad Romanos miſere, orantes ut tutelam pupilli ſui ſuſciperent, tuerenturque regnum Ægypti, quod jam Philippum et Antiochum, facta inter ſe pactione, diviſiſſe dicebant.* Nec vero inter pacta res ſubſtitit. *Antiochus enim, dum occupatus in Romano bello eſt Philippus*, teſte Livio, lib. 33 c. 19.) *omnibus quæ in Cœle-Syria ſunt civitatibus Ptolemæi, in ſuam poteſtatem redactis; ſimul per omnem oram Ciliciæque et Cariæ tentatures erat urbes quæ in ditione Ptolemæi eſſent: ſimulque Philippum exercitu navibuſque adjuturus.* Vinciturque a Quintio Philippus. Ab eodem Quintio jam (Liv. lib. xxxiii. c. 34.), aperte pronunciatur legatis Antiochi, jure belli et victoriæ nimirum, *ut excederet Aſiæ urbibus, quæ aut Philippi*

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follow the ſeries of thoſe tranſactions, as related by Juſtin and Livy. The latter hiſtorian, lib. xxxi. c. 14, relates, "that Philip's courage was increaſed by his league with Antiochus, king of Syria, with whom, as ſoon as he learned Ptolemy's death, he propoſed, according to the tenor of that agreement, dividing the ſpoils of Egypt." Juſtin, again, lib. xxx. c. 2. tells us, "that the Alexandrians ſent Ambaſſadors to Rome, requeſting the ſenate to defend the cauſe of their pupil, threatened with the partition of his dominions, in conſequence of a treaty for that purpoſe between Philip and Antiochus." This treaty indeed ſoon began to be carried into effect; for, according to Livy, lib. xxxii. c. 19. "Antiochus, while his ally was occupied in the war with Rome, conquered all the cities belonging to Ptolemy in Cœle-Syria; purpoſing next to invade the coaſt of Caria and Cilicia, and at the ſame time to aſſiſt Philip with a fleet and army." Meanwhile Philip is conquered by the Roman conſul Quintius; who then openly declared to Antiochus' ambaſſadors, "that their

Philippi aut Ptolemæi regum fuiſſent. Obſcurius igitur brevitate, ſed verum tamen ſcripſit Juſtinus.

Ecquid te pœnitet, GIBBONE Vir Doctiſſime, literis ita humanis laceſſitum iviſſe ſenem frigidum et inertem, qui per duos menſes poſſit differe reſponſionem ad epiſtolam ita blandam, ita ſibi honorificam? Non conjiciam cauſam longi ſilentii in ſenectutem, quamquam hæc quoque incipit ſufflaminare non nunquam conatus meos, ut ſentiam circa ſeptuageſimum, demptis tribus, ætatis annum, non ita me jam imperare poſſe ingenio, ut annis ſuperioribus. Sed cum alias in otium concedere paullatim detur ſenibus, mihi adhuc pene contra evenit, ut ſubinde novæ mihi curæ imponantur. Adſcriptus ſum ſocietatibus aliquot, ut Berolinenſi, et noſtræ ſcientiarum; hanc etiam per vices ſemeſtres juſſus dirigere: præſidere ſoleo ſingulis hebdomadis ſocietati apud nos Germanicæ; ſubmittere autem ſcriptiunculas quaſdem meas Latinæ Jenenſi. Bibliothecam Academiæ, quinquaginta ad minimum librorum millibus conſtantem, curare meum eſt; tum

"maſter muſt evacuate (ſupply, 'according to the law of war,') all thoſe "cities to which either Philip or Ptolemy had any claims." Livy, lib. xxxiii. c. 34. Juſtin's narrative, therefore, though obſcured by brevity, is yet conſiſtent with truth.

Do you not repent, learned Sir, the having written to an indolent old man, who could delay two months ſending an anſwer to a letter ſo obliging, and ſo honourable to himſelf? I will not throw the blame on my advanced age, though I begin to feel my former powers of exertion ſomewhat ſlacken and abate under the weight of ſixty-ſeven years. At this time of life moſt old men are indulged with a diminution of labour; whereas I, on the contrary, am continually burdened with an increaſe of operations and cares. I belong to ſeveral academies, particularly that of Berlin, and this here of Gottingen; which laſt I am appointed to direct ſix months in the year; I alſo preſide weekly in the German ſociety of this place, and frequently correſpond with the Latin ſociety of Jena. I am entruſted with the care of the public library, conſiſting at leaſt of fifty thouſand volumes; with the inſpection

tum scholas majores per Germanicas Regis provincias inspicere, et regere consilio; tum alimentarios circiter viginti juvenes observare; et scribere quidquid Protectoris et Senatus Academici nomine in tabulis publicis proponitur; et inter hæc ternas, quaternas, plures etiam interdum, singulis diebus prælectiones habere. Et dixi tantum quæ publicis aliquo modo officiis debentur. Quot salutares juvenes sunt accipiendi? quot ex condiscipulis vel discipulis amici absentes colendi literis? nunquam vacare possum a scribendo, commentando talia quæ luci destinata publicæ plus aliquanto curæ postulant: ut nunc in manibus est Claudianus, hac æstate, si Deus faverit, proferendus. Hæc cum ita sint, fateor, me, cum primum percurrenti tuas, vir præstantissime, literas, negotium etiam operosius videretur, quam tractando deinde expertus sum, illas in otium pinguiusculum continuarum aliquot horarum sepositse. Hoc otiolum heri demum casu mihi oblatum, collocavi ut vides.

Supereſt, uti hanc lucubratiunculam boni consules, et, si illa minus forte, quam mihi optabile est, expectationi tuæ

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spection of the colleges in his Majesty's German dominions; and with the superintendance of about twenty youths, who are educated at the public expence. The task also falls on me of writing whatever is inserted in the archives of the university, in the name of the rector and senate: and it is my duty to give daily three, four, and sometimes more prelections. To these public offices must be added the avocations of private company, and of a very extensive correspondence. Besides, I have always some work in hand, which requires nicer attention to render it worthy of the public eye. At present I am employed about an edition of Claudian; which, God willing! shall be published in the course of this summer. Thus circumstanced, I confess that I laid aside your letter, which seemed as if it would require more pains to answer than were afterwards found necessary, until I should enjoy a few hours of uninterrupted leisure. This opportunity occurred only yesterday, of which, you see, I made use.

It remains that I request you to receive favourably this attempt; and if it does not fully answer your expectation, to ascribe the failure to any other

tuæ reſpondeat, alia mihi omnia quam gratificandi tibi voluntatem defuiſſe exiſtimes. Brevitati ſtu dui, quod non opus eſſe putarem ea repetere, quæ ad cauſam conſtituendam a te bene dicta ſunt. Latina lingua, ut aliquanto mihi familiariore, uſus ſum, ne mihi forte accideret, quod tibi Gallice ſcribenti, Gallice licet bene docto, uſu veniſſe video, uti ſcriberes, *Un différent que Scaliger et Iſ. Voſſius ont eu enſemble;* unde aliquis colligerit te putaſſe liticulam habuiſſe inter ſe homines, quorum alter novem annis poſt alterius mortem natus eſt. Habes, Gibbone, Vir Humaniſſime, nudum pectus et deditam tibi voluntatem et parata ſtudia

MATTHIÆ GESNERI.

Scrib. GOTTINGÆ, a. d. XII Feb. Anno LVIII.

4. In quæſtione de annis Catulli plane tuus ſum, Gibbone Doctiſſime, ne putes pigritia quadam me aſſentiri malle tibi, quam tecum diſputare, primo hic reponam ipſa verba quæ juvenis poſui in diſputatione de annis ludiſque ſecularibus veterum Romanorum Vinariæ A. 1717;

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cauſe rather than my want of inclination to oblige you. Brevity was my aim, becauſe it ſeemed unneceſſary to repeat what you had ſo well ſaid on the ſubject. I write in Latin, a language familiar to me, leſt I ſhould commit a miſtake ſimilar to that of which you, though well-ſkilled in French, are guilty, when you ſay, *Un différent que Scaliger & Iſ. Voſſius ont eu enſemble.*" From the words it might be concluded, that a difference had ſubſiſted between theſe learned men, of which the one died nine years before the other was born, I remain ſincerely, with much conſideration, &c.

MATTHEW GESNER.

GOTTINGEN, 12th February 1758.

4. As to the queſtion concerning the age of Catullus, I am entirely of your opinion; and leſt you ſhould think that I agree with you, merely becauſe, through lazineſs, I am unwilling to enter into an argument, I ſhall tranſcribe the words of a theſis, which I defended in my youth forty years ago,

1717; atque adeo ante hos ipsos quadraginta annos a me habita, [p. 43.) *Cum in ipso carmine nihil sit quod non alio quoque festo in Dianæ honorem cani potuerit*, &c. Deinde confirmo tibi me expendisse eadem hora, qua ista scribebam, eruditam disputationem tuam, contulisse ipsas Is. Vossii ad Catullum observationes (edit. 1684, 4to. p. 81 *et seq.*), et ea quæ Jos. Scaliger a Vossio hic refutatus disputaverat; inspexisse Ciceronis de Mamurra locum, adhibuisse Middletoni observationem; et post rem bene perceptam et perpensam, plane secundum te, præstantissime Gibbone, pronuncio.

P. S. Recte mihi reddentur literæ tuæ si in posterum quoque scribere ad me velis, vel solo meo nomine et urbis nostræ literis inscripto; vel sic, " A. M. le Professeur Gesner, Conseiller de la Cour de sa Majesté Britannique, à Gottingen." Sed si vis videre titulos meos more Germanico deductos, en tibi excerptos ex libro quintum edito Nordhusæ 1752, 8vo. Teutsch und Franzosisch Titularbuch, p. 164:—" A Monsieur Monsieur " Gesner, Conseiller de la Cour " de

ego, (p. 43. Weimar, 1717,) concerning the secular years and games of the Romans. " There is nothing in the poem which might not have been " said, had it been written for any other festival in honour of Diana," &c. I assure you, that within this hour I have compared what is said in your learned dissertation, with Is. Vossius' remarks on Catullus, (edit. 1684, 4to. p. 81, *& seq.* and those of Jos. Scaliger, whom he refutes. I also examined the passage of Cicero concerning Mamurra, with Middleton's observations on it; and having examined and well weighed the whole matter, I pronounce sentence, most excellent Gibbon, clearly in your favour.

P. S. Your letters will find me without any farther direction than that of my name and place of abode, or addressed to Mr. Professor Gesner, counsellor of the Court of his Britannic Majesty, Gotingen. But if you wish to see my titles expanded at full length after the German fashion, here they are, copied from the French and German " Title-book,", printed

" de sa Majesté Britannique, Professeur ordinaire " de l'Université de Gottingue, Inspecteur Général des " Ecoles de l'Electorat de Hanovre, Bibliothécaire de " l'Université, Directeur du Séminaire Philologique, " Président de la Société Royale de l'Eloquence Al- " lemande, et Membre de la Société Royale de " Sciences de Gottingue, &c." Nullus horum titulorum est, quin aliquid certa temporis mihi auferat: quæ sola etiam causa est cur huc descripsi: quod mihi te credere sic putabo, si quam brevissima inscriptione literarum ad me utaris.

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printed at Nordhausen, 1752, 8vo. fifth edition, p. 164. " To M. " Gesner, Counsellor of the Court of his Britannic Majesty, Professor in " the University of Göttingen, Inspector General of the Schools of the " Electorate of Hanover, Librarian of the University, Director of the " Philological Seminary, President of the Royal Society of German Elo- " quence, Member of the Royal Society of Sciences at Gottingen," &c. There is not one of these titles but deprives me of some part of my time; the only reason for which I here subjoin them; which I shall think you believe, if your letter to me has as short a direction as possible.

N°. VIII.

Mr. GIBBON *à M.* GESNER.

MONSIEUR,

LA multitude de vos occupations montrent à la fois votre mérite, la juſtice qu'on lui rend, ma préſomption, et votre bonté. Que j'envie le ſort de ce petit nombre d'eſprits ſupérieurs dont les talens toujours les mêmes, et toujours diverſifiés, revêtiſſent avec une égale facilité tous les caractères que l'utilité ou l'agrément des hommes exige d'eux. J'applaudis encore au diſcernement de ces princes qui oſent écarter les nuages dont la frivolité, l'envie, et la calomnie environnent leurs trônes, qui rendent aux grands hommes de leurs états, une juſtice que le public impartial leur rendoit depuis long tems, et qui ſavent récompenſer leurs talens, en leur fourniſſant de nouvelles occaſions de les développer. Voilà une petite partie des réflexions qu'a fait naitre votre lettre; ſi j'en croyois mon inclination, elles n'auroient point de bornes; mais la raiſon me dit que je dois me contenter de

Mr. GIBBON *to Mr.* GESNER.

SIR.

THE multitude of your employments affords at once the proof of your own merit, of the juſtice done to it by the public, of my preſumption, and of your goodneſs. How enviable is the lot of that ſmall number of ſuperior minds whoſe talents are equally adapted to promote the purpoſes either of pleaſure or utility? The diſcernment ſurely of thoſe princes is worthy of much applauſe, who, having ventured to diſſipate the clouds of envy, calumny, and frivolity, that uſually ſurround thrones, render to the truly great men among their ſubjects, a juſtice which had been long done to them by the impartial public, and reward their talents, by affording them new opportunities to diſplay them. Theſe are but a ſmall part of the reflections occaſioned by your letter, and which, were I to conſult my inclination only, would extend to a great length; but my reaſon tells me, that I muſt be contented

de vous assurer de toute la reconnoissance dont vous avez pénétré un homme qui se fera toujours gloire du titre de votre disciple. Je vais dans peu de tems en Angleterre; je pourrois peut être y trouver l'occasion de vous prouver mes sentimens, ou du moins mon commerce vous deviendra moins ennuyeux. Mon séjour dans une capitale éclairée me donnera une sorte de mérite local. Incapable de les imiter, je vous apprendrai de bonne-heure les travaux, et les découvertes de nos savans. Gottingue mérite bien qu'à mon tour je vous demande quelles sont les occupations de vos collegues et de vos disciples. Un nouveau plaisir que j'envisage dans mon retour en Angleterre, c'est la connoissance de tous vos ouvrages. Mon premier soin sera de me les procurer, et de les étudier comme mes meilleurs modèles: pour m'aider dans cette recherche, je prendrai la liberté de vous demander une liste de tous ces morceaux curieux dont vous avez enrichi la république des lettres. Mon ignorance de plusieurs d'entre eux excite a la fois ma joye et ma honte. Ma jeunesse, et le lieu d'où je datte mes lettres, sont mon unique excuse.

Si

contented with assuring you, that you have filled with gratitude a man who will always be proud of being called your scholar. I go shortly to England; where, perhaps, I may find an opportunity of proving to you the sincerity of my sentiments, at least of rendering my correspondence less tiresome. My residence in London will give me a sort of local merit. I will send you early intelligence of the labours and discoveries of our learned men, whose example I am unable to imitate; and will expect to learn, in return, what is so proper an object of curiosity, the occupations and studies of your colleagues and disciples at Gottingen. At my return to London I propose to myself a new pleasure in collecting all your works, which I will make it my first business to procure; and for assisting me in this matter, must request that you would give me the titles of all the curious pieces with which you have enriched the republic of letters. My ignorance of many of them causes both joy and shame. It can only be excused in consideration of my youth, and the place from which this letter is dated.

If

Si j'oſe propoſer quelques nouveaux doutes, vous ſavez mieux que perſonne qu'il n'y a que la raiſon, ou du moins ſon apparence qui ſoit abſolue. Soyez perſuadé que mon unique but en diſcutant vos leçons, c'eſt de m'en rendre digne :

" Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem,
" Quod te imitari aveo. Quid enim contendat hirundo
" Cycnis ; aut quidnam tremulis facere artubus hædi
" Conſimile in curſu poſſint, ac fortis equi vis ?
" Tu pater et rerum inventor*."

Après cette explication, je vous avouerai qu'il me reſte encore quelques nuages ſur le Piſon de l'Art Poétique. Vous ne croyez pas que les paroles d'Horace touchant Virgile, prouvent que ce poëte fût encore vivant, et que l'oppoſition eſt plutôt des anciens aux modernes, que des morts aux vivans. J'ai relu l'endroit, mais cette nouvelle lecture, et les réflexions aux quelles elle a donné lieu, n'ont fait que me confirmer dans ma première opinion. Horace trouvoit la langue Latine pauvre et trop ſtérile,

If I venture to propoſe ſome new doubts, it is becauſe you know better than any one, that abſolute ſubmiſſion is due only to reaſon, either real or apparent. You will believe that my only motive for diſcuſſing your leſſons is to render myſelf worthy of them :

" Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem*."

After this apology, I muſt confeſs that I have ſtill ſome remaining doubts concerning the Piſo to whom Horace addreſſes his Art of Poetry. You think that the manner in which that poet ſpeaks of Virgil does not prove the latter to be ſtill alive ; becauſe Horace does not oppoſe the dead to the living, but the ancients to the moderns. I examined the paſſage again, and that new peruſal excited reflections which confirmed me more ſtrongly in my former opinion. Horace thought the Latin tongue too poor and barren, and

* Lucret. de Rer. Natur. L. iii. ver. 5. *et ſeq.*

deficient

ſtérile, pour exprimer les idées abſtraites que les compagnons de Romulus, les pâtres, et les brigands ne connoiſſoient point : pluſieurs de ſes compatriotes lui avoient trouvé le même défaut. Horace ſouhaite de l'enrichir. Il propoſe pour cet effet aux Virgile, aux Varius, de travailler dans ce deſſein, et d'emprunter du Grec quantité de termes énergiques dont ils avoient beſoin. Il leur offre ſon ſecours. C'eſt un projet qu'il forme et non une choſe déja faite qu'il juſtifie. Par conſéquent l'avenir qu'il enviſage ne peut regarder que ceux d'entre les écrivains qui vivoient encore. Par conſéquent l'Art Poétique fut compoſé avant l'an 735. Le point de vûe ſous lequel je conſidère ce paſſage, eſt ſi bien celui du poëte lui même, que celui-ci finit cette oppoſition par cette image (une des plus vives et des plus juſtes, que je connoiſſe) :

" ——licuit, ſemperque licebit
" Signatum præſente notâ producere nomen*."

Le *licuit*, le paſſé, regarde les Terence, les Cæcilius, morts

deficient in words expreſſive of abſtract ideas which were unknown to Romulus' companions, conſiſting of ſhepherds and robbers. This imperfection had been remarked by others. Horace, wiſhing to remedy it, propoſes to the Virgils and Variuſes, to co-operate with him in this deſign, by borrowing from the Greek many energetic terms and phraſes which were wanting in Latin. He does not juſtify a thing already done, but propoſes a new enterpriſe. The futurity which he looks to can only have a reference to authors ſtill alive. The Art of Poetry was therefore written before the year of Rome ſeven hundred and thirty-five. This explanation agrees ſo well with the poet's thought, that his oppoſition between the dead and living poets, concludes with one of the juſteſt and liveliеſt images that I ever remember to have met with :

" —— licuit, ſemperque licebit
" Signatum præſente notâ producere nomen *."

The *licuit* has a reference to the Terences and the Ceciliuſes, who were long

* Horat. de Art. Poet. ver. 59.

dead

morts depuis long tems ; le *licebit*, le futur, les Varius, les Virgile, ceux qui étoient encore en état d'en profiter*.

Mais, dites vous, dans ce tems même le jeune Piſon pouvoit avoir dix ans ; Grotius faiſoit bien des vers à cet age. Je le ſais : mais les Grotius ſont ils bien communs ; combien d'enfans trouverez vous de dix ans, qui ayent non-ſeulment aſſez de feu pour faire des vers, mais encore aſſez de réflexion pour en juger ſenſément ? Il n'eſt pas même vraiſemblable qu'à l'age de vingt ans Piſon le père eût déjà des enfans. Vous ſavez combien rares étoient les mariages ſous Auguſte ; combien l'exemple de Germanicus paroiſſoit admirable ‡ ; combien la pauvreté §, la débauche, et l'orgueil, arrêtoient la nobleſſe dans le célibat,

* Cette explication eſt d'autant plus vraiſemblable, que dans ſes ouvrages, Virgile s'eſt plutôt piqué de faire revivre de vieux mots, que d'en emprunter de nouveaux du Grec. Je doute même qu'on puiſſe trouver un ſeul endroit où il ait ſuivi le conſeil d'Horace.

dead ; the *licebit*, in the future, to the Varuſes and Virgils, who were ſtill alive, and might avail themſelves of the maxim †.

You ſay that Piſo's eldeſt ſon might be ten years old when the Art of Poetry was publiſhed ; an age at which Grotius wrote verſes. Grotius did ſo ; but how few boys of that age have not only the fire to write, but the judgment to criticiſe poetry ? It is not likely that Piſo the father ſhould have children at the age of twenty. You well know the paucity of marriages under Auguſtus, which rendered the conjugal felicity of Germanicus an example ſo much admired ‡ ; pride, poverty §, and debauchery, deterred

† This explanation is the more probable, becauſe Virgil appears in his works to value himſelf rather on reviving old words, than on borrowing new ones from the Greek. I doubt whether a ſingle paſſage can be pointed out, in which he followed Horace's advice.

‡ Suet. L. ii. c. 34. § Tacit. Annal. ii. c. 37.

the

célibat, surtout pendant les guerres civiles qui désolèrent la terre, pendant la première jeunesse de Pison. Les loix d'Auguste ne font qu'indiquer la grandeur du mal*, et les premières de ces loix furent promulguées plus de trente ans après la naissance de Pison†. Si l'on compte une génération ordinaire γενεὰ à trente trois ans‡, il paroît que sous le commencement de l'empire, on devroit les pousser plutôt jusqu'à quarante ans, que de les réduire à vingt. Je conviens que ce ne sont là que des probabilités, mais dans la science de la critique, il paroît que les probabilités doivent faire disparoître les possibilités, et céder à leur tour aux preuves. Je ne crains rien de ce principe. L'autorité d'un Porphyrion n'a pas assez de force parmi les savans, pour pouvoir jamais former un raisonnement. Tout ce qu'elle pourroit faire, ce seroit d'en appyuer un déjà prouvé. Les anciens ne donnoient point à Porphyrion la première place parmi les commentateurs d'Horace §, et les moder-

nes,

the Roman nobles from marriage, especially amidst the civil wars, which, during Piso's youth, desolated the earth. Augustus' laws on that subject only prove the greatness of the evil *; and Piso was thirty years old, before the first of those laws was enacted †. If an ordinary generation is computed at thirty-three years ‡, the generations under the first emperors ought rather to be extended to forty, than reduced to twenty years. These, I acknowledge, are but probabilities; but in the science of criticism probabilities destroy possibilities, and are themselves destroyed by proofs. This principle is not to be controverted. The authority of Phorphyrio is of too little weight among the learned to be the foundation of an argument; it might at best help to prop an argument, otherwise well supported. The ancients do not assign to him the first rank among Horace's commentators §; and the mo-

* Dion. Hist. Rom. L. lvi. p. 570.

† Horat. Carm. Secular. v. 17, &c. Torrent. de Lege Juliâ ad Calc. Horat p. 75, &c.

‡ Herodot. L. ii. Newton Chronol. Emendat. p. 41.

§ Vid. Vitam Horat. sine nomine Autoris.

dern

nes, Monſieur Dacier ſurtout, lui ont trouvé beacoup d'erreurs. Je ne ſens pas d'ailleurs la force de la premiére de vos hypothéſes. Si Piſon avoit eu ſon fils à l'âge de trente ans, celui-ci pouvoit en avoir ſeize, lorſqu' Horace lui écrivit, âge, ſuivant vous, qui répond aux conditions requiſes. Auriez-vous oublié dans ce moment qu' Horace mourut en 745, quand Piſon lui-même n'avoit que 40 ans?

2. Je ne doute pas un inſtant qu' Horace n'ait eu en vûe, dans le troiſiéme Livre, de faire voir aux Romains que ſi leur prince aſpiroit aux honneurs divins, *Viamque affectat Olympo*, il les méritoit par ſes exploits dont la grandeur égaloit celle des plus fameux héros, d'un Bacchus, d'un Hercule, d'un Romulus, héros, qui mépriſant les efforts des humains, et appaiſant la haine des Dieux, s'étoient frayé un chemin juſqu'aux palais des immortels. Mais a-t-il voulu faire ceſſer les clameurs du peuple ſur l'infame Δωδεκαθεος j'en doute. 1. Les dates y répugnent. Suetone ne marque pas celle du Δωδεκαθεος mais

derns, particularly Mr. Dacier, find in him many errors. I do not ſee any ground for your firſt hypotheſis. If Piſo had a ſon when he was thirty years old, this ſon might be ſixteen when Horace wrote his Art of Poetry; an age which you think agrees with every quality required in him. Did you not forget in writing this ſentence, that Horace died in ſeven hundred and forty-five, when Piſo himſelf was only forty years old?

2. I think it certain that Horace, in the third ode of his third book, meant to ſhow the Romans, that if their prince aſpired to divine honours, *Viamque affectat Olympo*, he well merited them by his exploits which rivalled thoſe of the greateſt heroes, Bacchus, Hercules, and Romulus, who, after trampling on their human enemies, and appeaſing the jealouſy of the gods, had opened for themſelves a road to the palace of the immortals. But did the poet alſo intend, by this ode, to reſiſt and deſtroy the clamours of the people concerning the infamous ſupper of the twelve gods? I think he did not. 1. This deſign does not agree with chronology. Suetonius does not tell us the date of this ſupper; but ſince Mark Antony mentioned it, in his letters

mais nous savons toujours que puisque Marc Antoine la rapella dans les lettres à son rival*, elle arriva avant la dernière brouillerie des triumvirs, ou avant l'an 721. Suivant Bentley † dont vous adoptez les idées, Horace composa le troisième livre des odes dans la quarante deuxiéme, et la quarante troisiéme anneé de son age, c'est à dire, en 728 et 729. Une justification venue sept ou huit ans après coup, bien loin de faire plaisir à Auguste, n'auroit servi qu'à faire revivre la mémoire de ces excès, que la politique du prince, et la reconnoissance du peuple avoient plongé dans l'oubli. 2. Auguste soupa avec onze hommes, ou femmes, pareillement équippés en divinites. Horace élevoit bien Auguste à la table des dieux, *purpureo bibit ore nectar* ; mais y plaçoit-il aussi tous ses compagnon ? L'honneur seroit devenu bien banal, et un tel panégyrique n'eût pas été fort éloigné de la satyre. Je conviens bien du reste avec vous, que trouver le plan d'un morçeau de poësie Lyrique, est un

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letters to Augustus*, it must have happened before the last quarrel of the triumvirs. According to Bentley †, whose opinion you adopt, Horace wrote the third book of his odes in the forty-second and forty-third years of his age ; that is in the seven hundred and twenty-eighth and seven hundred and twenty-ninth years of Rome. An apology for Augustus' debaucheries written seven years after they happened, could have only served to revive the memory of enormities, which the policy of that prince and the gratitude of the Romans had long consigned to oblivion. 2. Augustus supped with eleven men and women, who, as well as himself, were adorned with the emblems of divinities. The poet seated Augustus at the table of the gods, *purpureo bibit ore nectar* ; but can we reasonably suppose that he meant to place there the companions of his feast ? This would have been to render the honour too common ; and his panegyric would have degenerated into a satire. I agree with you, that it is rather desirable than necessary to discover the

* Suet. L. ii. c. 70. † Bentley in Præfat. ad Horat.

plan

un but plus deſirable que néceſſaire. Les Lyriques ont toujours eu le privilege de prendre un vol que l'imagination admire et que la timide raiſon n'oſe critiquer. Dans l'ode dont nous parlons, que ce défaut, ſi c'en eſt un, eſt racheté par de grandes beautés! Les deux premières ſtrophes font ſentir quel effet, l'union de la philoſophie avec la poëſie, peut produire: le *juſtum et tenacem propoſiti virum* eſt le ſage des ſtoïciens, leur ſeul heureux. La juſtice formoit toutes ſes réſolutions; une conſtance inébranlable le rendoit ardent à les ſuivre†. Un tel homme au deſſus des paſſions et des préjugés, n'y jettoit quelquefois les yeux que pour s'écrier,

"O! curas hominum! O! quantum eſt in rebus inane!"

S'il eſt honteux pour l'eſpèce humaine de n'avoir jamais produit cet homme; il lui eſt bien honorable d'avoir ſu en former un tableau. Quelle gradation dans les images! ſon ſage reſiſteroit aux clameurs d'une multitude forcenée,

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plan of an ode; the writers of Lyric poetry having always enjoyed the privilege of ſoaring to heights, which, if admired by fancy, muſt not be criticiſed by reaſon. This fault, if it be one, is compenſated by great beauties. The two firſt ſtanzas prove the wonderful efficacy of Poetry when combined with philoſophy. The *juſtum & tenacem propoſiti virum* is the ſage of Stoics, their king*, and only happy man; all whoſe deſigns are juſt, and inflexibly purſued†. Such a being, exempt from paſſions and prejudices, never caſts his eyes on the tumults of human life, without exclaiming,

"O! curas hominum! O! quantum eſt in rebus inane!

To the diſgrace of mankind, ſuch a character never exiſted; but it is not a ſmall honour for the ſpecies, that ſuch perfect virtue has been deſcribed and reliſhed. The climax is beautiful. The ſage would reſiſt the clamorous

* Horat. Serm. L. i. Serm. iii. ver. 124.

† Cicero pro Murena, c. 29. De la Mothe le Vayer, tom. 1. p. 606, &c. de la Vertu des Payens.

fury

forcenée. Mais la colère du peuple s'appaiſe avec la même facilité qu'elle s'eſt allumée. Il mépriſeroit les menaces d'un tyran furieux ; mais les cœurs des tyrans ſe ſont quelquefois laiſſé fléchir. Il entendroit ſans frémir le bruit des tempêtes ſourdes aux cris des malheureux. Mais la fortune a ſouvent ſauvé les victimes à la fureur des flots. Egal à Jupiter, il n'en craindroit pas la foudre. Ici l'imagination s'arrête en tremblant. Elle craint pour le poëte une chûte foible ou outrée ; elle ne ſent point d'image ſupérieure au courroux du maître des Dieux et des hommes. Avec quel étonnement admire-t-elle le génie du poëte, quand elle lit, " Il recevra ſans ſourciller le " choc de l'univers écroulé, où une même deſtruction de- " voit envélopper, les hommes, les élémens, et les " Dieux eux-mêmes*." Je m'arrête. Peut-être ces réflexions vous ennuyent : en ce cas, c'eſt ma faute. J'aurai cependan trempli mon but, qui étoit de faire voir le point de vûe ſous lequel je conſidère l'érudition la plus grande.

Comme

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fury of a mad multitude ; but this popular rage is often appeaſed as eaſily as it is kindled. He would deſpiſe the threats of a furious tyrant : but the hearts of tyrants ſometimes relent of compaſſion. He would hear without terror the raging tempeſt, which overpowers the cries of the wretched ; but fortune has often reſcued victims from the boiſterous waves. He would not dread the thunder of Jupiter : here the trembling imagination pauſes, fearing leſt the poet ſhould either ſink into meanneſs, or ſwell into bombaſt ; becauſe it ſeems impoſible to conceive a bolder image than the enraged maſter of gods and men. But our fear is converted into admiration, when we read " he would ſuſtain unterrified the craining ſhock of the univerſe, " by which the elements, men, and Gods are involved in one common " ruin*." I ſtop here, leſt my reflections ſhould tire you ; which, if they do, it muſt be my fault. I ſhall have attained, however, my purpoſe, which was to ſhow the point of view under which I conſider the moſt profound erudition. Regarded as a mean or inſtrument, it merits our higheſt

* Plin. L. vi. Epiſt. 20.

admiration :

Comme moyen, elle mérite toute notre admiration; comme fin dernière, tout notre mépris.

3. Vous connoiſſez, Monſieur, ce fameux paſſage de Velleius Paterculus*, qui a donné tant de peine aux ſavans. Le voici: *Ita Druſus qui a parte ad id ipſum plurimo pridem igne emicans incendium militaris tumultus miſſus erat, priſcâ antiquâque ſeveritate uſus, ancipitia ſibi tam rem quam exemplo perniciosa, et his ipſis militum gladiis, quibus obſeſſus erat, obſidentes coercuit.* Il ne paroît pas qu'on en puiſſe tirer quelque ſens raiſonnable. Il faut abſolument le ſuppoſer, ou inutile, ou corrompu. Auſſi tous les critiques, qui ont travaillé ſur cet auteur, ont ils eſſayé de le rétablir. Burerius, Acidalius, Gruter, Boeclerus, Heinſius, Burman, ont tous fourni des conjectures plus ou moins vraiſemblables, mais que je ne me propoſe pas de diſcuter. Il vaudra mieux, je crois, vous en offrir une de ma façon, et vous laiſſer juge de ſon plus ou moins de probabilité. Au lieu de la leçon reçue, je lirois, *Priſcâ antiquâque ſeveritate,* FUSUS *ancipitia ſibi tam re quam exemplo perniciosa.* Il faute aux yeux combien ce léger changement préſente un ſens net. Il eſt aiſé

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admiration; but conſidered as an ultimate end, is entitled to nothing but contempt.

3. You remember, Sir, that famous paſſage of Velleius Paterculus * which has given ſo much trouble to the learned. It is as follows: * * * * It ſeems unſuſceptible of any meaning, and muſt be ſuppoſed either defective or corrupt. All the critics, therefore, who have examined it, endeavour to reſtore the text. Burerius, Acidalius, Gruter, Boeclerus, Heinſius, Burman, have, all of them, given conjectures more or leſs probable, which I ſhall not here diſcuſs. I ſhall rather ſubmit an emendation of my own to your judgment. Inſtead of the common reading, I would ſubſtitute *Priſcâ antiquâque ſeveritate,* FUSUS *ancipitia ſibi tam re quam exemplo perniciosa.* We ſee at once that this ſmall alteration produces a clear and diſtinct ſenſe; and

* Vell. Paterc. L. ii. c. 125.

aiſé de faire voir qu'elle eſt des plus conformes à l'analogie de la langue, et à la vérité de l'hiſtoire. Les meilleurs grammairiens reconnoiſſent aujourdhui, que les Latins, faute d'une forme moyenne à leurs verbes, ſe ſont ſouvent ſervi des participes d'une terminaiſon paſſive dans un ſens actif*. Qu'ainſi ils ont dit *juratus*, *punitus*, pour dire *qui juravit*, *qui punivit*. On trouve même *peragratus* dans ce ſens, dans Velleius lui-même †. Ainſi *fuſus*, pour exprimer l'action de Druſus, ne doit pas étonner. L'hiſtoire eſt également favorable à notre correction. Druſus (ſuivant Tacite) arrive au camp des rebelles ‡. Ses ordres ſont mépriſés, ſes offres deviennent ſuſpectes. Les ſoldats le tiennent priſonnier dans le camp, ils outragent ſes amis, ils ne cherchent qu'un prétexte pour commencer le carnage ; quel danger pour ſa perſonne ! *Sibi ancipitia tam re*. On connoît la ſévérité de la diſcipline Romaine. Les chefs étoient pour les ſoldats, des dieux ; leurs ordres, des oracles. Quel renverſement de toutes ces maximes !

the correction may be proved to be equally conformable to the analogy of the Latin tongue, and agreeable to the truth of hiſtory. The beſt grammarians acknowledge that the Latin, not having a middle voice, admits of a paſſive participle in an active ſignification*. Thus, *juratus*, *punitus*, ſometimes denote *qui juravit*, *qui punivit*. We find *peragratus* uſed in this meaning by Velleius himſelf †. *Fuſus* may therefore, without impropriety, denote the action of Druſus. Hiſtory alſo favours this correction. According to Tacitus, when Druſus arrived in the camp of the rebels, his orders were diſobeyed, his offers ſuſpected, the ſoldiers made him priſoner, they inſulted his friends, and waited only for a pretence to begin the ſlaughter. Such were the dangers that threatened his perſon! *Sibi ancipitia tam re*. The ſeverity of the Roman diſcipline is well known. The generals were the gods of the ſoldiers, and their orders received as oracles. But ancient maxims were now overturned ; and the ſedition of the Pannonian legions created an

*. Burman ad Vell. Paterc. L. ii. c. 97. Perizon. ad Sanct. Minerv. L. i. c. 15. n. 4.

‡ Vell. Paterc. L. ii. c. 97

‡ Tacit. Annal. i. c. 24, &c.

example

es ! Quel funeſte exemple pour l'avenir, que la ſédition des légions Pannoniennes ! Le fanatiſme, qui a fait tant de maux, fit cette fois du bien : une éclipſe de lune étonna les ſoldats, et ſauva le prince.

J'ai lu avec plaiſir, Monſieur, votre explication de la difficulté de Juſtin. J'admire avec combien d'art vous formez un tiſſu de la narration des auteurs différens, pour raſſembler des rayons épars de lumière dans un même foyer. Si vous n'y avez pas pu porter toute la netteté deſirable, je crois qu'on doit s'en prendre uniquement aux ténèbres de l'antiquité et la brièveté de Juſtin lui même.

Raſſuré par votre ſuffrage, je n'ai plus de crainte ſur mon idée touchant la mort de Catulle. Auparavant je la trouvois vraiſemblable ; à préſent je commence à la regarder comme certaine.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec la plus haute conſidération et la plus parfaite eſtime, Monſieur, &c.

EDOUARD GIBBON.

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example moſt pernicious to poſterity. Superſtition, which does ſo much evil, here did good : an eclipſe of the moon frightened the ſoldiers, and ſaved the life of the general.

I read with much pleaſure your ſolution of the difficulty in Juſtin ; and admire your ſkill in extracting a regular narrative, by bringing the ſcattered lights in authors to one focus. If any uncertainty ſtill remains, it muſt be aſcribed to the darkneſs of antiquity and Juſtin's brevity.

Your ſuffrage removes all fear about the ſolidity of my conjecture concerning the death of Catullus. I formerly thought it probable, but begin now to regard it as certain.

I have the honour to remain, with the higheſt conſideration and perfect eſteem, your's, &c.

EDWARD GIBBON.

N°. IX.

This Letter, in the early hand-writing of Mr. GIBBON, (probably about the time of his firſt leaving Lauſanne,) ſeems to be under the aſſumed character of a Swediſh traveller, writing to a Swiſs friend, delineating the defects he diſcovered in the government of Berne. In pointing out thoſe defects he ſeems to have had the intention of ſuggeſting remedies; but, as he is entering on this topic, the manuſcript ends abruptly. The excellence of this curious paper will apologize for its great length.

NON, mon cher ami, je ne veux point être coſmopolite. Loin de moi ce titre faſtueux, ſous lequel nos philoſophes cachent une égale indifférence pour tout le genre humain. Je veux aimer ma patrie, et pour aimer, il me faut des préférences: mais ou je me trompe, ou mon cœur eſt ſuſceptible de plus d'une. Quand j'aurois tout ſacrifié pour la Suède, mon pays natal, je ne me ſerois point encore acquitté envers elle; je lui dois la vie et la fortune: mais que cette vie ſeroit triſte, que cette fortune me ſeroit à charge, ſi, expatrié dès ma tendre jeuneſſe, votre

No; my dear friend, I will not be a citizen of the world; I reject with ſcorn that proud title, under which our philoſophers conceal an equal indifference for the whole human race. I will love my country; and to love it, above all others, there muſt be reaſons for my preference: but, if I am not miſtaken, my heart is ſuſceptible of affection for more countries than one. Did I ſacrifice all to Sweden, I ſhould only pay my debt of gratitude to the land in which I was born, and to which I owe my life and fortune. Yet life and fortune would have been but melancholy burthens, if, after my baniſhment from home in early youth, your country had not formed my taſte and

votre pays n'eût pas formé mon goût et ma raiſon à des mœurs moins groſſières que les nôtres! Je me montrerois indigne de ces bienfaits, s'ils ne m'avoient pas inſpiré la plus vive reconnoiſſance. Aujourd'hui que la Suède, tranquille à l'abri des loix, n'exige de ſes enfans que de ſentir leur bonheur, je puis, ſans l'offenſer, jetter un regard ſur le pays de Vaud, mon autre patrie, me rejouir avec vous de ſes avantages, et compâtir à ſes maux.

Votre climat eſt beau, votre terroir fertile; vous avez pour le commerce intérieur des facilites, dont il ne tient qu'à vous de profiter. Mais je conſidere plutôt les habitans, que l'habitation. On va chercher les philoſophes à Londres. Paris attire dans ſon ſein tous ceux qui n'aiment que la douceur de la ſociété. Votre pays le cède à ces deux capitales, là où elles brillent; mais cependant il réunit tous leurs avantages reſpectifs; il eſt le ſeul où tout à la fois on oſe penſer, et on ſache vivre. Que vous manque-t-il? la liberté: et privés d'elle, tout vous manque.

Cette

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and reaſon, and taught me more refined morals than our own. I ſhould prove myſelf unworthy of this goodneſs, did it not inſpire me with the livelieſt gratitude: and now that Sweden, enjoying tranquillity under the protection of laws, requires nothing from its ſubjects but a juſt ſenſe of their happineſs, I may direct my attention, without offence, to the Pais de Vaud, my ſecond country: rejoicing with you in its advantages, or commiſerating its misfortunes.

You enjoy a fine climate, a fertile ſoil, and have conveniencies for internal commerce, from which great benefit might be derived. But I conſider the people rather than their territory. Philoſophy flouriſhes in London; Paris is the centre of thoſe attracted by the allurements of poliſhed ſociety. Your country, though inferior to thoſe capitals, yet unites in ſome meaſure their reſpective advantages: ſince it is the only country whoſe inhabitants, while they think freely and boldly, live politely and elegantly. What then is wanting? Liberty; and deprived of it, you have loſt your all.

This

Cette verité vous ſurprend, elle vous bleſſe. Pouvoir dire que nous ne ſommes pas libres, me répondez vous, prouve que nous le ſommes. Il le prouveroit peut-être, ſi j'écrivois à Lauſanne, ou plutot là même il ne prouveroit rien. Vos maîtres connoiſſent la maxime du Cardinal Mazarin, de vous laiſſer parler, pourvû que vous les laiſſiez agir. Ainſi le procès n'eſt point encore jugé.

Si j'écrivois pour le peuple je m'addreſſerois à ſes paſſions; je le ferois ſouvenir de cette maxime de tous les tems, que dans les républiques, ceux qui ſont libres, ſont plus libres, et ceux qui ſont eſclaves, plus eſclaves que partout ailleurs. Mais avec un ami tel que vous, je ne dois chercher que la vérité, et n'employer que la raiſon. Quand je compare votre état avec celui de vos voiſins, c'eſt avec plaiſir que je le prononce heureux. Traverſez votre lac et vos montagnes, vous trouverez partout un peuple digne d'un meilleur ſort; ſa raiſon abrutie par la ſuperſtition, le patrimoine de ſes pères, et le fruit de ſon induſtrie,

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This truth ſurpriſes and offends you. The right of complaining, you anſwer, that we are not free, is a proof of our liberty. If I wrote at Lauſanne, the argument would have weight; yet even there, it would not be convincing: for your maſters are not ignorant of Cardinal Mazarine's maxim, and are willing to allow you to talk, provided you allow them to act; ſo that the proceſs is not yet determined.

If I wrote for the people I would ſpeak to their paſſions, and hold a language repeated in all ages, that under republics, thoſe who are free are more free, and thoſe who are enſlaved, are more enſlaved, than under any other form of government. But with a friend like you I would ſeek only the maxims of truth, and employ only the arguments of reaſon. When I compare your condition with that of ſurrounding nations, I can ſincerely congratulate you on your happineſs. Whenever we quit the neighbourhood of your lake and mountains, we find men who, though worthy of a better fate, are plunged in the moſt abject ſuperſtition; whoſe property and induſtry are the

ſpoils

induſtrie, en proye au partiſan, ou au huſſard. Sa vie ſacrifiée à tout moment au caprice d'un ſeul homme, qui, lorſqu'il entend parler de vingt mille de ſes ſemblables, morts dans le ſervice de ſon ambition, dira froidement, qu'ils ont fait leur devoir.

Vous au contraire profeſſez un Chriſtianiſme, ramené à la divine pureté de ſon inſtitution, enſeigné par de dignes paſteurs, à qui on permet de ſe faire aimer, de ſe faire reſpecter, mais non de ſe faire craindre. Votre union avec le Corps Helvetique vous a aſſuré depuis deux ſiecles une paix unique dans l'hiſtoire. Vos impôts ſont petits, l'adminiſtration douce. On n'entend point parler parmi vous de ces ſentences ſans procès, ſans crime, ſans accuſateur, qui arrachent un citoyen du milieu de ſa famille. L'on ne voit jamais le ſouverain, on le ſent rarement. Cependant ſi la liberté conſiſte à n'être ſoumis qu'à des loix, dont l'objet eſt le bien commun de la ſociété, vous n'êtes point libre.

Quand

ſpoils of a licentious ſoldiery; and whoſe lives are ready every moment to be ſacrificed to the caprice of one man, who, when he hears that twenty thouſand of his fellow-creatures have fallen ſacrifices to his ambition, is contented with ſaying coldly, "they have done their duty."

You, on the contrary, enjoy a Chriſtianity brought back to the purity of its original principles, taught publicly by worthy miniſters, who are loved and reſpected, but who have it not in their power to become the objects of fear. Your connection with the Swiſs cantons have preſerved to you the bleſſings of peace two centuries; a thing unexampled in hiſtory! Your taxes are moderate; and the public adminiſtration is gentle. You have not to complain of thoſe arbitrary ſentences, which, without any form of legal procedure, without an accuſer, and without a crime, have been known to tear citizens from the boſoms of their families. The ſovereign is never ſeen; the weight of his authority is rarely felt: yet if liberty conſiſts in being ſubject to laws, which impartiality conſult the intereſts of all the members of the community, you do not enjoy that bleſſing.

When

Quand la violence des uns, et la foibleſſe des autres, ont rendu néceſſaires les ſociétés civiles, il a fallu renoncer à cette indépendance ſi chere, et ſi pernicieuſe. Il a fallu que toutes les volontés particulières ſe fondiſſent dans une volonté générale ; à laquelle des punitions réglées obligeaſſent chaque citoyen de conformer ſes actions. Qu'il eſt délicat, ce pouvoir de fixer la volonté générale ! En quelles mains doit-on le remettre ? Sera-ce à un monarque dès-lors abſolu. Je ſais que l'intérêt bien entendu du prince ne ſe peut séparer d'avec celui de ſon peuple, et qu'en travaillant pour lui, il travaille pour ſoi même. Tel eſt le langage de la philoſophie. Mais ce langage n'eſt pas un de ceux que les précepteurs font étudier aux rois ; et ſi un heureux naturel leur en donne quelque idée, leurs paſſions, ou celles d'un miniſtre, d'un confeſſeur, d'une maîtreſſe, l'effacent bientot. Le peuple gémit, mais il faut qu'il ait gémi long tems, avant que ſon maître s'apperçoive qu'il eſt de l'intérêt d'un berger de conſerver ſon troupeau. Il faut donc que le pouvoir légiſlatif ſoit partagé.

When the juſtice of ſome, and the weakneſs of others, ſhowed the neceſſity for civil ſociety, individuals were obliged to renounce their beloved, but pernicious, independence. All particular wills were melted down into the general will of the public ; by which, under the ſanction of definite puniſhments, became bound to regulate their conduct. But it is a matter of the utmoſt delicacy to determine with whom that general will ought to be depoſited. Shall it reſide in the breaſt of a prince, who thereby becomes abſolute? I know that the true intereſts of a prince, can never be ſeparated from thoſe of his people, and that in exerting himſelf for their benefit, he labours for his own. This is the language of philoſophy, but it is ſeldom ſpoken by the preceptors of princes ; and if the latter ſometimes read it in their own hearts, the impreſſion is ſpeedily effaced by contrary paſſions, in themſelves, their confeſſors, their miniſters, or miſtreſſes. The groans of the people are not ſoon heard ; and their maſter learns only by a fatal experience, that it is the intereſt of a ſhepherd to preſerve his flock. The legiſlative power, therefore, cannot ſafely be entruſted to a ſingle perſon.

tagé. Un conseil dont les membres s'éclairent et se contiennent les uns les autres, paroît en être un dépositaire bien choisi. Mais la liberté attache à ce conseil une condition fondamentale. Elle veut que chaque ordre des citoyens, chaque partie de l'etat, y ait ses représentans intéressés à s'opposer à toute loi qui seroit nuisible à ses droits, ou contraire à son bonheur, puisqu'eux mêmes en sentiroient les premiers, les mauvais effets. Une telle assemblée sera rarement des fautes grossières, et si elle paye quelquefois le tribut à l'humanité, elle peut rougir de ses erreurs, et les réparer aussi tot. Ce portrait est-il le vôtre? J'entre dans votre pays, je vois deux nations distinguées par leurs droits, leurs occupations, et leurs mœurs. L'une, composée de trois cens familles, est née pour commander; l'autre, de cent mille, n'est formée que pour obéir. Toutes les prétensions humiliantes des monarques héréditaires se renouvellent à votre égard, et deviennent encore plus humiliantes de la part de vos égaux. La comparaison de vos deux états, vous est trop facile. Rien ne vous aide à l'éloigner.

Un

son. A council, whose members mutually instruct, and mutually check each other, appears to be its proper depository. But in this council one condition is essentially requisite. It must consist of deputies from every order in the state interested by their own safety in opposing every regulation inconsistent with the happiness of that order to which they belong. Such a council will rarely be guilty of gross errors; and should this sometimes happen, it will soon blush for, and repair them. Is this the picture of your legislature? When I survey your country, I behold two nations, distinctly characterised by their rights, employments, and manners: the one, consisting of three hundred families, born to command; the other, consisting of an hundred thousand, doomed to submission. The former are invested, as a body, with all the prerogatives, of hereditary monarchs, which are the more humiliating to you their subjects, because they belong to men apparently your equals. The comparison between yourselves and them is made every moment; no circumstance tends to conceal it from your fancy.

A coun-

Un conſeil de trois cens perſonnes décide de tous vos intérêts en dernier reſſort, et ſi ſes intérêts et les vôtres ne ſont pas d'accord, qui doit l'emporter ? Non ſeulement ce ſénat eſt légiſlateur, mais il exécute ſes propres loix. Cette union de deux puiſſances qu'on ne devoit jamais réunir, les rend chacune plus formidables. Quand elles ſont ſéparées, ſa puiſſance legiſlative redoute les reſolutions violentes; elles ſeroient inutiles, ſi l'on n'armoit pas les mains de la puiſſance qui les doit exécuter, et cette puiſſance eſt toujours ſa rivale, et ſon contrepoids. Mais ce n'eſt pas aſſez que cette union aiguiſe le glaive de l'autorité publique, elle le remet encore dans un plus petit nombre de mains : dans le dernier ſiècle le grand conſeil de Berne ſe renouvelloit lui même ; c'etoit déjà un pas vers l'oligarchie : pourquoi exclure des élections le corps de la Bourgeoiſie ? Alors même le gouvernement s'appuyoit ſur un fondement aſſez étroit. Bientôt des inconvéniens ſe firent ſentir ; la brigue, la vénalité, la débauche, ſignaloient l'entrée des citoyens dans le conſeil ſouverain, et

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A council of three hundred perſons is the ſovereign umpire of your deareſt intereſts, which will always be ſacrificed when they claſh with their own. This council is inveſted with the executive, as well as the legiſlative power ; two branches of authority which can never be united, without rendering each of them too formidable to the ſubject. When they belong to different perſons, or aſſemblies, the legiſlature will not venture to form violent reſolutions, becauſe theſe would be of no avail, unleſs they were carried into execution by another power, always its rival, and often its antagoniſt. The ſword of authority is not only ſharpened by this union, but is thereby confined to a ſmaller number of hands. In the laſt century the great council of Bern began to elect its own members ; which was a great ſtep towards oligarchy, ſince it excluded from elections the citizens at large, and thereby narrowed the baſis of the government. But this arrangement was liable to other inconveniencies. Intrigue, venality, and debauchery ſignaliſed the admiſſion of citizens into the ſovereign council ; and ambitious men ſquandered their wealth, that

et les riches ambitieux donnoient tout, pour pouvoir tout invahir. Une députation révocable de vingt six conseillers, établie dès l'enfance de la république, pour veiller à l'exécution des loix, devint chargée du soin de remplir les places de ce grand conseil dont elle-même tiroit son origine. On y ajoûtoit seize senateurs choisis de la manière la plus favorable aux factieux. Ils possédoient d'abord leur pouvoir collectivement, mais peu à peu l'intérêt particulier leur fit entendre qu'il valoit mieux permettre à chacun de nommer son fils, son gendre, et son parent. Les familles puissantes qui dominoient alors dans le sénat, y dominent encore. Les de Wattevilles, et les Steiguers, y rempliſſent une trentaine de places. Le commerce intéressé de bienfaits, où l'on passe dans le petit conseil par les suffrages de ses parens, pour faire entrer de nouveaux parens dans le grand conseil, à déjà réduit le nombre des familles qui siégent dans celui-ci, à environ quatre vingt. Ces maisons souveraines ont un égal mépris pour ceux que le droit naturel auroit dû rendre

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that they might purchase a right to indulge their rapacity. A committee of twenty-six counsellors, established in the infancy of the republic, to watch the execution of the laws, and whose offices were held at pleasure, became entrusted with the power of naming the members of the grand council, by which this committee itself was appointed. Its number was augmented by sixteen senators, chosen in the manner most favourable to the designs of faction. They exercised their power at first collectively, but by degrees they came to understand that their particular interests would be better promoted by each naming his son, son-in-law, or kinsman. The powerful families which then commanded the senate, still rule in it at present. Thirty places are filled by the Wattevilles and Steigeurs. This selfish traffic, by which the members of the little council are elected by the great council, consisting of their own relations, that they may name other relations to seats in the great council, has reduced the number of families, which have a right to sit in the latter, to nearly fourscore. These princely families look down with equal contempt on those who are their fellow-citizens by the law of nature, and those who were rendered

dre leurs concitoyens, et pour ceux qui le ſont par la conſtitution de l'état. Il manque même aux premiers une reſſource que les monarques les plus abſolus n'ont pas oſé ôter à leurs ſujets ; je veux parler de ces tribunaux reconnus du ſouverain, et révérés du peuple, pour être l'organe de la patrie, et les dépoſitaires des loix. Toutes les volontés du prince, qui doivent être obéies, le ſont plus facilement, quand les ſujets voyent combien elles ſont raiſonnables, puiſqu'elles ont paſſé par l'examen de ces magiſtrats, qu'on ne peut ni tromper, niſéduire, ni intimider. Auſſi répondent ils à cette conſidération, par une réſiſtance reſpectueuſe, mais déterminée, contre l'oppreſſion, où ils étalent tout ce que la raiſon, la liberté, et l'éloquence peuvent inſpirer à des citoyens zélés. C'eſt principalement dans ces tribunaux paiſibles que je trouve ces qualités. Privés d'armes, ils ne doivent leur pouvoir qu'à leur probité, et à leur éloquence. Eſt-il étonnant que ceux, qui n'ont que cet inſtrument, s'appliquent le plus à le cultiver ? Quelles leçons pour les rois, que les remontrances du Parlement de Paris ? Quels modèles pour le peuple que la conduite des Mandarins de la Chine ? Frappé par un tribunal de cette eſpèce, le monarque

dered ſuch by the conſtitution of their country. The former claſs is deprived of a reſource which the moſt abſolute princes have ſeldom ventured to wreſt from their ſubjects; I mean thoſe courts of juſtice acknowledged by the prince, and revered by the people, as the organs of public opinion, and the depoſitories of the laws. The commands of the ſovereign are obeyed with cheerfulneſs only when their propriety is confirmed by the approbation of thoſe tribunals, whoſe members it has been found difficult either to deceive, to ſeduce, or to intimidate. The reſiſtance to oppreſſion is reſpectful, but firm in exerting it, they diſplay that warmth of eloquence with which reaſon and liberty inſpire good citizens. In the members of thoſe peaceful tribunals, ſuch qualities appear in their greateſt luſtre. Deſtitute of arms their whole ſtrength lies in their talents and their probity. What noble leſſons to kings have been given by the parliament of Paris? What excellent examples to ſubjects are ſet by the Mandarines of China? Monarchs *muſt* hear the groans of their people, when ſuch reſpectable bodies of men

narque ne peut méconnoître les gémiſſemens de la patrie. Les citoyens y apprennent qu'ils ont une patrie ; ils s'attachent à l'aimer, à étudier ſes loix, à ſe former à toutes les vertus publiques. Elles mûriſſent dans le ſilence, l'occaſion les développe, ou elles ſe font l'occaſion. Les états du Pays de Vaud, reſpectables ſous les Rois de Bourgogne, et ſous les Ducs de Savoye, étoient ce tribunal. Compoſés de la nobleſſe, du clergé, et des députés des villes principales, ils s'aſſembloient tous les ans à Moudon. C'étoit le conſeil perpétuel du prince. Sans leur conſentement, il ne pouvoit, ni faire de nouvelles loix, ni établir de nouveaux impôts. Si j'étois ſur les lieux j'établirois ces droits, par vos monumens les plus authentiques. Tout éloigné que j'en ſuis, je ne crains pas d'appeller à leur témoignage. Il me reſte toujours une preuve moins ſenſible pour le peuple, mais auſſi déciſive pour les gens de lettres : c'eſt l'analogie. Les Barbares du cinquième ſiècle jettèrent par toute l'Europe, les racines de ce gouvernement que Charlemagne établit dans les Pays Bas, la France, l'Italie, la Suiſſe, et l'Allemagne.

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are their organs. The people too learn that they have a country which they begin to love, to ſtudy its laws, and to form themſelves to public virtues. Theſe virtues ripen ſilently; they are exerted when an opportunity offers; and ſometimes they will make an opportunity for their own exhibition. In the Païs de Vaud, which was equally reſpectable under the kings of Burgundy and the duke of Savoy, the ſtates formed ſuch a tribunal. They were compoſed of the nobility, clergy, and deputies from the principal cities, which annually aſſembled at Moudon, and formed the perpetual council of the prince, without whoſe conſent he could neither enact new laws, nor impoſe new taxes. Were I on the ſpot I could prove the exiſtence of thoſe rights by your moſt authentic records. At a diſtance I can only appeal to their teſtimony, and employ an analogical proof, which will be ſufficiently convincing to men of letters. The Barbarians, who overflowed Europe in the fifth century, every where laid the foundation of that form of government which Charlemagne eſtabliſhed in the Low Countries, France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. The different modes of tenure which

magne. Quelques évènemens, les degrés, et les tems où les arriére-fiefs se formèrent des fiefs, où le clergé acquit des terres seigneuriales, où les villes achetèrent leurs affranchissemens, y apportèrent de légères différences. Mais le fond de cette constitution est demeuré dans toutes les révolutions, et rien de plus libre que ce fonds. Ces états, leurs membres, et leurs droits se conservèrent toujours, et partout ils étoient les mêmes.

Je vous entends, mon ami, qui m'interrompez. Je vous ai écouté, me dites-vous, avec patience : mais que voulez-vous conclure de ce tableau de notre gouvernement ? Bien ou mal construit, nous n'en ressentons que des effets salutaires, et vos conseils, vos états, auroient de la peine à nous dégoûter de nos magistrats anciens, pour nous faire essayer des nouveautés.

Arrêtez, Monsieur ; je vous ai parlé en homme libre, et vous me répondez dans le langage de la servitude. Arrêtez. En convenant pour un moment de votre bonheur, de qui le tenez vous ? de la constitution ? Vous n'osez

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which were at different times introduced, the various degrees of dependance which one fief came to have on another, the acquisition of lordships by the clergy, and the purchase of franchises by cities ; all these circumstances occasioned but slight differences in the ground-work of the constitution, which remained unalterably founded on a firm basis of liberty. The states, their members, and their rights, were invariably maintained ; remaining uniformly the same at all times, and in all places.

I think that I hear you, my friend, interrupting me. Hitherto, you say, I have listened to you with patience ; but what is your conclusion from this picture of our government ? Whatever defects there may be in its principles, we have experienced its salutary consequences ; and the states and assemblies which you so much commend, will not easily make us abolish our ancient magistracies, in order to try innovations.

It is time, Sir, to pause ; I spoke to you as became a freeman, and you answer me in the language of slavery. Let us admit for a moment your prosperity ; to whom do you owe it ? You will not answer, to the constitution.

n'oſez pas le dire. C'eſt donc du prince ? Les Romains en devoient un plus grand à Titus. Ils étoient cependant de vils eſclaves. Brutus vous auroit appris que, dans un état deſpotique, le prince peut quelquefois vouloir. La félicité actuelle du citoyen et de l'eſclave, eſt ſouvent égale, mais celle du dernier eſt précaire, puiſqu'elle eſt fondée ſur les paſſions des hommes, pendant que celle du premier eſt aſſurée. Elle eſt liée avec les loix qui contiennent également ces mêmes paſſions dans le ſouverain et dans le payſan.

Mais malheureuſement on ne trouve que trop de choſes à reprendre dans votre adminiſtration politique. Je vais détailler des fautes, des negligences, des oppreſſions. Vous vous récrierez ſur ma malignité, mais en ſecret votre eſprit groſſira le catalogue de cent articles que j'aurai ou ignorés ou oubliés. Il eſt du devoir du ſouverain de faire jouir ſon peuple de tous les avantages de la ſociété civile. Des guèrres entrepriſes pour ſa défenſe, l'en détourneront

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tion. It is due then to your rulers. The Romans owed a proſperity yet greater to Titus ; but ſtill remained the baſeſt of ſlaves. Brutus would have taught you that a deſpot may ſometimes chooſe to promote the public happineſs ; but the magiſtrates of a free people can have no other wiſh. The advantages actually enjoyed by a citizen and a ſlave may be the ſame: but thoſe of the latter are precarious, having no other foundation than the changeable paſſions of men ; whereas thoſe of the former are ſecure, being ſolidly ſupported on thoſe laws which curb guilty paſſions in the prince as well as the peaſant.

But unfortunately too many faults may be found in your public adminiſtration. I ſhall give you the black liſt of omiſſions and oppreſſions, which, notwithſtanding that you will exclaim againſt my malignity, your own memory will augment by an hundred articles, which I may be either ignorant of, or forget to mention. It is the duty of a ſovereign to procure for his people all the happineſs of which their condition is ſuſceptible. His public ſpirited exertions may be ſuſpended by the exigencies of defenſive war ;

tourneront quelquefois; mais dèſque le calme renaêt dans ſes états, des établiſſemens utiles, et de ſages loix, la religion, les mœurs, les ſciences, le commerce, les manufactures, l'agriculture, et la police, méritent toute ſon attention, et l'en récompenſeront avec uſure. Sur ces principes jugeons le ſénat de Berne. Il a été maître du Pays de Vaud depuis l'an 1536. Quand je conſidère ce qu'étoient alors la France, l'Angleterre, la Hollande, ou l'Allemagne, j'ai de la peine à me perſuader qu'elles étoient les mêmes pays que ceux qui portent aujourd'hui ces noms. De barbares, ils ſont devenus civiliſés; d'ignorans, éclairés; et de pauvres, riches. Je vois des villes où il y avoit des déſerts, et les forêts défrichées ſe ſont converties en champs fertiles. Leurs princes, et leurs miniſtres, un Henri quatre, un Sully, un Colbert, une Elizabeth, un de Witt, un Frederic-Guillaume, ont opéré ces merveilles. La perſpective du Pays de Vaud n'eſt point auſſi riante. Les arts languiſſent, faute de ces récompenſes que le prince ſeul peut donner; nul commerce, nulles

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war; but as ſoon as peace is reſtored, he will be continually and uſefully occupied with the intereſts of religion, laws, morals, ſciences, police, commerce, and agriculture. Let us try the merits of the ſenate of Bern by theſe maxims. The members of this ſenate have been maſters of the Païs de Vaud ſince the year one thouſand five hundred and thirty-ſix. When we conſider the deplorable condition in thoſe days of France, England, Holland, and Germany, we can ſcarcely imagine that they were the ſame countries with thoſe reſpectively known at preſent by the ſame names. Their barbariſm has been civilized, their ignorance enlightened, their poverty enriched; their deſerts have become cities, and their foreſts now wave with yellow harveſts. Theſe wonders have been effected by their princes and miniſters: a Henry the Fourth, a Sully, a Colbert, an Elizabeth, and a de Witt, and a Frederick William. The comparative condition of the Païs de Vaud at thoſe two remote æras, does not preſent ſo pleaſing a picture. There the arts ſtill languiſh, for want of thoſe encouragements which princes only can beſtow: the country is ſtill deſtitute of commerce and manufactures: we hear not of any projects for promoting the public proſperity: we

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nulles manufactures, nuls projets utiles pour le pays; un engourdiſſement général qui regne partout. Cependant les princes dont je viens de parler n'avoient que des momens pour ces objets, où les Bernois ont eu des ſiècles. Que n'auroient-ils pas fait, ces grands hommes, rarement tranquilles ſur le trône, ſi pendant deux cens douze ans, ils n'euſſent eu que des voiſins pacifiques, et des peuples ſoumis ? Je m'en rapporte à vous même. Indiquez moi quelque établiſſement vraiment utile que vous deviez au ſouverain. Mais ne m'indiquez pas l'académie de Lauſanne, fondée par des vues de dévotion, dans la chaleur d'une réformation, negligée depuis, et toujours académie, quoiqu' un digne magiſtrat de cette ville, propoſât de l'ériger en univerſité.

Non ce n'eſt point une politique peu eclairée qui fait agir vos maîtres. Je connois trop leur habileté. Mais un monarque aime également tous ſes ſujets. Les citoyens d'une ville capitale voyent au contraire d'un œil jaloux l'agrandiſſement des provinces. Si elles s'élèvent, diſent ils, nous tombons. Nos égales pour les lumières et les richeſſes,

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ſee nothing but the marks of an univerſal lethargy. Yet the Princes above mentioned had but moments for executing their great deſigns; the ſenators of Bern have had ages. What benefits might not thoſe patriotic kings have conferred on their ſubjects, if, inſtead of having their thrones continually ſhaken by war and ſedition, they had enjoyed during two centuries the advantage of having loyal ſubjects and pacific neighbours ? I appeal to yourſelf; point out a ſingle uſeful eſtabliſhment which the Païs de Vaud owes to the ſovereignty of Bern; but do not tell me of the academy of Lauſanne, founded on motives of religion during the zeal of reformation, but ſince totally neglected, though a worthy magiſtrate of that city propoſed the laudable deſign of erecting it into an univerſity.

Your maſters err not through ignorance. They are not deficient, I know, in political abilities. But while a prince treats with impartial bounty all his ſubjects, the citizens of an ariſtocratical capital are apt to behold with jealouſy the improvement of the provinces. Their elevation they think, muſt pave the way for their downfal; and if they become their equal in point of knowledge and riches, they will ſoon be tempted, they imagine

richeſſes, elles voudroient bientôt l'être en pouvoir. Rappellez vous l'an 1685. La mauvaiſe politique de Louis XIV. expatria la partie la plus induſtrieuſe de ſes ſujets; une multitude ſe réfugia dans le pays de Vaud. Il étoit prochain, il étoit François. Ils ne demandoient qu'un azile, et l'auroient payé au poids de l'or par les richeſſes, et les arts plus précieux que les richeſſes, qu'ils vous apportoient. Mais ici la politique partiale des Bernois s'épouvanta. "Si nous faiſons participer ces fugitifs à "notre droit de Bourgeoiſie, la fortune nous ſera com-"mune; mais comment élever des mortels au rang des "dieux? Si nous les laiſſons confondus parmi nos ſujets, "nos ſujets recueilleront le fruit de leur induſtrie." Ils conclurent enfin avec l'ambaſſadeur de Porſenna—

"——Qu'il vaut mieux, qu'un roi ſur le trône affermi
"Commande à des ſujets, malheureux, mais ſoumis,
"Que d'avoir à dompter, au ſein de l'abondance,
"D'un peuple trop heureux l'indocile arrogance."

Ces

to aſpire at an equality with themſelves in power. Recal to memory the year one thouſand ſix hundred and eighty-five; when the wretched policy of Louis the Fourteenth drove from their country the moſt induſtrious portion of his ſubjects, many of whom ſought refuge in the Païs de Vaud; a neighbouring diſtrict, and ſpeaking their own language. They requeſted only an aſylum, the benefit of which they would richly have repaid by the wealth which they carried with them, and their ſkill in manufactures, ſtill more valuable But the narrow policy of Bern took the alarm. "If we make "theſe men citizens of Bern, their intereſts will coincide with our own. But "is it fit that mortals ſhould be raiſed to the rank of Gods? If they "are mixed with the maſs of our ſubjects, our ſubjects will be enriched by "their induſtry." They concluded therefore, with the ambaſſadors of Porſenna—"that it was more deſirable for a prince to govern a poor but ſub-"miſſive people, than to contend with the unruly paſſions of men pampered "by proſperity."

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Ces exilés las d'eſſuyer des refus, où ils devoient s'attendre à des prières, paſſèrent en Hollande, en Pruſſe, et en Angleterre, où les ſouverains ſavoient mieux profiter de cette occaſion unique. Il en reſta une partie dans le Pays de Vaud, mais c'étoit la partie la plus pauvre, et la plus fainéante, qui n'avoit ni le moyen, ni la volonté d'aller plus loin.

A peine ces malheureux commençoient ils à oublier leurs ſouffrances paſſées, que l'expérience leur fit ſentir, que pour fuir les perſécutions, il faut fuir les hommes. La partie ſouveraine de l'état avoit ſucé avec le lait, toute la dureté du ſyſtème de Calvin, théologien atrabilaire qui aimoit trop la liberté, pour ſouffrir que les Chrétiens portaſſent d'autres fers que les ſiens. D'ailleurs ſa comformité avec les idées d'un célèbre philoſophe, intéreſſoit l'honneur du nom Allemand à le ſoutenir. Comme les ſentimens s'étoient adoucis dans le Pays de Vaud, en proportion avec les mœurs, il falloit y envoyer des formulaires, et des inquiſiteurs, deſtinés à faire autant d'hypocrites

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The emigrants, diſguſted at being repeatedly refuſed what they ought to have been requeſted to accept, travelled to Holland, Pruſſia, and England, whoſe rulers had the good ſenſe to avail themſelves of an emergency as favourable as it was ſingular. A part of them indeed remained in the Païs de Vaud, but the pooreſt and the idleſt, who had neither money nor ſpirit to travel farther.

Theſe unhappy fugitives had no ſooner begun to forget their paſt ſufferings, than they learned by fatal experience that, in order to avoid perſecution, it was neceſſary to fly from the ſociety of men. The ſovereigns of the country in which they had ſettled had imbibed the ſevere ſyſtem of Calvin, a ſtern theologian, who loved liberty too well, to endure that Chriſtians ſhould wear any other chains than thoſe impoſed by himſelf. His near conformity in opinion with a celebrated German philoſopher, intereſted the honour of the German name in ſupporting his doctrines. But in the Païs de Vaud the aſperity of religious opinions had ſoftened with the improvement of ſociety. It became neceſſary, therefore, to ſend thither formulas

crites qu'ils pourroient, non à la vérité par le fer et le feu, mais par les menaces et les privations d'emploi.

En foutenant les droits de l'humanité, je n'outre point les maximes de la tolérance. Je veux bien que le magiſtrat ne diſtribue les récompenſes du public, qu'à ceux qui enſeignent la religion du public. Je ne lui défens pas même de contenir dans le ſilence ces novateurs trop hardis qui voudroient éclairer le peuple ſur certains objets où l'erreur fait ſon bonheur. Mais que le ſouverain, ſe prêtant avec chaleur aux minuties théologiques, décide des queſtions qu'on ne peut décider, aſſurément il eſt abſurde. Qu'impoſant des confeſſions de foi il ne laiſſe à des paſteurs vieillis dans le miniſtère, et qui ne demandoient qu'à ſe taire, que le choix du menſonge ou de la mendicité, aſſurément il eſt injuſte. Mais la perſécution ceſſa.—Qui la fit ceſſer? Un ſentiment de honte? les larmes des ſujets? ou bien la crainte qu'inſpira l'entrepriſe d'un Davel, enthouſiaſte il eſt vrai, mais enthouſiaſte pour le bien public? Encore même il regne à Lauſanne une inquiſition ſourde. Les noms d'Arminien, et de Socinien

and inquiſitors, deſigned to make as many hypocrites as poſſible, not indeed by fire and ſword, but by threats and depoſition from office.

In ſupporting the rights of man, I would not carry too far the maxims of toleration. It is juſt that public rewards ſhould be beſtowed only on thoſe who teach the religion of the public; and thoſe bold innovators, who would impart a dangerous light to the people, may very properly be reſtrained by the arm of the magiſtrate. But it ſurely is abſurd, that the ſovereign ſhould interfere in theologic minutiæ, and take part warmly in queſtions which are incapable of being decided. It is particularly unjuſt, that he ſhould impoſe confeſſions of faith on old miniſters, who wiſh to avoid diſputation; leaving them the miſerable alternative of falſehood or beggary. But this perſecution has now ceaſed. What put an end to it? It was not ſhame, nor the tears of the people, but the boldneſs of Davel, that meritorious enthuſiaſt. Even to the preſent day, a ſecret inquiſition ſtill reigns at Lauſanne; where the names of Arminian and Socinian are often mentioned in

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mien rempliſſent encore ces lettres où de très honnêtes gens rendent compte à leurs protecteurs des ſentimens de leurs concitoyens; et c'eſt ſuivant ces indices que les places ſe diſtribuent.

Je viens, non pas d'épuiſer, mais d'indiquer quelques défauts qui ſe trouvent dans votre puiſſance légiſlative. Paſſons à l'exécutrice. Celle-ci eſt la force publique, comme l'autre eſt la volonté publique. Mais un ſeul corps, un ſeul homme, peut délibérer et décider pour toute une nation. Il ne peut tout ſeul agir pour elle. L'adminiſtration politique, compoſée d'un nombre infini de branches, veut qu'un grand nombre d'officiers, ſoumis les uns aux autres, s'employent à faire jouer la machine à laquelle le maître ne peut que donner le mouvement général. Les honneurs, et les avantages, que les lois attachent à ces emplois, doivent être ouverte à tous les citoyens, que leurs talens et leur éducation ont mis en état de les remplir. Les fardeaux leur ſont communs à tous, les récompenſes doivent l'être auſſi. Un gouvernement monarchique ſatisfait aiſement à ces juſtes prétenſions.

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the letters written by very honeſt people to their patrons of Bern; and offices are often given or withheld according to the reports made of the religious tenets of the candidates.

Having made theſe ſtrictures on your legiſlature, which by no means exhauſt the ſubject, I proceed to conſider the defects of your executive power; which is the public force, as the legiſlature ought to be the public will. But a ſingle council, or a ſingle man, may deliberate and reſolve for a whole nation; the executive power, on the contrary, requires the exertions of many: as it is compoſed of a great variety of branches, many officers, ſubordinate one to the other, muſt actuate the different parts of the machine, to which the chief magiſtrate can only communicate the firſt general movement. The honours and emoluments legally attached to ſuch offices, ought to be open to all thoſe citizens who are properly qualified for diſcharging them. Each individual, as he bears a ſhare of the public burdens, is entitled alſo to a ſhare of the public rewards. This juſt arrangement is eaſily maintained in monarchies; where, with the exception of a few courtiers, who, by being

continually

ons. A l'exception de quelques courtiſans, qui approchent la perſonne du prince d'aſſez près, pour ſubſtituer la flatterie aux ſervices, tous ſes ſujets lui ſont égaux. Dèſqu'un homme a du mérite, ou, ſi l'on veut de la faveur, on ne lui demande point s'il eſt Normand ou Provençal. D'Epernon étoit Gaſcon; Richelieu, Champenois; Mazarin, Romain. Mais dans les républiques ariſtocratiques, les ſouverains compoſés de toute une villé veulent être légiſlateurs en corps, et partager entre eux en détail tous les emplois conſidérables. Les talens, les lumiêres, dans votre Pays, ſont inutiles pour quiconque n'eſt pas né Bernois, et dans un autre ſens ils ſont également inutiles pour qui l'eſt. Le ſujet ſe voit condamné par ſa naiſſance à ramper dans une honteuſe obſcurité. Le déſeſpoir le ſaiſit; il néglige ce qui ne le peut mener à rien, et le grand homme ne devient qu'un homme agréble. Si je parlois de faire participer les ſujets aux Bailliages, les Bernois crieroient au ſacrilège; les Bailliages ſont

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continually about the prince's perſon, have an opportunity of ſubſtituting flattery inſtead of real ſervices, all the inhabitants of the kingdom are treated with comparative equity. In France, provided a man has court-favour or merit, the queſtion is never aſked whether he comes from Provence or Normandy. D'Epernon was born in Gaſcony; Richlieu, in Champagne; Mazarine, in Rome. But in ariſtocratical republics, the citizens of one town are not contented with being ſovereigns collectively, unleſs they individually appropriate all offices of honour or emolument. In the canton of Bern talents and information are not of the ſmalleſt uſe to any one who is not born in the capital; and in another ſenſe they are uſeleſs to thoſe born there; becauſe they *muſt* make their way without them. Their ſubjects in the Païs de Vaud are condemned, by the circumſtances of their birth, to a condition of ſhameful obſcurity. They naturally become, therefore, a prey to deſpair; and neglecting to cultivate talents which they can never enjoy an opportunity to diſplay, thoſe who had capacities for becoming great men are contented with making themſelves agreeable companions. Should I propoſe that the ſubjects obtained a right to hold the lucrative employments of

Baillis,

ſont le patrimoine de l'état, et nous ſommes l'état. Il eſt vrai qu'on vous laiſſe les Lieutenances Baillivales; mais vous ſavez aſſez qu'on y mêle certaines ſtipulations, de façon que, ſi le nouveau magiſtrat ne vit pas quelque tems, ſa famille perd au marché.

Privés de reſſources, que reſte-il aux gentilshommes du Pays de Vaud? le ſervice étranger. Mais on n'a pas manqué de leur rendre cette carrière des plus épineuſes, et de leur y fermer l'accès des grades un peu élevés. Je ne dirai rien du brillant ſervice de France. Les dépenſes ſont inévitables, et la paye ſi modique que l'enſeigne ſe ruine, le capitaine vit à peine, et même le colonel ne peut amaſſer. Ainſi vous devez bénir le ſoin paternel du ſouverain qui a dreſſé toutes les capitulations, de manière à ne vous point introduire en tentation. Ne parlons que du ſervice des Etats Généraux, ſervice plus utile que riant, ou l'on s'ennuye et s'enrichit. Par le traité de 1712, le Canton de Berne accorda vingt quatre compagnies

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Baillis, or governors of diſtricts, the ariſtocratical families of Bern would think me guilty of a crime little leſs than ſacrilege. "The emoluments of "theſe offices form the patrimony of the ſtate; and we are the ſtate." It is true, that you in the Païs de Vaud may be deputies to the Baillis; but the advantages belonging to that ſubordinate magiſtracy are obtained on certain conditions, which, unleſs the holder of the office lives a certain number of years, renders his bargain a very bad one for his family.

What encouragement is then left for the gentlemen of the Païs de Vaud? That of foreign ſervice. But to them, even this road to preferment is extremely difficult, and to attain the higher ranks is impoſſible. I ſpeak not of the brilliant ſervice of France: in that country, expence is unavoidable; the enſign is ruined, the captain can ſcarcely live, and the colonel cannot ſave money. You are therefore obliged to the paternal care of the magiſtrates of Bern, whoſe treaties for ſupplying troops to France do not lead you into temptation. Let us only conſider the ſervice of Holland, a ſervice more profitable than ſhowy, where officers have nothing to do but to grow rich. By the treaty of 1712, the Canton of Bern granted the uſe of twenty-four

nies à leurs Hautes Puiſſances, et promit de permettre qu'on en fit toujours des recrues dans leurs états. Seize compagnies étoient deſtinées aux Bernois, et les ſouverains partageoient avec leurs ſujets les huit autre compagnies, dont on daignoit laiſſer l'entrée ouverte à ceux ci : ainſi à ne ſuppoſer le crédit des Bernois qu'égal à celui des ſujets, pour parvenir à ces huit dernières compagnies, ce peuple roi en poſſéderoit toujours vingt, ſur vingt quatre. La proportion eſt honnête, ſi l'on fait attention qu'il y a dans le Canton près de cent mille hommes en état de porter les armes, dont il n'y en a pas huit cens, bourgeois de Berne. D'ailleurs les petits bourgeois, à qui ce nom ſeul inſpire de la fierté, aiment mieux croupir dans la miſère à Berne, que de ſe faire par leur travail un état vraiment reſpectable. Ainſi dans toutes ces troupes, je doute qu'on puiſſe trouver cinquante Bernois qui ne ſoient pas officiers.

Ces malheurs, me dites vous, ne ſont que pour les gentilshommes ; c'eſt à dire, pour la partie la plus reſpectable,

four companies to their High Mightineſſes, and promiſed that they ſhould always be allowed to recruit them in their territories. But the command of ſixteen of thoſe companies was appropriated by the citizens of Bern, and the remaining eight were left common between them and their ſubjects in the Païs de Vaud. On the ſuppoſition, then, that the intereſt of both claſſes of candidates for thoſe companies is equal, the ſovereign people will obtain four out of the eight, and twenty out of the whole twenty-four. This proportion appears the more unreaſonable, when it is conſidered that in the canton there are above an hundred thouſand men fit to bear arms, of whom ſcarcely eight hundred are citizens of Bern. Beſides, the poorer claſſes of citizens, proud merely of this title, prefer living in idleneſs at Bern to honourable exertions abroad, by which they might better their condition. I doubt, therefore, whether fifty citizens of Bern, who are not officers, will be found in the whole of the Dutch troops.

Theſe inconveniencies, you will tell me, are only felt by men of family ; that is to ſay, by the moſt reſpectable, but leaſt numerous, portion of the community ;

ble, mais la moins nombreuſe, des citoyens. Ils s'évanouiſſent dans ces maximes générales et égales que vous venez d'établir. La tyrannie de vos Baillis s'y évanouit elle auſſi ? Le peuple, nom ſi cher à l'humanité, en ſent tout le joug. Je ne vous conterai point des hiſtoires de leurs oppreſſions. Vous me chicaneriez ſur la vérité des faits, et puis vous me diriez, qu'il ne faut jamais conclure du particulier au général, et vous auriez raiſon. Il vaut mieux faire ſentir l'étendue de leur pouvoir, et laiſſer à votre connoiſſance du cœur humain, à juger de l'uſage qu'ils en ſont. Chaque Bailli eſt à la fois chef de la juſtice, de la millice, des finances, et de la réligion. Comme juge, il décide ſans appel juſqu'à la ſomme de cent francs, ſomme trés modique pour vous, mais qui fait la fortune d'un payſan ; et il décide ſeul, car ſes aſſeſſeurs n'ont pas voix pondérative. Il donne, ou plutôt il vend, preſque tous les emplois dans ſon bailliage. Si l'on veut appeller de ſes ſentences, il n'y a plus de tribunal à Moudon ; il faut aller à Berne, et quel payſan veut ſe ruiner

community ; and they diſappear amidſt the general equity and impartiality of the public adminiſtration. But does the tyranny of the *bailiffs* diſappear alſo ? The people, a name ſo dear to humanity, feel the full weight of their oppreſſion. I will not have recourſe to particular examples ; becauſe you might call in queſtion the authenticity of facts, or object with reaſon, that general concluſions are not to be drawn from particular principles. I ſhall be contented with pointing out the extent of their power, and leave to your own knowledge of human nature to infer the abuſes with which it muſt be accompanied. In his own diſtrict every bailiff is at the head of religion, of the law, the army, and the finances. As judge, he decides, without appeal, all cauſes to the amount of an hundred franks ; a ſum of little importance to a gentleman, but which often makes the whole fortune of a peaſant ; and he decides alone, for the voice of his aſſeſſors has not any weight in the ſcale. He conſers, or rather he ſells, all the employments in his diſtrict. When the injured party wiſhes to appeal from his ſentence, as there is no court of juſtice at Moudon, he is obliged to remove the cauſe to Bern ; and how

ruiner à la pourſuite de la juſtice? S'il cherche encore à faire punir ſon tyran, il demande l'entrée en conſeil. L'Avoyer l'accorde, peut-être avec beaucoup de difficulté, et à force de fatigues et de dépenſes il parvient à pouvoir plaider devant un tribunal lié avec ſon baillif par le ſang, et plus encore par une conformité de forfaits, ou d'intérêts.

Votre pays eſt épuiſé par les impôts, tout modiques qu'ils ſont. Développons cette idée. Pendant que les pays les plus riches de l'Europe s'abyment de dépenſes et de dettes, et mettent en œuvre des moyens qui feroient trembler le plus hardi diſſipateur, le Canton de Berne eſt le ſeul qui amaſſe des tréſors. Le ſecret de l'état eſt ſi bien gardé, qu'il eſt difficile de le deviner. Stanian, ambaſſadeur d'Angleterre à Berne, qui avoit un eſprit d'obſervation et de grandes facilités pour ſe bien informer, eſtimoit, il y a quarante ans, les ſommes qu'il avoit dans les fonds publics de Londres à trois cens milles livres ſterling, ou ſept millions, et tout ce qui étoit reſté dans le tréſor de Berne, ou diſperſé dans les autres banques de l'Europe, à dix

how few peaſants can bear this expence? But if his eagerneſs to puniſh his tyrant carries him thither, it is not without many difficulties on his part that the Avoyer, or chief magiſtrate, grants him admiſſion into the council; where, after all his trouble and expence, he is finally allowed to plead his cauſe before a tribunal, the members of which are connected with his oppreſſor by the ties of blood, and ſtill more by a conformity of intereſts and crimes.

Your taxes, moderate as they are, exhauſt the country. This obſervation requires to be explained. While the great kingdoms of Europe, loaded with expences and debts, are driven to expedients which would alarm the wildeſt prodigal, Bern is the only ſtate which has amaſſed a large treaſure. The ſecret has been ſo well kept, that it is not eaſy to aſcertain its amount. Stanyan, the Britiſh envoy at Bern, a man inquiſitive and poſſeſſed of good means of information, eſtimated forty years ago the money belonging to that republic, in the Engliſh funds, at three hundred thouſand pounds, or ſeven millions of Swiſs livres; and the ſums remaining in the treaſury of Bern, or diſperſed through the other banks or funds of Europe, at eighteen hundred

dix huit cens mille livres ſterling, ou quarante trois millions. On peut croire que ces tréſors n'ont pas diminué depuis l'an 1722. Le moyen que le Canton employe pour s'enrichir eſt très ſimple. Il dépenſe beaucoup moins qu'il ne reçoit. Mais que reçoit il ? Je l'ignore ; mais je vais tacher de le deviner. Les douze bailliages du Pays de Vaud rendent dans leurs ſix ans, à peu près cinq cens mille livres de Suiſſe, les uns portant les autres. Le revenu de douze, peut donc monter à un million de livres de rente. J'ai toujours entendu dire que les Baillis prennent le dix pour cent ſur les revenus du ſouverain. Le voilà donc ce revenu d'un million par année. En rabattant les cent mille livres des Baillis, je compterois encore cent mille écûs pour les chargés de l'état, ce qui n'eſt point une ſuppoſition bâtie en l'air. Les autre deux cens mille écûs, qui dans un autre pays fourniroient à l'entretien d'une cour et d'une armée, dont les dépenſes feroient retomber ſur la terre la roſée qui en étoit tirée, vont ici s'enfouir dans les coffres du ſouverain,

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hundred thouſand pounds ſterling, or forty-three millions Swiſs. Theſe treaſures have not probably diminiſhed ſince the year 1722. The Canton enriches itſelf by the ſimple means of receiving much and expending little. But what is the amount of its receipts ? I know not, but I will try to diſcover it. The twelve bailiwics, or diſtricts, of the Païs de Vaud pay, one with another, during the ſix years that they are governed by the ſame magiſtrate, five hundred thouſand Swiſs livres. The contributions, therefore, of all the twelve amount to a million of livres annually. I have always been told that the bailiffs, or governors, retain ten *per cent.* on the revenues raiſed within their reſpective juriſdictions. The million of revenue, diminiſhed by an hundred thouſand livres conſumed in the appointments of the *bailiffs*, is reduced to three hundred thouſand crowns ; of which one hundred thouſand may be allowed for the expences of the ſtate, a ſum not choſen at random ; and the other two hundred thouſand crowns, which in other countries would be employed in the maintenance of a court and army, whoſe incomes would circulate through the general maſs of the people on whom they had been raiſed, are here buried in the coffers of the ſovereignty,

or

ou ſe diſperſer dans les banques publiques, et précaires de l'Europe, pour être un jour une proye à l'infidélité d'un commis, ou à l'ambition d'un conquérant. Cette perte continuelle des eſpèces éteint l'induſtrie, empêche tout effort, qui ne ſe peut faire ſans argent, et appauvrit inſenſiblement le pays.

Tels ſont vos maux, Monſieur. Eh bien! me répondez vous, n'avez vous fondé nos playes que pour en aigrir la douleur? Quel conſeil nous donnez vous? Aucun, ſi vous ne m'avez pas déjà prévenu. Il y a une voye que je puis vous conſeiller, c'eſt celle de la remontrance. Mais il y a des maux tellement enracinés dans la conſtitution d'un état, que Platon lui même n'eût pas eſpéré du ſuccès pour une pareille députation. Ne tiendront ils pas contre les remontrances, eux qui ont pu tenir contre deux cens ans de fidélité et de ſervices? Il y a un autre remède plus prompt, plus entier, plus glorieux: Guillaume Tell vous l'eût conſeillé; mais je ne vous le conſeille point. Je ſais que l'eſprit du citoyen, comme celui de la charité, ſouffre beaucoup, et eſpère longtems. Il connoît les malheurs

or diſperſed through the precarious banks of Europe, to become one day a prey to the knavery of a clerk, or the ambition of a conqueror. This continual abſorption of ſpecie extinguiſhes induſtry, deadens every enterpriſe that requires the aid of money, and gradually impoveriſhes the country.

Theſe, Sir, are your hardſhips. But I think you will ſay to me, "Have "you thus probed our wounds merely to make us feel their ſmart? What "advice do you give us?" None, unleſs you have already anticipated it. I would indeed adviſe you to remonſtrate. But there are evils ſo deeply rooted in governments, that Plato himſelf would deſpair of curing them. What could you expect to obtain from thoſe maſters by remonſtrances, who have remained during two centuries inſenſible to the merit of your faithful ſervices? There is another remedy more prompt, more perfect, and more glorious. William Tell would have preſcribed it; I do not. I know that the ſpirit of a good citizen is, like that of charity, long-ſuffering, and hoping all things. The citizen is in the right; ſince he knows the evils reſulting from his ſubmiſſion,

leurs attachés à la soumission. Il ignore ceux que la résistance pourroit entraîner. Vous, qui me connoissez, Monsieur, vous savez combien je respecte ces principes amis de la paix et des hommes. Tribun séditieux, je ne chercherai jamais à faire secouer au peuple le joug de l'autorité, pour le conduire du murmure, à la sédition ; de la sédition, à l'anarchie, et de l'anarchie, peut-être, au despotisme.

Cependant avec la franchise, qui a partout conduit ma plume, je vais détruire quelques monstres de Romans, qui vous peuvent effrayer. Que vous préfériez le parti de l'entreprise ou celui du repos, je voudrois que ce fût la raison, et non le préjugé, qui vous dictât ce parti.

Les Bernois ont les droits sur votre obéissance ; vous craignez de leur faire une injustice en la retirant.

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mission, but knows not the greater evils which might be produced by his resistance. You know me too well to be ignorant how much I respect those principles, so friendly to the interests of peace and of human kind. I will never, in the language of a seditious tribune, persuade the people to shake off the yoke of authority, that they may proceed from murmur to sedition, from sedition to anarchy, and from anarchy perhaps to despotism.

Yet, with the freedom which has hitherto guided my pen, I will endeavour to destroy some giants of romance, which might otherwise inspire you with vain terror. Whether you prefer the road to bold enterprise or cautious repose, I wish that reason, not prejudice, should dictate your choice.

The magistrates of Bern have a right to expect your obedience : you fear to do them wrong in withholding it.

N°. X.

Mr. GIBBON *to Mrs.* PORTEN.

DEAR MADAM, LAUSANNE, 1756.

FEAR no reproaches for your negligence, however great; for your ſilence, however long. I love you too well to make you any. Nothing, in my opinion, is ſo ridiculous as ſome kind of friends, wives, and lovers, who look on no crime ſo heinous, as the letting ſlip a poſt without writing. The charm of friendſhip is liberty; and he that would deſtroy the one, deſtroys, without deſigning it, the better half of the other. I compare friendſhip to charity, and letters to alms; the laſt ſignifies nothing without the firſt, and very often the firſt is very ſtrong, although it does not ſhew itſelf by the other. It is not good-will which is wanting, it is only opportunities or means. However, one month—two months—three months—four months—I began not to be angry, but uneaſy, for fear ſome accident had happened to you. I was often on the point of writing, but was always ſtopped by the hopes of hearing from you the next poſt. Beſides, not to flatter you, your excuſe is a very bad one. *You cannot entertain me by your letters.* I think I ought to know that better than you; and I aſſure you that one of *your plain ſincere letters* entertains me more than the moſt poliſhed one of Pliny or Cicero. 'Tis your heart ſpeaks, and I look on your heart as much better in its way than either of their heads.

Out of pure politeneſs I ought to talk of * * * * * * * * * * * * before myſelf. I was ſome hours with him in this place, that is to ſay, almoſt all the time he was here. I find him always * * * * * * *, always good-natured, always amuſing, and always trifling. I aſked him ſome queſtions about Italy; he told me, he hurried out of it as ſoon as he could, becauſe there was no French comedy, and he did not love the Italian opera. I let

ſlip ſome words of the pleaſure he ſhould have of ſeeing his native country again, on account of the ſervices he could render her in parliament. "Yes (ſays he), I want "vaſtly to be at London; there are three years ſince "I have ſeen Garrick." He ſpoke to me of you, and indeed not only with conſideration, but with affection. Were there nothing elſe valuable in his character, I ſhould love him, becauſe he loves you. He told me he intended to ſee you as ſoon as he ſhould be in England; I am glad he has kept his word. I was ſo taken up with my old friend, that I could not ſpeak a word to * * * * * * *, He appeared, however a good ſenſible, modeſt young man. Poor Minorca indeed thus loſt! but poor Engliſhmen who have loſt it! I think the ſecond exclamation ſtill ſtronger than the firſt. Poor Lord Torrington! I cant help pitying him. What a ſhameful uncle he has! I ſhall loſe all my opinion of my countrymen, if the whole nation, Whigs, Tories, Courtiers, Jacobites, &c. &c. &c. &c. are not unanimous in deteſting that man. Pray, is there any truth in a ſtory we had here, of a brother of Admiral Byng's having killed himſelf out of rage and ſhame? I did not think he had any brothers alive. It is thought here that Byng will be acquitted. I hope not. Though I do not love raſh judgments, I cannot help thinking him guilty.

You aſk me, when I ſhall come into England? How ſhould I know it? The 14th of June I wrote to my father, and ſaying nothing of my return, which I knew would have been to no purpoſe, I deſired him to give me a fixed allowance of 200l. a-year, or, at leaſt to allow me a ſervant. No anſwer. About a fortnight ago I renewed my requeſt; and I cannot yet know what will be my ſucceſs. I deſign to make a virtue of neceſſity, to keep quiet during this winter, and to put in uſe all my machines

chines next ſpring in order to come over*. I ſhall write the ſtrongeſt, and at the ſame time the moſt dutiful letter I can imagine to my father. If all that produces no effect, I don't know what I can do.

You talk to me of my couſin Elliſon's wedding; but you dont ſay a word of who ſhe is married to. Is it Elliot? Though you have not ſeen my father yet, I ſuppoſe you have heard of him. How was he in town? His wife, was ſhe with him? Has marriage produced any changement in his way of living? Is he to be always at Beriton, or will he come up to London in winter? Pray have you ever ſeen my mother-in-law, or heard any thing more of her character? Compliments to every body that makes me compliments; to the Gilberts, to the Comarques, to Lord Newnham, &c. When you ſee the Comarques again, aſk them if they did not know, at Putney, Monſieur la Vabre, and his daughters: perhaps you know them yourſelf. I ſaw them lately in this country; one of them very well married.

The Engliſhman who lodges in our houſe, is little ſociable at leaſt for a reaſonable perſon. My health always good, my ſtudies pretty good. I underſtand Greek pretty well. I have even ſome kind of correſpondence with ſeveral learned men, with Mr. Crevier of Paris, with Mr. Breitinger of Zurick, and with Mr. Allamand, a clergyman of this country, the moſt reaſonable divine I ever knew. Do you never read now? I am a little piqued that you ſay nothing of Sir Charles Grandiſon; if you have not read it yet, read it for my ſake. Perhaps Clariſſa does not encourage you; but, in my opinion, it is much ſuperior to Clariſſa. When you have read it, read the letters of Madame de Sevigné to her daughter; I dont doubt of their being tranſlated into Engliſh. They are properly what I called in the beginning

* This Letter is a curious ſpecimen of the degree in which Mr. Gibbon had loſt the Engliſh language in a ſhort time.

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of my letter, letters of the heart; the natural expreſſions of a mother's fondneſs; regret at their being at a great diſtance from one another, and continual ſchemes to get together again. All that, won't it pleaſe you? There is ſcarce any thing elſe in ſix whole volumes: and notwithſtanding that, few people read them without finding them too ſhort. Adieu my paper is at an end. I don't dare tell you to write ſoon. Do it, however, if you can. Yours affectionately,

E. GIBBON.

N°. XI.

Rev. Dr. WALDGRAVE * *to* EDWARD GIBBON *Eſq. junior.*

DEAR SIR, WASHINGTON, near STORRINGTON, Dec. 7th, 1758.

I HAVE read nothing for ſome time (and I kept reading on ſtill) that has given me ſo much pleaſure as your letter which I received by the laſt poſt. I rejoice at your return to your country, to your father, and to the good principles of truth and reaſon. Had I in the leaſt ſuſpected your deſign of leaving us, I ſhould immediately have put you upon reading Mr. Chillingworth's Religion of Proteſtants; any one page of which is worth a library of Swiſs divinity. It will give me great pleaſure to ſee you at Waſhington; where I am, I thank God, very well and very happy. I deſire my reſpects to Mr. Gibbon; and am, with very great regard, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

THO. WALDGRAVE.

* Tutor to Mr. Gibbon when he firſt went to Magdalen College, Oxford.

N°. XII.

Mr. GIBBON *to his* FATHER.

DEAR SIR, 1760.

AN addreſs in writing, from a perſon who has the pleaſure of being with you every day, may appear ſingular. However, I have preferred this method, as upon paper I can ſpeak without a bluſh, and be heard without interruption. If my letter diſpleaſes you, impute it, dear Sir, only to yourſelf. You have treated me, not like a ſon, but like a friend. Can you be ſurpriſed that I ſhould communicate to a friend, all my thoughts, and all my deſires? Unleſs the friend approve them, let the father never know them; or at leaſt, let him know at the ſame time, that however reaſonable, however eligible, my ſcheme may appear to me, I would rather forget it for ever, than cauſe him the ſlighteſt uneaſineſs.

When I firſt returned to England, attentive to my future intereſt, you were ſo good as to give me hopes of a ſeat in parliament. This ſeat, it was ſuppoſed would be an expence of fifteen hundred pounds. This deſign flattered my vanity, as it might enable me to ſhine in ſo auguſt an aſſembly. It flattered a nobler paſſion; I promiſed myſelf that by the means of this ſeat I might be one day the inſtrument of ſome good to my country. But I ſoon perceived how little a mere virtuous inclination, unaſſiſted by talents, could contribute towards that great end; and a very ſhort examination diſcovered to me, that thoſe talents had not fallen to my lot. Do not, dear Sir, impute this declaration to a falſe modeſty, the meaneſt ſpecies of pride. Whatever elſe I may be ignorant of, I think I know myſelf, and ſhall always endeavour to mention my good qualities without vanity, and my defects without repugnance. I ſhall ſay nothing

of

of the moſt intimate acquaintance with his country and language, ſo abſolutely neceſſary to every ſenator. Since they may be acquired, to alledge my deficiency in them, would ſeem only the plea of lazineſs. But I ſhall ſay with great truth, that I never poſſeſſed that gift of ſpeech, the firſt requiſite of an orator, which uſe and labour may improve, but which nature can alone beſtow. That my temper, quiet, retired, ſomewhat reſerved, could neither acquire popularity, bear up againſt oppoſition, nor mix with eaſe in the crowds of public life. That even my genius (if you will allow me any) is better qualified for the deliberate compoſitions of the cloſet, than for the extemporary diſcourſes of the parliament. An unexpected objection would diſconcert me; and as I am incapable of explaining to others, what I do not thoroughly underſtand myſelf, I ſhould be meditating, while I ought to be anſwering. I even want neceſſary prejudices of party, and of nation. In popular aſſemblies, it is often neceſſary to inſpire them; and never orator inſpired well a paſſion, which he did not feel himſelf. Suppoſe me even miſtaken in my own character; to ſet out with the repugnance ſuch an opinion muſt produce, offers but an indifferent proſpect. But I hear you ſay it is not neceſſary that every man ſhould enter into parliament with ſuch exalted hopes. It is to acquire a title the moſt glorious of any in a free country, and to employ the weight and conſideration it gives in the ſervice of one's friends. Such motives, though not glorious, yet are not diſhonourable; and if we had a borough in our command, if you could bring me in without any great expence, or if our fortune enabled us to deſpiſe that expence, then indeed I ſhould think them of the greateſt ſtrength. But with our private fortune is it worth while to purchaſe at ſo high a rate,

a title, honourable in itſelf, but which I muſt ſhare with every fellow that can lay out fifteen hundred pounds? Beſides, dear Sir, a merchandiſe is of little value to the owner, when he is reſolved not to ſell it.

I ſhould affront your penetration, did I not ſuppoſe you now ſee the drift of this letter. It is to appropriate to another uſe the ſum with which you deſtined to bring me into parliament; to employ it, not in making me great, but in rendering me happy. I have often heard you ſay yourſelf, that the allowance you had been ſo indulgent as to grant me, though very liberal in regard to your eſtate, was yet but ſmall, when compared with the almoſt neceſſary extravagancies of the age. I have indeed found it ſo, notwithſtanding a good deal of œconomy, and an exemption from many of the common expenſes of youth. This, dear Sir, would be a way of ſupplying theſe deficiencies, without any additional expence to you.—But I forbear.—If you think my propoſals reaſonable, you want no entreaties to engage you to comply with them; if otherwiſe, all will be without effect.

All that I am afraid of, dear Sir, is, that I ſhould ſeem not ſo much aſking a favour, as this really is, as exacting a debt. After all I can ſay, you will ſtill remain the beſt judge of my good, and your own circumſtances. Perhaps, like moſt landed gentlemen, an addition to my annuity would ſuit you better, than a ſum of money given at once; perhaps the ſum itſelf may be too conſiderable. Whatever you ſhall think proper to beſtow upon me, or in whatever manner, will be received with equal gratitude.

I intended to ſtop here; but as I abhor the leaſt appearance of art, I think it will be better to lay open my whole ſcheme at once. The unhappy war which now deſolates Europe, will oblige me to defer ſeeing France till a peace. But that reaſon can have no influence upon Italy, a country which every ſcholar muſt long to ſee; ſhould

you

you grant my requeſt, and not diſapprove of my manner of employing your bounty, I would leave England this Autumn, and paſs the Winter at Lauſanne, with M. de Voltaire and my old friends. The armies no longer obſtruct my paſſage, and it muſt be indifferent to you, whether I am at Lauſanne or at London during the Winter, ſince I ſhall not be at Beriton. In the Spring I would croſs the Alps, and after ſome ſtay in Italy, as the war muſt then be terminated, return home through France; to live happily with you and my dear mother. I am now two-and-twenty; a tour muſt take up a conſiderable time, and though I believe you have no thoughts of ſettling me ſoon, (and I am ſure I have not,) yet ſo many things may intervene, that the man who does not travel early, runs a great riſk of not travelling at all. But this part of my ſcheme, as well as the whole, I ſubmit entirely to you.

Permit me, dear Sir, to add, that I do not know whether the complete compliance with my wiſhes could increaſe my love and gratitude; but that I am very ſure, no refuſal could diminiſh thoſe ſentiments with which I ſhall always remain, dear Sir,

Your moſt dutiful and obedient ſon and ſervant,

E. GIBBON junior.

N°. XIII.

Mr. MALLET *to Mr.* GIBBON.

DEAR SIR, 1761.

I COULD not procure you a ticket for the coronation, without putting you to the expence of ten guineas. But I now ſend you ſomething more valuable, which will coſt you only a groat. When will your father or you be in town? Deſire Becket to ſend me one of your books, well bound, for myſelf: all the other copies I gave away, as Duke Deſenany drunk out ten dozen of Lord Bolingbroke's Champagne in his abſence—to your honour and glory. I need not tell you that I am,

moſt affectionately,
the Major's and your
very humble ſervant,
D. MALLET.

Turn over, read, and be delighted.
Let your father too read.

J'ai lu avec autant d'avidité que de ſatisfaction le bon et agréable ouvrage, d'ont l'auteur m'a fait préſent. Je parle comme ſi M. Gibbon ne m'avoit pas loué, et même un peu trop fort. J'ai lu le livre d'un citoyen du monde, d'un véritable homme de lettres, qui les aime pour elles mêmes, ſans exception ni prévention, et qui joint à beaucoup

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I read with as much eagerneſs as pleaſure the excellent and agreeable work with which the author preſented me. I ſpeak as if Mr. Gibbon had not praiſed me, and that too warmly. His work is that of a real man of letters, who loves them for their own ſake, without exception or prejudice; and who unites with much talent the more precious gift of good ſenſe, and impartiality

coup d'eſprit, le bon ſens plus rare que l'eſprit, ainſi qu'une impartialité qui le rend juſte et modeſte, malgré l'impreſſion qu'il a du recevoir des auteurs ſans nombre qu'il a lus, et tres bien lus. J'ai donc dévoré ce petit ouvrage, auquel je deſirerois de bon cœur une plus grande étendue, et que je voudrois faire lire à tout le monde.

Je témoigne auſſi à My Lady Hervey, l'obligation que je lui ai, de m'avoir fait connôitre un auteur qui prouve à chaque mot, que la littérature n'eſt ennemie que de l'ignorance et des travers, qui mérite d'avoir des Maty pour amis, et qui d'ailleurs honore et fortifie notre langue par l'uſage que ſon eſprit en ſait faire. Si j'étois plus ſavant, j'appuyerois ſur le mérite des diſcuſſions, et ſur la juſteſſe des obſervations.

CAYLUS.

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impartiality that diſplays his candour and juſtice, in ſpite of the bias that he muſt have received from the innumerable authors whom he has read and ſtudied. I have therefore peruſed, with the greateſt avidity, this little work; and with it was more extenſive, and read univerſally.

I would alſo expreſs my thanks to Lady Hervey, for making me acquainted with an author who proves in every page that learning is hoſtile only to ignorance and prejudice; who deſerves to have a Maty for his friend, and who adds honour and ſtrength to our language by the uſe which he ſo ably makes of it. Were I more learned I ſhould dwell on the merit of the diſcuſſions, and the juſtneſs of the obſervations.

CAYLUS.

N°. XIV.

GEO. LEWIS SCOTT *Esq.* *to* EDWARD GIBBON *jun.*

SUPPOSING you settled in quarters, dear Sir, I obey your commands, and send my thoughts, relating to the pursuit of your mathematical studies. You told me, you had read Clairaut's Algebra, and the three first books of l'Hopital's Conic Sections. You did not mention the Elements of Geometry you had perused. Whatever they were, whether Euclid's, or by some other, you will do well, if you have not applied yourself that way for some time past, to go over them again, and render the conclusions familiar to your memory. You may defer, however, a very critical inquiry into the principles and reasoning of geometers, till Dr. Simpson's new edition of Euclid (now in the press) appears. I would have you study that book well; in the mean time recapitulate Clairaut and l'Hopital, so far as you have gone, and then go through the remainder of the marquis's book with care. The fifth book will be an introduction to the *Analyse des Infiniment petits*; to which I would advise you to proceed, after finishing the Conic Sections. The *Infiniment petits* may want a comment; Crousaz has written one, but it is a wretched performance: he did not understand the first principles of the science he undertook to illustrate; and his geometry shews, that he did not understand the first principles of geometry. There is a posthumous work of M. Varignon's, called *Eclaircissemens sur l'Analyse des Infiniment petits.* Paris, 1725, 4to. This will be often of use to you. However, it must be owned, that the notion of the *Infiniment petits*, or *Infinitesimals*, as we call them, is too bold an assumption, and too remote from the principles of the ancients, our masters in geometry; and has

has given a handle to an ingenious author (Berkeley, late biſhop of Cloyne) to attack the logic of the modern mathematicians. He has been anſwered by many, but by none ſo clearly as by Mr. Maclaurin, in his Fluxions, (2 vols. in 4to,) where you will meet with a collection of the moſt valuable diſcoveries in the mathematical and phyſico-mathematical ſciences. I recommend this author to you; but whether you ought to read him immediately after M. de l'Hopital, may be a queſtion. I think you may be ſatisfied at firſt with reading his introduction, and chap. 1. book I. of the grounds of the Method of Fluxions, and then proceed to chap. 12. of the ſame book, § 495 to § 505 incluſive, where he treats of the Method of Infiniteſimals, and of the Limits of Ratios. You may then read chap. 1. book II. § 697 to § 714 incluſive; and this you may do immediately after reading the firſt ſection of the *Analyſe des infiniment petits*: or if you pleaſe, you may poſtpone a critical enquiry into the principles of Infiniteſimals and Fluxions, till you have ſeen the uſe and application of this doctrine in the drawing of Tangents, and in finding the Maxima and Minima of Geometrical Magnitudes. *Annal. des infin. pet.* § 2 *and* 3.

When you have read the beginning of l'Hopital's 4th ſect. to ſect. 65 incluſive, you may read Maclaurin's chap. 2, 3, and 4; where he fully explains the nature of theſe higher orders of Fluxions, and applies the notion to geometrical figures. Your principles being then firmly eſtabliſhed, you may finiſh M. de l'Hopital.

Your next ſtep muſt be to the inverſe method of Fluxions, called by the French *calcul integral*. Monſieur de Bougainville has given us a treatiſe upon this ſubject, Paris, 1754, 4to. under the title *Traité du calcul integral pour ſervir de ſuite a l' Analyſe des infiniment petits*. You ſhould have it; but though he explains the methods hitherto

therto found out for the determination of Fluents from given Fluxions, or in the French ſtyle, *pour trouver les integrales des differences données*; yet as he has not ſhewn the uſe and application of this doctrine, as de l'Hopital did, with reſpect to that part which he treats of, M. de Bougainville's book is, for that reaſon, not ſo well ſuited to beginners as could be wiſhed. You may therefore take Carré's book in 4to, printed at Paris, 1700, and entitled, *Methode pour la Meſure des Surfaces*, &c. *par l' Application du Calcul integral.* Only I muſt caution you againſt depending upon him in his fourth ſection, where he treats of the centre of oſcillation andpercuſſion; he having made ſeveral miſtakes there, as M. de Mairan has ſhewn, p. 196. *Mem. de l' Acad. Royale des Sciences*, edit. Paris, 1735. After Carré, you may read Bougainville.

I have recommended French authors to you, becauſe you are a thorough maſter of that language, and becauſe, by their ſtudying ſtyle and clearneſs of expreſſion, they ſeem to me beſt adapted to beginners. Our authors are often profound and acute, but their laconiſms, and neglect of expreſſion, often perplex beginners. I except Mr. Maclaurin, who is very clear; but then he has ſuch a vaſt variety of matter, that a great part of his book is, on that account, too difficult for a beginner. I might recommend other authors to you, as a courſe of elements; for inſtance, you might read Mr. Thomas Simpſon's Geometry, Algebra, Trigonometry, and Fluxions; all which contain a great variety of good things. In his Geometry he departs from Euclid without a ſufficient reaſon. However, you may read him after Dr. Robert Simſon's Euclid, or together with it, and take notice of what is new in Thomas Simpſon. His Algebra you may join with Clairaut; and the rather that Clairaut has been ſparing of particular problems, and has, beſides, omitted ſeveral uſeful applications of Algebra. Simpſon's Fluxions

may

may go hand in hand with l'Hopital, Maclaurin, Carré, and Bougainville. If you come to have a competent knowledge of theſe authors, you will be far advanced, and you may proceed to the works of Newton, Cotes, the Bernoulli's, Dr. Moivre, &c. as your inclination and time will permit. Sir Iſaac Newton's treatiſe of the Quadrature of Curves has been well commented by Mr. Stewart, and is of itſelf a good inſtitution of Fluxions. Sir Iſaac's Algebra is commented in ſeveral places by Clairaut, and in more in Maclaurin's Algebra; and Newton's famous Principia are explained by the *Minims Jacquirs et le Seur*, Geneva, 4 vols. 4to. Cotes is explained by Don Walmeſley, in his *Analyſe des Meſures*, &c. Paris, 4to. You ſee you may find work enough. But my paper bids me ſubſcribe myſelf, dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

LEICESTER SQUARE.
May 7, 1762.

GEO. LEWIS SCOTT.

P. S. But I recollect, a little late, that the books I have mentioned, excepting Newton's Principia, and the occaſional problems in the reſt, treat only of the abſtract parts of the Mathematics; and you are, no doubt, willing to look into the concrete parts, or what is called Mixed Mathematics, and the Phyſico-mathematical Sciences. Of theſe the principal are, mechanics, optics, and aſtronomy. As to the principles of mechanics, M. d'Alembert has recommended M. Trabaud's *Principes du Mouvement et de l'Equilibre*, to beginners; and you cannot do better than to ſtudy this book. In optics we have Dr. Smith's Complete Syſtem, 2 vols. 4to. I wiſh though, we had a good inſtitution, ſhort and clear; the Doctor's book entering into too great details for beginners. However, you may conſider his firſt book, or popular Treatiſe, as an Inſtitution, and you will from thence acquire a good

a good deal of knowledge. In aſtronomy I recommend M. le Monnier's *Inſtitutions Aſtronomiques*, in 4to. Paris, 1746. It is a tranſlation from Keil's Aſtronomical Lectures, but with conſiderable additions. You ſhould alſo have Caſſini's *Elemens d'Aſtronomie*, 2 vols. 4to. As to the phyſical cauſes of the celeſtial motions, after having read Maclaurin's account of Sir Iſaac Newton's philoſophical Diſcoveries, and Dr. Pemberton's View of Sir Iſaac's Philoſophy, you may read the great author himſelf, with the comment. But if you read Maclaurin's Fluxions throughout, you will find many points of Sir Iſaac's philoſophy well explained there. The theory of light and colours ſhould be ſtudied in Sir Iſaac himſelf, in the Engliſh edition of his Optics, 8vo. there is a branch of the optical ſciences which I have not mentioned, that is, Perſpective. Dr. Brook Taylor's is the beſt ſyſtem, but his ſtyle and expreſſion is embarraſſed and obſcure. L'Abbé de la Caille has alſo given a good treatiſe of Perſpective, at the end of his *Optique*: theſe are of uſe to painters; but the theory of mathematical projection in general is more extenſive, and has been well treated of by old writers, Clavius, Aguillonius, Tacquet, and De Chules: and lately M. de la Caille has given a memoir among thoſe of the *Acad. Roy. des Sciences* of Paris, *anno* 1741, *ſur le calcul des projections en general.* This ſubject is neceſſary for the underſtanding of the theory of maps and planiſpheres. Mathematicians have alſo applied their art to the theory of ſounds and muſic. Dr. Smith's Harmonics is the principal book of the kind.

Thus have I given you ſome account of the principal elementary authors in the different branches of mathematical knowledge, and it were much to be wiſhed that we had a complete inſtitution, or courſe, of all theſe things of a moderate ſize, which might ſerve as an introduction to all the good original authors. Wolfius attempted this; his

his intention was laudable, but his book is so full of errors of the press, besides some of his own, that I cannot recommend him to a beginner. He might be used occasionally for the signification of terms, and for many historical facts relating to mathematics; and, besides, may be considered as a collector of problems, which is useful.

Besides the books I have mentioned, it might be of use to you to have M. Montucla's *Histoire des Mathematiques*, in 4to. 2 vols. You will there find a history of the progress of the mathematical sciences, and some account of the principal authors relating to this subject.

I mentioned to you in conversation, the superior elegance of the antient method of demonstration. If you incline to examine this point, after being well versed in Euclid, you may proceed to Dr. Simson's Conic Sections; and to form an idea of the antient analysis of method of investigating the solution of geometrical problems, read Euclid's Data, which Dr. Simson will publish, together with his new edition of Euclid; and then read his *Loci Plani*, in 4to. The elegance of the method of the ancients is confessed; but it seems to require the remembrance of a great multitude of propositions, and in complicated problems it does not seem probable that it can be extended so far as the algebraic method.

N°. XV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs.* GIBBON, Beriton.

DEAR MADAM, PARIS, February the 12th. 1763.

YOU remember our agreement,—short and frequent letters. The first part of the treaty you have no doubt of my observing. I think I ought not to leave you any of the second. *A propos* of treaty: our definitive one was signed here yesterday, and this morning the Duke of Bridgewater and Mr. Neville went for London with the news of it. The plenipotentiaries sat up till ten o'clock

o'clock in the morning at the ambaſſador of Spain's ball, and then went to ſign this treaty, which regulates the fate of Europe.

Paris, in moſt reſpects, has fully anſwered my expectations. I have a number of very good acquaintance, which increaſe every day; for nothing is ſo eaſy as the making them here. Inſtead of complaining of the want of them, I begin already to think of making a choice. Next Sunday, for inſtance, I have only three invitations to dinner. Either in the houſes you are already acquainted, you meet with people who aſk you to come and ſee them, or ſome of your friends offer themſelves to introduce you. When I ſpeak of theſe connections. I mean chiefly for dinner and the evening. Suppers, as yet, I am pretty much a ſtranger to, and I fancy ſhall continue ſo; for Paris is divided into two ſpecies, who have but little communication with each other. The one, who is chiefly connected with the men of letters, dine very much at home, are glad to ſee their friends, and paſs the evenings till about nine, in agreeable and rational converſation. The others are the moſt faſhionable, ſup in numerous parties, and always play, or rather game, both before and after ſupper. You may eaſily gueſs which ſort ſuits me beſt. Indeed, Madam, we may ſay what we pleaſe of the frivolity of the French, but I do aſſure you, that in a fortnight paſſed at Paris, I have heard more converſation worth remembering, and ſeen more men of letters among the people of faſhion, than I had done in two or three winters in London.

Amongſt my acquaintance I cannot help mentioning M. Helvetius, the author of the famous book *de l'Eſprit*. I met him at dinner at Madame Geoffrin's, where he took great notice of me, made me a viſit next day, has ever ſince treated me, not in a polite but a friendly manner. Beſides being a ſenſible man, an agreeable companion, and

and the worthieſt creature in the world, he has a very pretty wife, an hundred thouſand livres a year, and one of the beſt tables in Paris. The only thing I diſlike in him is his great attachment to, and admiration for, * * * *, whoſe character is indeed at Paris beyond any thing you can conceive. To the great civility of this foreigner, who was not obliged to take the leaſt notice of me, I muſt juſt contraſt the behaviour of * * * * * * .

N°. XVI.

Mr. GIBBON *to his* FATHER.

DEAR SIR, PARIS, February 24, 1763.

I RECEIVED your letter about twelve days after its date, owing, as I apprehend, to Mr. Foley's negligence. My direction is, *à Monſieur Monſieur* Gibbon, *Gentilhomme Anglois à l'Hotel de Londres, rue de Columbier, Fauxbourg St. Germains, à Paris.* You ſee I am ſtill in that part of the town; and indeed from all the intelligence I could collect, I ſaw no reaſon to change, either on account of cheapneſs or pleaſantneſs. Madame Bontems, Mrs. Mallet's friend, and a Marquis de Mirabeau, (I got acquainted with at her houſe,) have acted a very friendly part; though all their endeavours have only ſerved to convince me that Paris is unavoidably a very dear place. I am ſorry to find my Engliſh cloaths look very foreign. The French are now exceſſively long-waiſted. At preſent we are in mourning for the Biſhop of Liege, the king's uncle; and expect ſoon another of a ſingular nature, for the old Pretender, who is very ill. They mourn for him, not as a crowned head, but as a relation of the king's. I am doubtful how the Engliſh here will behave; indeed we can have no difficulties, ſince we need only follow the example of the Duke of Bedford.

I have

I have now paſſed nearly a month in this place, and I can ſay with truth, that it has anſwered my moſt ſanguine expectations. The buildings of every kind, the libraries, the public diverſions, take up a great part of my time; and I have already found ſeveral houſes, where it is both very eaſy and agreeable to be acquainted. Lady Hervey's recommendation to Madame Geoffrin was a moſt excellent one. Her houſe is a very good one; regular dinners there every Wedneſday, and the beſt company of Paris, in men of letters and people of faſhion. It was at her houſe I connected myſelf with M. Helvetius, who, from his heart, his head, and his fortune, is a moſt valuable man.

At his houſe I was introduced to the Baron d'Olbach, who is a man of parts and fortune, and has two dinners every week. The other houſes I am known in, are the Ducheſs d'Aiguillon's, Madame la Comteſſe de Froulay's, Madame du Bocage, Madame Boyer, M. le Marquis de Mirabeau, and M. de Foucemagn. All theſe people have their different merit; in ſome I meet with good dinners; in others, ſocieties for the evening; and in all, good ſenſe, entertainment, and civility; which, as I have no favours to aſk, or buſineſs to tranſact with them, is ſufficient for me. Their men of letters are as affable and communicative as I expected. My letters to them did me no harm, but were very little neceſſary. My book had been of great ſervice to me, and the compliments I have received upon it would make me inſufferably vain, if I laid any ſtreſs on them. When I take notice of the civilities I have received, I muſt take notice too of what I have ſeen of a contrary behaviour. You know how much I always built upon the Count de Caylus: he has not been of the leaſt uſe to me. With great difficulty I have ſeen him, and that is all. I do not, however, attribute his behaviour to pride, or diſlike to me, but ſolely to the man's general character, which ſeems to be a very odd one. De la

Motte,

Motte, Mrs. Mallet's friend, has behaved very drily to me, though I have dined with him twice. But I can forgive him a great deal, in conſideration of his having introduced me to M. d'Augny (Mrs. Mallet's ſon.) *Her men are generally angels or devils; but here I really think, without being very prone to admiration, that ſhe has ſaid very little too much of him. As far as I can judge, he has certainly an uncommon degree of underſtanding and knowledge, and, I believe, a great fund of honour and probity. We are very much together, and I think our intimacy ſeems to be growing into a friendſhip. Next Sunday we go to Verſailles; the king's guard is done by a detachment from Paris, which is relieved every four days; and as he goes upon this command, it is a very good occaſion for me to ſee the palace. I ſhall not neglect, at the ſame time, the opportunity of informing myſelf of the French diſcipline.

The great news at preſent is the arrival of a very extraordinary perſon from the Iſle of France in the Eaſt Indies. An obſcure Frenchman, who was lately come into the iſland, being very ill, and given over, ſaid, that before he died he muſt diſcharge his conſcience of a great burden he had upon it, and declared to ſeveral people, he was the accomplice of Damien, and the very perſon who held the horſes. Unluckily for him, the man recovered after this declaration, was immediately ſent priſoner to Paris, and is juſt landed at Port l'Orient, from whence he is daily expected here, to unravel the whole myſtery of that dark affair. This ſtory (which at firſt was laughed at) has now gained entire credit, and I apprehend muſt be founded on real fact.

A lady of Miſs Caryll's acquaintance has deſired me to convey the incloſed letter to her. You will be ſo good as to ſend it over to Lady-holt. I hope I need ſay nothing of my ſentiments towards our friends at Beriton, nor of my readineſs to execute any of their commands here.

I am, dear Sir, moſt affectionately yours,

E. GIBBON.

N°. XVII.

Mr. GIBBON *to Mr.* HOLROYD *at* Lauſanne.

DEAR HOLROYD, BOROMEAN ISLANDS, May the 16th, 1764.

HURRY of running about, time taken up with ſeeing places, &c. &c. &c. are excellent excuſes; but I fancy you will gueſs that my lazineſs and averſion to writing to my beſt friend are the real motives, and I am afraid you will have gueſſed right.

We are at this minute in a moſt magnificent palace, in the middle of a vaſt lake; ranging about ſuites of rooms without a ſoul to interrupt us, and ſecluded from the reſt of the univerſe. We ſhall ſit down in a moment to ſupper attended by all the Count's houſehold. This is the fine ſide of the medal: turn to the reverſe. We are got here wet to the ſkin; we have crawled about fine gardens which rain and fogs prevented our ſeeing; and if to-morrow does not hold up a little better, we ſhall be in ſome doubt whether we can ſay we have ſeen theſe famous iſlands. Guiſe ſays yes, and I ſay no. The Count is not here; we have our ſupper from a paultry hedge alehouſe, (excuſe the bull,) and the ſervants have offered us beds in the palace, purſuant to their maſter's directions.

I hardly think you will like Turin; the court is old and dull; and in that country every one follows the example of the court. The principal amuſement ſeems to be, driving about in your coach in the evening, and bowing to the people you meet. If you go while the Royal Family is there, you have the additional pleaſure of ſtopping to ſalute them every time they paſs. I had that advantage fifteen times one afternoon. We were preſented to a lady who keeps a public aſſembly, and a very mournful one it is; the few women that go to it are each taken up by their cicisbeo; and a poor Engliſhman, who can neither talk Piedmontois

Piedmontois nor play at Faro, ſtands by himſelf without one of their haughty nobility doing him the honour of ſpeaking to him. You muſt not attribute this account to our not having ſtaid long enough to form connections. It is a general complaint of our countrymen, except of Lord * * *, who has been engaged for about two years in the ſervice of a lady, whoſe long noſe is her moſt diſtinguiſhing fine feature. The moſt ſociable women I have met with are the king's daughters. I chatted for about a quarter of an hour with them, talked about Lauſanne, and grew ſo very free and eaſy, that I drew my ſnuff-box, rapped it, took ſnuff twice (a crime never known before in the preſence chamber), and continued my diſcourſe in my uſual attitude of my body bent forwards, and my fore finger ſtretched out*. As it might however have been difficult to keep up this acquaintance, I chiefly employ my time in ſeeing places, which fully repaid me in pleaſure the trouble of my journey. What entertained me the moſt, was the muſeum and the citadel. The firſt is under the care of a M. Bartoli, who received us, without any introduction, in the politeſt manner in the world, and was of the greateſt ſervice to us, as I dare ſay he will be to you. The citadel is a ſtupendous work; and when you have ſeen the ſubterraneous part of it, you will ſcarcely think it poſſible ſuch a place can ever be taken. As it is however a regular one, it does not pique my curioſity ſo much as thoſe irregular fortifications hewn out of the Alps, as Exiles, Feneſtrelles, and the Brunette would have done, could we have ſpared the time neceſſary. Our next ſtage from Turin has been Milan, where we

* This attitude continued to be characteriſtic of Mr. Gibbon. The engraving in the frontiſpiece of the Memoirs is taken from the figure of Mr. Gibbon cut with ſciſſars by Mrs. Brown thirty years after the date of this letter. The extraordinary talents of this lady have furniſhed as complete a likeneſs of Mr Gibbon, as to perſon, face, and manner, as can be conceived; yet it was done in his abſence. S.

were mere ſpectators, as it was not worth while to endeavour at forming connections for ſo very few days. I think you will be ſurpriſed at the great church, but infinitely more ſo at the regiment of Baden, which is in the citadel. Such ſteadineſs, ſuch alertneſs in the men, and ſuch exactneſs in the officers, as exceeded all my expectations. Next Friday I ſhall ſee the regiment reviewed by General Serbelloni. Perhaps I may write a particular letter about it. From Milan we proceed to Genoa, and thence to Florence. You ſtare—But really we find it ſo inconvenient to travel like mutes, and to loſe a number of curious things for want of being able to aſſiſt our eyes with our tongues, that we have reſumed our original plan, and leave Venice for next year. I think I ſhould adviſe you to do the ſame.

MILAN, May 18th, 1764.

THE next morning was not fair, but however we were able to take a view of the iſlands, which, by the help of ſome imagination, we conclude to be a very delightful, though not an enchanted place. I would certainly adviſe you to go there from Milan, which you may very well perform in a day and half. Upon our return, we found Lord Tinley and ſome other Engliſh in their way to Venice. We heard a melancholy piece of news from them: Byng died at Bologna a few days ago of a fever. I am ſure you will be all very ſorry to hear it.

We expect a volume of news from you in relation to Lauſanne, and in particular to the alliance of the Ducheſs with the Frog. Is it already concluded? How does the bride look after her great revolution? Pray embrace her and the adorable, if you can, in both our names; and aſſure them, as well as all the *Spring**, that we talk of them very often, but particularly of a Sunday; and that we are ſo diſconſolate, that we have neither of us com-

* The ſociety of young ladies mentioned in the Memoirs.

menced

menced ciciſbeos as yet, whatever we may do at Florence. We have drank the Ducheſs's health, not forgetting the little woman on the top of Mount Cenis, in the middle of the Lago Maggiore, &c. &c. I expect ſome account of the ſaid little woman. Who is my ſucceſſor? I think * * * * had began to ſupplant me before I went. I expect your anſwer at Florence, and your perſon at Rome; which the Lord grant. Amen.

N°. XVIII.

Mr. GIBBON *to Mr.* HOLROYD, *at* Berlin.

DEAR HOLROYD, BERITON, October 31ſt, 1765.

WHY did I not leave a letter for you at Marſeilles? For a very plain reaſon: becauſe I did not go to Marſeilles. But, as you have moſt judiciouſly added, why did not I ſend one? Humph. I own that non-pluſſes me a little. However, hearken to my hiſtory. After revolving a variety of plans, and ſuiting them at well as poſſible to time and finances. Guiſe and I at laſt agreed to paſs from Venice to Lyons, ſwim down the Rhone, wheel round the ſouth of France, and embark at Bourdeaux. Alas! At Lyons I received letters which convinced me that I ought no longer to deprive my country of one of her greateſt ornaments. Unwillingly I obeyed, left Guiſe to execute alone the remainder of our plan, paſſed about ten delicious days at Paris, and arrived in England about the end of June. Guiſe followed me about two months afterwards, as I was informed by an epiſtle from him, which, to his great aſtoniſhment, I immediately anſwered. You perceive there is ſtill ſome virtue amongſt men. *Exempli gratiâ*, your letter is dated Vienna, October 12th, 1765; it made its appearance at Beriton, Wedneſday evening, October the 29th. I am at this preſent writing, ſitting in my library, on Thurſday morning, between the hours

of

of twelve and one. I have ventured to ſuppoſe you ſtill at Berlin; if not, I preſume you take care that your letters ſhould follow you. This ideal march to Berlin is the only one I can make at preſent. I am under command; and were I to talk of a third ſally as yet, I know ſome certain people who would think it juſt as ridiculous as the third ſally of the renowned Don Quixote. All I ever hoped for was, to be able to take the field once more, after lying quiet a couple of years. I muſt own that your executing your tour in ſo complete a manner gives me a little ſelfiſh . If I make a ſummer's eſcape to Berlin, I cannot hope for the companion I flattered myſelf with. I am ſorry however I have ſaid ſo much; but as it is difficult to encreaſe your Honour's proper notions of your own perfections, I will e'en let it ſtand. Indeed I owed you ſomething for your account of the favourable reception my book has met with. I ſee there are people of taſte at Vienna, and no longer wonder at your liking it. Since the court is ſo agreeable, a thorough reformation muſt have taken place. The ſtiffneſs of the Auſtrian etiquette, and the haughty magnificence of the Hungarian princes, muſt have given way to more civilized notions. You have (no doubt) informed yourſelf of the forces and revenues of the empreſs. I think (however unfaſhionably) we always eſteemed her. Have you loſt or improved that opinion. Princes, like pictures to be admired, muſt be ſeen in their proper point of view, which is often a pretty diſtant one. I am afraid you will find it peculiarly ſo at Berlin.

I need not deſire you to pay a moſt minute attention to the Auſtrian and Pruſſian diſcipline. You have been bit by a mad ſerjeant as well as myſelf; and when we meet, we ſhall run over every particular which we can approve, blame, or imitate. Since my arrival, I have aſſumed the auguſt

auguſt character of Major, received returns, iſſued orders, &c. &c. &c. I do not intend you ſhall have the honour of reviewing my troops next ſummer. Three fourths of the men will be recruits; and during my pilgrimage, diſcipline ſeems to have been relaxed. But I ſummon you to fulfil another engagement. Make me a viſit next ſummer. You will find here a bad houſe, a pleaſant country in ſummer, ſome books, and very little *ſtrange* company. Such a plan of life for two or three months muſt, I ſhould imagine, ſuit a man who has been for as many years ſtruck from one end of Europe to the other like a tennis-ball. At leaſt I judge of you by myſelf. I always loved a quiet, ſtudious, indolent life; but never enjoyed the charms of it ſo truly, as ſince my return from an agreeable but fatiguing courſe of motion and hurry. However I ſhall hear of your arrival, which can ſcarcely be ſo ſoon as January 1766, and ſhall probably have the misfortune of meeting you in town ſoon after. We may then ſettle any plans for the enſuing campaign.

En attendant, (admire me, this is the only ſcrap of foreign lingo I have imported into this epiſtle—if you had ſeen that of Guiſe to me!) let me tell you a piece of Lauſanne news. Nanette Grand is married to Lieutenant-colonel Prevot. Grand wrote to me; and by the next poſt I congratulated both father and daughter. There is exactneſs for you. The Curchod (Madame Necker) I ſaw at Paris. She was very fond of me, and the huſband particularly civil. Could they inſult me more cruelly? Aſk me every evening to ſupper; go to bed, and leave me alone with his wife—what an impertinent ſecurity! it is making an old lover of mighty little conſequence. She is as handſome as ever, and much genteeler; ſeems pleaſed with her fortune rather than proud of it. I was (perhaps indiſcreetly enough) exalting Nanette d'Illens's good luck and the fortune. What for-

tune?

tune? (faid ſhe, with an air of contempt)—not above twenty thouſand livres a-year. I ſmiled, and ſhe caught herſelf immediately. "What airs I give myſelf in de-"ſpiſing twenty thouſand livres a-year, who a year ago "looked upon eight hundred as the ſummit of my wiſhes."

I muſt end this tedious ſcrawl. Let me hear from you: I think I deſerve it. Believe me, Dear Holroyd, I ſhare in all your pleaſures, and feel all your misfortunes. Poor Bolton! I ſaw it in the newſpaper. Is Ridley with you? I ſuſpect not: but if he is, aſſure him I do not forget him though he does me. Adieu; and believe me, moſt affectionately yours,

E. GIBBON junior.

N°. XIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſq. to* J. HOLROYD *Eſq.*

DEAR HOLROYD, BERITON, April 29, 1767.

I HAPPENED to-night to ſtumble upon a very odd piece of intelligence in the St. James's Chronicle; it related to the marriage of a certain Monſieur Olroy*, formerly Captain of Huſſars. I do not know how it came into my head that this Captain of Huſſars was not unknown to me, and that he might poſſibly be an acquaintance of yours. If I am not miſtaken in my conjecture, pray give my compliments to him, and tell him from me, that I am at leaſt as well pleaſed that he is married as if I were ſo myſelf. Aſſure him, however, that though as a philoſopher I may prefer celibacy, yet as a politician I think it highly proper that the ſpecies ſhould be propagated by the uſual method; aſſure him even that I am convinced, that if celibacy is expoſed to fewer miſeries, marriage can alone promiſe real happineſs, ſince domeſtic enjoyments are the ſource of every other good. May ſuch happineſs, which is beſtowed on

* The name was ſo ſpelt in the newſpapers.

few,

few, be given to him; the tranſient bleſſings of beauty, and the more durable ones of fortune, good ſenſe and an amiable diſpoſition.

I can eaſily conceive, and as eaſily excuſe you, if you have thought mighty little this winter of your poor ruſticated friend. I have been confined ever ſince Chriſtmas, and confined by a ſucceſſion of very melancholy occupations. I had ſcarcely arrived at Beriton, where I propoſed ſtaying only about a fortnight, when a brother of Mrs. Gibbon's died unexpectedly, though after a very long and painful illneſs. We were ſcarcely recovered from the confuſion which ſuch an event muſt produce in a family, when my father was taken dangerouſly ill, and with ſome intervals has continued ſo ever ſince. I can aſſure you, my dear Holroyd, that the ſame event appears in a very different light when the danger is ſerious and immediate; or when, in the gaiety of a tavern dinner, we affect an inſenſibility that would do us no great honour were it real. My father is now much better; but I have ſince been aſſailed by a ſevere ſtroke—the loſs of a friend. You remember, perhaps an officer of our militia, whom I ſometimes uſed to compare to yourſelf. Indeed the compariſon would have done honour to any one. His feelings were tender and noble, and he was always guided by them: his principles were juſt and generous, and he acted up to them. I ſhall ſay no more, and you will excuſe my having ſaid ſo much, of a man with whom you were unacquainted; but my mind is juſt now ſo very full of him, that I cannot eaſily talk, or even think, of any thing elſe. If I know you right, you will not be offended at my *weakneſs*.

What rather adds to my uneaſineſs, is the neceſſity I am under of joining our militia the day after to-morrow. Though the lively hurry of ſuch a ſcene might contribute to divert my ideas, yet every circumſtance of it, and the place

place itſelf, (which was that of his reſidence,) will give me many a painful moment. I know nothing would better raiſe my ſpirits than a viſit from you; the requeſt may appear unſeaſonable, but I think I have heard you ſpeak of *an uncle* you had near Southampton. At all events, I hope you will ſnatch a moment to write to me, and give me ſome account of your preſent ſituation and future deſigns. As you are now fettered, I ſhould expect you will not be ſuch a *hic et ubique* *, as you have been ſince your arrival in England. I ſtay at Southampton from the firſt to the twenty-eighth of May, and then propoſe making a ſhort viſit to town: if you are any where in the neighbourhood of it, you may depend upon ſeeing me. I ſhall then concert meaſures for ſeeing a little more of you next winter, than I have lately done, as I hope to take a pretty long ſpell in town. I ſuppoſe Guiſe has often fallen in your way: he has never once written to me, nor I to him: in the country we want materials, and in London we want time. I ought to recollect, that you even want time to read my unmeaning ſcrawl. Believe, however my dear Holroyd, that it is the ſincere expreſſion of a heart entirely yours.

N°. XX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſq. to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſq.*

DEAR HOLROYD, BERITON, October 16, 1769.

I RECEIVED your agreeable miſſive about two days ago; and am glad to find that, after all your *errors*, you are at laſt a ſettled man. I do moſt ſincerely regret that it is not in my power to obey your immediate ſummons. Some very particular buſineſs will not at preſent permit me to be long abſent from Beriton. The ſame buſineſs will carry me to town, about the ſixth of next

* The motto of the regiment called Royal Foreſters, in which Mr. Holroyd had been Captain.

month,

month, for some days. On my return, I do really hope and intend to storm your castle before Christmas, as I presume you will hardly remove sooner. I should be glad to meet Cambridge; but the plain dish of friendship will satisfy me, without the seasoning of Attic wit. Do you know any thing of Guise? Have you no inclination to look at the Russians? We have a bed at your service. *Vale.*

Present my sincere respects to those who are dear to you; believe me, they are so to me.

N°. XXI.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR HOLROYD, PALL-MALL, Dec. 25, 1769.

SOME dæmon, the enemy of friendship, seems to have determined that we shall not meet at Sheffield-Place. I was fully resolved to make amends for my lazy scruples, and to dine with you to-morrow; when I received a letter this day from my father, which irresistibly draws me to Beriton for about ten days. The above-mentioned dæmon, though he may defer my projects, shall not however disappoint them. Since you intend to pass the winter in retirement, it will be a far greatre compliment to quit active, gay, political London, than the drowsy desart London of the holidays. But I retract. What is both pleasing and sincere, is above that prostituted word *compliment*. Believe me.

Most sincerely yours.

A propos, I forgot the compliments of the season, &c. &c.

N°. XXII.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR HOLROYD, [October. 6, 1771.

I SIT down to answer your epistle, after taking a very pleasant ride.—A ride! and upon what?—Upon a horse.—

horſe.—*You lie!*—I don't—I have got a droll little poney, and intend to renew the long forgotten practice of equitation, as it was known in the world before the ſecond of June of the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſixty-three. As I uſed to reaſon againſt riding, ſo I can now argue for it; and indeed the principal uſe I know in human reaſon is, when called upon, to furniſh arguments for what we have an inclination to do.

What do you mean by preſuming to affirm, that I am of no uſe here? Farmer Gibbon of no uſe? *Laſt week* I ſold all my hops, and I believe well, at nine guineas a hundred, to a very reſponſible man. Some people think I might have got more at Weyhill Fair, but that would have been an additional expence, and a great uncertainty. Our quantity has diſappointed us very much; but I think, that beſides hops for the family, there will not be leſs than 500l.;—no contemptible ſum off thirteen ſmall acres, and two of them planted laſt year only. *This week* I let a little farm in Petersfield by auction, and propoſe raiſing it from 25l. to 35l. *per annum*: and Farmer Gibbon of no uſe?

To be ſerious; I have but one reaſon for reſiſting your invitation and my own wiſhes; that is, Mrs. Gibbon I left nearly alone all laſt winter, and ſhall do the ſame this. She ſubmits very cheerfully to that ſtate of ſolitude; but, on ſounding her, I am convinced that ſhe would think it unkind were I to leave her at preſent. I know you ſo well, that I am ſure you will acquieſce in this reaſon; and let me make my next viſit to Sheffield Place from town, which I think may be a little before Chriſtmas. I ſhould like to hear ſomething of the preciſe time, duration, and extent of your intended tour into Bucks. Adieu.

N°. XXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſq. to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſq.*

MOST RESPECTABLE SOUTH SAXON, BERITON, Nov. 18, 1771.

IT would ill become me to reproach a dilatory correſpondent; *Quis tulerit Gracchos de ſeditione querentes?* eſpecially when that correſpondent had given me hopes of undertaking a very troubleſome expedition for my ſole advantage. Yet thus much I may ſay, that I am obliged very ſoon to go to town upon other buſineſs, which, in that hope, I have hitherto deferred. If by next Sunday I have no anſwer, or if I hear that your journey to Denham is put off *ſine die*, or to a long day, I ſhall on Monday ſet off for London, and wait your future will with *faith, hope, and charity*. Adieu.

N°. XXIV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſq. to* JOHN BAKER HOLROYD *Eſq.* Sheffield-Place.

DEAR HOLROYD, LONDON, 1772.

THE ſudden change from the ſobriety of Sheffield-Place to the irregularities of this town, and to the wicked company of Wilbraham, Clarke, Damer, &c. having deranged me a good deal, I am forced to employ one of my ſecretaries to acquaint you with a piece of news I know nothing about myſelf. It is certain, ſome extraordinary intelligence is arrived this morning from Denmark, and as certain that the levee was ſuddenly prevented by it. The particulars of that intelligence are variouſly and obſcurely told. It is ſaid, that the king had raiſed a little phyſician to the rank of miniſter and Ganymede; ſuch a mad adminiſtration had ſo diſguſted all the nobility,

nobility, that the fleet and army had roſe, and ſhut up the king in his palace. *La Reine ſe trouve mêlée la dedans*; it is reported that ſhe is confined, but whether in conſequence of the inſurrection, or ſome other cauſe, is not agreed. Such is the rough draft of an affair that nobody yet underſtands. *Embraſſez de ma part Madame, et le reſte de la chere famille.* GIBBON.

Et plus bas—WILBRAHAM, Sec.

N°. XXV.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſq. to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſq.*

BOODLE'S, 10 o'clock, Monday night, Feb. 3, 1772.

I LOVE, honour, and reſpect, every member of Sheffield-Place; even my great enemy * Datch, to whom you will pleaſe to convey my ſincere wiſhes, that no *ſimpleton* may wait on him at dinner, that his wife papa may not ſhow him any pictures, and that his much wiſer mamma may chain him hand and foot, in direct contradiction to Magna Charta and the bill of rights.

It is difficult to write news, becauſe there is none. Parliament is perfectly quiet; and I think that Barré, who is juſt now playing at whiſt in the room, will not have exerciſe of the lungs, except, perhaps, on a meſſage much talked of, and ſoon expected, to recommend it to the wiſdom of the Houſe of commons to provide a proper future remedy againſt the improper marriages of the younger branches of the Royal Family. The noiſe of * * * * is ſubſided, but there was ſome foundation for it. * * * * *'s expences in his bold enterprize were yet unpaid by government. The hero threatened, aſſumed the patriot, received a ſop, and again ſunk into the courtier. As to Denmark, it ſeems now that the king, who was totally unfit for government, has only paſſed from the hands of his queen wife, to thoſe of his queen mo-

* The name by which the child called himſelf.

ther-in-law.

ther-in-law. * * * * is ſaid to have indulged a very *vague* taſte in her amours. She would not be admitted into the Pantheon, whence the *gentlemen proprietors*, exclude all beauty, unleſs unſpotted and immaculate (tautology by the bye). *The gentlemen proprietors*, on the other hand, are friends and patrons of the leopard beauties. Advertiſing challenges have paſſed between the two great factions, and a bloody battle is expected Wedneſday night. *A propos*, the Pantheon, in point of ennui and magnificence, is the wonder of the eighteenth century and of the Britiſh empire. Adieu.

N°. XXVI.

The Same to the Same.

BOODLE'S, Saturday night, Feb. 8, 1772.

THOUGH it is very late and the bell tells me that I have not above ten minutes left, I employ them with pleaſure in congratulating you on the late victory of our dear mamma the Church of England. She had laſt Thurſday ſeventy-one rebellious ſons, who pretended to ſet aſide her will on account of inſanity: but two hundred and ſeventeen worthy champions, headed by Lord North, Burke, Hans Stanley, Charles Fox, Godfrey Clarke, &c. &c. &c. though they allowed the thirty-nine clauſes of her teſtament were abſurd and unreaſonable, ſupported the validity of it with infinite humour. By the bye, * * * * * * prepared himſelf for that holy war, by paſſing twenty-two hours in the pious exerciſe of hazard; his devotions coſt him only about 500l. *per* hour—in all 11000l. * * * * loſt 5000l. This is from the beſt authority. I hear too, but will not warrant it, that * * * *, by way of paying his court to * * * *, has loſt this winter 12,000l. How I long to be ruined!

There are two county conteſts, Sir Thomas Egerton and Colonel Townley in Lancaſhire, after the county had for ſome time gone a-begging. In Salop, Sir Watkin, ſupported

ported by Lord Gower, happened by a punctilio to diſoblige Lord Craven, who told us laſt night, that he had not quite 9000l. a-year in that county, and who has ſet up Pigot againſt him. You may ſuppoſe we all wiſh for Got Amighty againſt that black devil.

I am ſorry your journey is deferred. Compliments to Datch. As he is now in durance, great minds forgive their enemies, and I hope he may be releaſed by this time. ——Coming, Sir. Adieu.

You ſee the Princeſs of W. is gone. Hans Stanley ſays, it is believed the Empreſs Queen has taken the ſame journey.

N°. XXVII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſq. to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſq.*

DEAR HOLROYD, LONDON, Feb. 13, 1772.

THE papers and plans arrived ſafe in town laſt night, and will be in your hands in their intact virgin ſtate in a day or two. Conſider them at leiſure, if that word is known in the rural life. Unite, divide, but (above all) *raiſe*. Bring them to London with you: I wait your orders; nor ſhall I, for fear of tumbling, take a ſingle ſtep till your arrival, which, on many accounts, I hope will not be long deferred.

Clouds ſtill hover over the horizon of Denmark. The public circumſtances of the revolution are related, and, I underſtand, very exactly in the foreign papers. The ſecret ſprings of it ſtill remain unknown. The town indeed ſeems at preſent quite tired of the ſubject. The Princeſs's death, her character, and what ſhe left, engroſs the converſation. She died without a will; and as her ſavings were generally diſpoſed of in charity, the ſmall remains of her perſonal fortune will make a trifling object when divided among her children. Her favourite the Princeſs of B. very properly inſiſted on the king's immediately ſealing

up

up all the papers, to ſecure her from the idle reports which would be ſo readily ſwallowed by the great Engliſh monſter. The buſineſs of Lord and Lady * * * * * is finally compromiſed, by the arbitration of the Chancellor and Lord * * * * *. He gives her 1200l. a-year ſeparate maintenance, and 1500l. to ſet out with: but as her ladyſhip is now a new face, her huſband, who has already beſtowed on the public ſeventy young beauties, has conceived a violent but hopeleſs paſſion for his chaſte moiety. * Lord Cheſterfield is dying. County oppoſitions ſubſide. Adieu.

Entirely yours.

N°. XXVIII.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR HOLROYD, Feb. 21, 1772.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

3. To day the Houſe of Commons was employed in a very odd way. Tommy Townſhend moved, that the ſermon of Dr. Knowell, who preached before the Houſe on the 30th of January, (*id eſt*, before the Speaker and four members,) ſhould be burnt by the common hangman, as containing arbitrary, tory, high-flown doctrines. The Houſe was nearly agreeing to the motion, till they recollected that they had already thanked the Preacher for his excellent diſcourſe, and ordered it to be printed. Knowell's bookſeller is much obliged to the Right Honourable Tommy Townſhend.

When do you come to town? I want money, and am tired of ſticking to the earth by ſo many roots. *Embraſſez de ma part*, &c. Adieu

Ever yours.

N°. XXIX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to Mrs.* GIBBON, Beriton.

DEAR MADAM, LONDON, March 21, 1772.

I HAVE advanced with ſome care and ſome ſucceſs in gaining an idea of the Lenborough eſtate. The tenants are at will, and, from a compariſon of my rents with the neighbouring ones, particularly Lord * * * *, there is great probability that my eſtate is much under-let. My friend Holroyd, who is a moſt invaluable counſellor, is ſtrongly of that opinion. Sir * * * * * * is juſt come home. I am ſorry to ſee many alterations, and little improvement. From an honeſt wild Engliſh buck, he is grown a *philoſopher*. Lord * * * * diſpleaſes every body by the affectation of conſequence: the young baronet diſguſts no leſs by the affectation of wiſdom. He ſpeaks in ſhort ſentences, quotes Montagne, ſeldom ſmiles, never laughs, drinks only water, profeſſes to command his paſſions, and intends to marry in five months. The two lords,

lords, his uncle, as well as * * *, attempt to ſhew him, that ſuch behaviour, even were it reaſonable, does not ſuit this country. He remains incorrigible, and is every day loſing ground in the good opinion of the public, which at his firſt arrival ran ſtrongly in his favour. Deyverdun is probably on his journey towards England, but is not yet come.

I am, dear Madam, &c. &c. &c.

Nº. XXX.

EDWARD GIBBON *Eſquire to* J. B. HOLROYD *Eſquire.*

DEAR HOLROYD, PALL-MALL, May 26, 1772.

I WISH you lived nearer, or even that you could paſs a week at Beriton. When ſhall you be at Richmond, or would there be any *uſe* in my going down to Sheffield for a day or two? In you alone I put my truſt, and without you I ſhould be perplexed, diſcouraged, and frightened; for not a ſingle fiſh has yet bit at the Lenborough bait.

I dined the other day with Mr. Way at Boodle's. He told me, that he was juſt going down to Sheffield Place. As he has probably unladen all the politics, and Mrs. Way all the ſcandal of the town, I ſhall for *the preſent only* ſatisfy myſelf with the needful; among which I ſhall always reckon my ſincere compliments to Madame, and my profound reſpects for Mr. Datch.

I am, dear H.

Truly yours.

It is confidently aſſerted that the Emperor and King of Pruſſia are to run for very deep ſtakes over the Poliſh courſe. if the news be true, I back Auſtria againſt the aged horſe, provided little Laudohn rides the match.

N. B. Croſſing and joſtling allowed.

N°. XXXI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs.* HOLROYD, *Senior.*

BERITON, near PETERSFIELD, HAMPSHIRE,

MADAM, July the 17th, 1772.

THERE is not any event which could have affected me with greater surprise and deeper concern, than the news in last night's paper, of the death of our poor little amiable friend Master Holroyd, whom I loved, not only for his parents' sake, but for his own. Should the news be true, (for even yet I indulge some faint hopes, what must be the distress of our friends at Sheffield! I so truly sympathise with them, that I know not how to write to Holroyd; but must beg to be informed of the state of the family by a line from you. I have some company and business here, but would gladly quit them, If I had the least reason to think that my presence at Sheffield would afford comfort or satisfaction to the man in the world whom I love and esteem most. I am Madam, your most obedient humble Servant, &c.

N°. XXXII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to* J. B. HOLROYD *Esquire.*

MY DEAR HOLROYD, BERITON, July the 30th, 1772.

IT was my intention to set out for Sheffield as soon as I received your affecting letter, and I hoped to have been with you as to-day; but walking very carelessly yesterday morning, I fell down, and put out a small bone in my ancle. I am now under the Surgeon's hands, but think, and most earnestly hope, that this little accident will not delay my journey longer than the middle of next week. I share, and wish I could alleviate, your feelings. I beg to be remembered to Mrs. Holroyd. I am, my dear Holroyd, most truly yours.

N°. XXXIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to Mrs.* GIBBON, Beriton.

DEAR MADAM, SHEFFIELD-PLACE, August 7th, 1772.

I SET out at six yesterday morning from Uppark, and got to Brighthelmstone about two; a very thin season, every body gone to Spa. In the evening I reached this place. My friend appears, as he ever will, in a light truly respectable; concealing the most exquisite sufferings under the show of composure, and even cheerfulness, and attempting, though with little success, to confirm the weaker mind of his partner. I find, my friend expresses so much uneasiness at the idea of my leaving him again soon, that I cannot refuse to pass the month here. If Mr. Scott, as I suppose, is at Beriton, he has himself too high a sense of friendship not to excuse my neglecting him. I had some hopes of engaging Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd to make an excursion to Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Southampton, &c. in which case they would spend a few days at Beriton. A sudden resolution was taken last night in favour of the tour. We set out, Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd, Mr. Fauquier, and myself, next Thursday, and shall dine at Beriton the following day, and stay there, most probably, three or four days. A farm-house, without either cook or house-keeper, will afford but indifferent entertainment; but we must *exert*, and they must *excuse*. Our tour will last about a fortnight; after which my friend presses me to return with him, and in his present situation I shall be at a loss how to refuse him.

I am, dear Madam, &c. &c. &c.

N°. XXXIV.

Dr. HURD (*now Bishop of* Worcester) *to Mr.* GIBBON.

SIR, THURCASTON, August 29th, 1772.

YOUR very elegant letter on the antiquity and authenticity of the Book of Daniel, (just now received,) finds me here, if not without leisure, yet without books, and therefore in no condition to enter far into the depths of this controversy; which indeed is the less necessary, as every thing that relates to the subject will come of course to be considered by my learned successors in the new lecture. For as the prophecies of Daniel make an important link in *that chain, which,* as you say, *has been let down from heaven to earth,* (but not by the author of the late sermons, who brought into view only what he had not invented,) the grounds on which their authority rests will, without doubt, be carefully examined, and, as I suppose, firmly established.

But in the mean time, and to make at least some small return for the civility of your address to me, I beg leave to trouble you with two or three short remarks, such as occur to me on reading your letter.

Your main difficulties are these two: 1. That the author of the book of Daniel is too clear for a prophet; as appears from his prediction of the Persian and Macedonian affairs: and, 2. too fabulous for a contemporary historian; as is evident, you suppose, from his mistakes, particularly in the sixth chapter.

1. The first of these difficulties is an extraordinary one. For why may not prophecy, if the inspirer think fit, be as clear as history? Scriptural prophecy, whence your idea of

of its obſcurity is taken, is *occaſionally* thus clear, I mean after the event; and Daniel's prophecy of the revolutions in the Grecian empire, would have been obſcure enough to Porphyry himſelf before it.

But your opinion, after all, when you come to explain yourſelf, really is, as one ſhould expect, that, as a prophet, Daniel is not clear enough; for you enforce the old objection of Porphyry, by obſerving, that where a pretended prophecy is clear to a certain point of time, and afterwards obſcure and ſhadowy, there common ſenſe leads one to conclude that the author of it was an impoſtor.

This reaſoning is plauſible, but not concluſive, unleſs it be taken for granted, that a prophecy muſt, in all its parts, be equally clear and preciſe: whereas, on the ſuppoſition of real inſpiration, it may be fit, I mean it may ſuit with the views of the inſpirer, to predict ſome things with more perſpicuity, and in terms more obviouſly and directly applicable to the events in which they were fulfilled, than others. But further, this reaſoning, whatever force it may have, has no place here, at leaſt you evidently beg the queſtion when you urge it; becauſe the perſons you diſpute againſt maintain, that the ſubſequent prophecies of Daniel are equally diſtinct with thoſe preceding ones concerning the Perſian and Macedonian empires, at leaſt ſo much of them as they take to have been fulfilled; and that to judge of the reſt, we muſt wait for the concluſion of them.

However, you admit that the ſuſpicion ariſing from the cleareſt prophecy may be removed by direct poſitive evidence that it was compoſed before the event. But then you carry your notions of that evidence very far, when you require, "that the exiſtence of ſuch a prophecy, "prior to its accompliſhment, ſhould be proved by the "knowledge of its being generally diffuſed amongſt an "enlightened

" enlightened nation previous to that period, and its " public exiſtence atteſted by an unbroken chain of au- " thentic writers."

What you here claim as a matter of *right*, is, without queſtion, very deſirable, but ſhould, I think, be accepted, if it be given at all, as a matter of *favour*. For what you deſcribe is the utmoſt evidence that the caſe admits: but what right have we in this, or any other ſubject whatever of natural or revealed religion, to the utmoſt evidence? Is it not enough that the evidence be ſufficient to induce a reaſonable aſſent? and is not that aſſent reaſonable, which is given to real evidence, though of an inferior kind, when uncontrolled by any greater? And ſuch evidence we clearly have for the authenticity of the book of Daniel, in the reception of it by the Jewiſh nation down to the time of Jeſus, whoſe appeal to it ſuppoſes and implies that reception to have been conſtant and general: not to obſerve, that the teſtimony of Jeſus is further ſupported by all the conſiderations that are alleged for his own divine character. To this evidence, which is poſitive ſo far as it goes, you have nothing to oppoſe but ſurmiſe and conjectures; that is, nothing that deſerves to be called evidence. But I doubt, Sir, you take for granted that the claim of inſpiration is never to be allowed, ſo long as there is a poſſibility of ſuppoſing that it was not given.

2. In the ſecond diviſion of your letter, which is longer, and more elaborate, than the firſt, you endeavour to ſhew that the *hiſtorical* part of the book of Daniel, chiefly that of the ſixth chapter, is falſe and fabulous, and as ſuch, confutes and overthrows the *prophetical*. What you advance on this head, is contained under *five* articles:

1. You

1. You think it ſtrange that Daniel, or any other man, ſhould be promoted to a ſecret office of ſtate, *for his ſkill in divination.*

But here, firſt, you forget that Joſeph was thus promoted for the ſame reaſon. Or, if you object to this inſtance, what ſhould hinder the promotion either of Joſeph or Daniel, (when their ſkill in divination had once brought them to the notice and favour of their ſovereign,) for what you call *mere human accompliſhments?* For ſuch aſſuredly both theſe great men poſſeſſed, if we may believe the plain part of their ſtory, which aſſerts of Joſeph, and indeed proves, that he was in no common degree *diſcreet and wiſe*; and of Daniel, that *an excellent ſpirit was found in him*; nay, that *he had knowledge and ſkill in all learning and wiſdom*, over and above his *underſtanding in all viſions and dreams.* In ſhort, Sir, though princes of old might not make it a rule to chuſe their miniſters out of their ſoothſayers, yet neither would their being ſoothſayers, if they were otherwiſe well accompliſhed, prevent them from being miniſters. Juſt as in modern times, though churchmen have not often, I will ſuppoſe, been made officers of ſtate, even by bigotted princes, becauſe they were churchmen; yet neither have they been always excluded from ſerving in thoſe ſtations when they have been found eminently qualified for them.

2. Your next exception is, that a combination could ſcarce have been formed in the court of Babylon againſt the favourite miniſter, (though ſuch factions are common in other courts,) becauſe the courtiers of Darius *muſt have apprehended that the piety of Daniel would be aſſerted by a miraculous interpoſition*; of which they had ſeen a recent inſtance. And here, Sir, you expatiate with a little too much complacency on the ſtrange indifference which the ancient world ſhewed to the gift of miracles. You do

not

not, I dare ſay, expect a ſerious anſwer to this charge; or if you do, it may be enough to obſerve, what I am ſure your own reading and experience muſt have rendered very familiar to you, that the ſtrongeſt belief, or conviction of the mind, perpetually gives way to the inflamed ſelfiſh paſſions; and that, when men have any ſcheme of intereſt or revenge much at heart, they are not reſtrained from purſuing it, though the ſcaffold and the axe ſtand before them in full view, and have perhaps been ſtreaming but the day before with the blood of other ſtate-criminals. I aſk not, whether miracles have ever *actually* exiſted, but whether you do not think that multitudes have been firmly *perſuaded* of their exiſtence; and yet their indifference about them, is a fact which I readily concede to.

Your third criticiſm is directed againſt what is ſaid of *the law of the Medes and Perſians, that it altereth not*; where I find nothing to admire, but the extreme rigour of Aſiatic deſpotiſm. For I conſider this irrevocability of the law, when once promulgated by the ſovereign, not as contrived to be a check on his will, but rather to ſhew the irreſiſtible and fatal courſe of it. And this idea was ſo much cheriſhed by the deſpots of Perſia, that, rather than revoke the iniquitous law, obtained by ſurprize, for exterminating the Jews, Ahaſuerus took the part, as we read in the book of Eſther, (and as Baron Monteſquieu, I remember, obſerves,) to permit the Jews to defend themſelves againſt the execution of it; whence we ſee how conſiſtent this law is with the determination of the judges, quoted by you from Herodotus, "that it was "lawful for the king to do whatever he *pleaſed*:" for we underſtand that he did *not* pleaſe that this law, when once declared by him, ſhould be altered.

You add under this head, "May I not aſſert that the "Greek writers, who have ſo copiouſly treated of the "affairs

"affairs of Perſia, have not left us the ſmalleſt veſtige of "a reſtraint, equally injurious to the monarch and pre-"judicial to the people." I have not the Greek writers by me to conſult, but a common book I chance to have at hand refers me to one ſuch veſtige, in a very eminent Greek hiſtorian, Diodorus Siculus. *Lowth's Comment. in loc.*

4. A fourth objection to the hiſtoric truth of the book of Daniel is taken, with more plauſibility, from the matter of this law, which, as you truly obſerve, was very ſtrange for the king's counſellor to adviſe, and for any deſpot whatever to enact.

But, 1. I as little queſtion whether prayer was ſo conſtant and conſiderable a part of Pagan worſhip as is ſuppoſed; and if it was not, the prejudices of the people would not be ſo much ſhocked by this interdict as we are ready to think. Daniel indeed prayed three times a day; but the idolaters might content themſelves with praying now and then at a ſtated ſolemnity. It is clear, that when you ſpeak of *depriving men of the comforts, and prieſts of the profits, of religion*, you have Chriſtian, and even modern principles and manners in your eye: perhaps in the *comforts*, you repreſented to yourſelf a company of poor inflamed Huguenots under perſecution; and in the *profits*, the lucrative trade of popiſh maſſes. But be this as it may, it ſhould be conſidered, 2. That this law could not, in the nature of the thing, ſuppreſs all prayer, if the people had any great propenſity to it. It could not ſuppreſs *mental* prayer; it could not even ſuppreſs *bodily* worſhip, if performed, as it eaſily might be, in the night, or in ſecret. Daniel, it was well known, was uſed to pray in open day-light, and in a place expoſed to inſpection, from his uſual manner of praying; which manner, it was eaſily concluded, ſo zealous a votary as he was, would not change or diſcontinue, on account

count of the edict. Laſtly, though the edict paſſed for thirty days, to make ſure work, yet there was no doubt but the end propoſed would be ſoon accompliſhed, and then it was not likely that much care would be taken about the obſervance of it.

All this put together, I can very well conceive that extreme envy and malice in the courtiers might ſuggeſt the idea of ſuch a law, and that an impotent deſpot might be flattered by it. Certainly, if what we read in the third chapter be admitted, that *one* of theſe deſpots required all people, nations, languages, to worſhip his image on pain of death, there is no great wonder that *another* of them ſhould demand the excluſive worſhip of himſelf for a month; nay, perhaps, he might think himſelf civil, and even bounteous to his gods, when he left them a ſhare of the other eleven. For as to the preſumption,

"Nihil eſt quod credere de ſe
Non poſſit, cum laudatur diis æqua poteſtas.—

5. A fifth, and what you ſeem to think the ſtrongeſt, objection to the credit of the book of Daniel is, "that "no ſuch perſon as Darius the Mede is to be found in "the ſucceſſion of the Babyloniſh princes," (you mean as given in Ptolemy's canon and the Greek writers,) "between the time of Nebuchadnezzar and that of Cyrus." In ſaying this, you do not forget or diſown what our ableſt chronologers have ſaid on the ſubject; but then you object that Xenophon's Cyaxares (to ſerve a turn) has been made to perſonate Darius the Mede; and yet that Xenophon's book, whether it be a romance or a true hiſtory, overturns the uſe which they have made of this hypotheſis.

I permit

I permit myſelf perhaps to be too much flattered by your civility in referring to my own taſte, rather than to the authority of Cicero: but the truth is, I am much diſpoſed to agree with you, that, "if we unravel "with any care the fine texture of the Cyropœdia, we "ſhall diſcover in every thread the Spartan diſcipline and "the philoſophy of Socrates." But then, as the judicious author choſe to make ſo recent a ſtory as that of Cyrus, and one ſo well known, the vehicle of his political and moral inſtructions, he would be ſure to keep up to the truth of the ſtory as far as might be; eſpecially in the leading facts, and in the principal perſons, as we may ſay, of the drama. This obvious rule of decorum ſuch a writer as Xenophon could not fail to obſerve; and therefore, on the ſuppoſition that his Cyropœdia is a romance, I ſhould conclude certainly that the outline of it was genuine hiſtory. But,

2. If it be ſo, you conclude that there is no ground for thinking that Darius the Mede ever reigned at Babylon, becauſe Cyaxares himſelf never reigned there.

Now, on the idea of Xenophon's book being a romance, there might be good reaſon for the author's taking notice of the ſhort reign of Cyaxares, which would break the unity of his work, and divert the reader's attention too much from the hero of it: while yet the omiſſion could hardly ſeem to violate hiſtoric truth, ſince the luſtre of his hero's fame, and the real power, which, out of queſtion, he reſerved to himſelf, would make us forget or overlook Cyaxares. But, as to the fact, it ſeems no way incredible that Cyrus ſhould concede to his royal ally, his uncle, and his father-in-law, (for he was all theſe,) the *nominal* poſſeſſion of the ſovereignty; or that he ſhould *ſhare* the ſovereignty with him; or, at leaſt, that he ſhould leave the *adminiſtration*, as we ſay, in his hands at Babylon,

lon, while he himſelf was proſecuting his other conqueſts at a diſtance. Any of theſe things is ſuppoſable enough; and I would rather admit any of them than reject the expreſs, the repeated, the circumſtantial teſtimony of a not confeſſedly fabulous hiſtorian.

After all, Sir, I ſhould forfeit, I know, your good opinion, if I did not acknowledge that ſome, at leaſt, of theſe circumſtances are ſuch as one ſhould not, perhaps, expect at firſt ſight. But then ſuch is the condition of things here; and what is true in human life, is not always, I had almoſt ſaid, not often, that which was previouſly to be expected; whence an ordinary romance is, they ſay, more *probable* than the beſt hiſtory.

But ſhould any or all of theſe circumſtances convince you perfectly, that ſome degree of error or fiction is to be found in the book of Daniel, it would be too precipitate to conclude that therefore the whole book was of no authority: for, at moſt, you could but infer, that the hiſtorical part, in which thoſe circumſtances are obſerved, namely, the 6th chapter, is not genuine; juſt as you know has been judged of ſome other hiſtorical tracts which had formerly been inſerted in the book of Daniel. For it is not with theſe collections, which go under the names of the Prophets, as with ſome regularly connected ſyſtem, where a charge of falſehood, if made good againſt one part, ſhakes the credit of the whole. Fictitious hiſtories may have been joined to true prophecies, when all that bore the name of the ſame perſon, or any way related to him, came to be put together in the ſame volume: but the detection of ſuch miſalliance could not affect the prophecies; certainly not thoſe of Daniel, which reſpect *the latter times*; for theſe have an intrinſic evidence in themſelves, and aſſert their own authenticity, in proportion as we ſee, or have reaſon to admit the accompliſhment of them.

And

And now, Sir, I have only to commit theſe haſty reflections to your candour; a virtue which cannot be ſeparated from the love of truth, and of which I obſerve many traces in your agreeable letter; and if you ſhould indulge this quality ſtill further, ſo as to conceive the poſſibility of that being *true and reaſonable*, in matters of religion, which may ſeem ſtrange, or, to ſo lively a fancy as yours, even ridiculous, you would not hurt the credit of your excellent underſtanding, and would thus remove one, perhaps a principal, occaſion of thoſe miſts which, as you complain, *hang over theſe nice and difficult ſubjects*. I am with true reſpect, SIR, yours, &c.

(Signed) R. H.

The following Fragment was found with the foregoing Letter, in Mr. GIBBON*'s hand-writing.*

YOUR anſwer to my five objections againſt the 6th chapter of Daniel come next to be conſidered.

1. With regard to Daniel's promotion, I conſent to withdraw my oppoſition, and to allow the caſes of Ximenes, Wolſey, and Richlieu as parallel inſtances; though there is ſurely ſome difference between a young foreign ſoothſayer being *ſuddenly* rewarded, for the interpretation of a dream, with the government of Babylon, and a prieſt of the eſtabliſhed church, riſing gradually to the great offices of the ſtate.

2. You apprehend, Sir, that my ſecond objection ſcarcely deſerves a ſerious anſwer; and that it is quite ſufficient to appeal to my own reading and experience, whether *the ſtrongeſt conviction of the mind does not perpetually*

tually give way to the inflamed and ſelfiſh paſſions. Since you appeal to me, I ſhall fairly lay before you the reſult of my obſervations on that ſubject. 1. It muſt be confeſſed that the drunkard often ſinks into the grave, and the prodigal into a gaol, without a poſſibility of checking themſelves. But they ſink by ſlow degrees; and, whilſt they indulge the ruling paſſion, attend only to the trifling moment of each guinea, or of each bottle, without calculating their accumulated weight, till they feel themſelves irretrievably cruſhed under it. 2. In moſt of the hazardous enterprizes of life there is a mixture of chance and good fortune; what is called good fortune, is often the effect of ſkill: and as our vanity flatters us into an opinion of our ſuperior merit, we are neither ſurpriſed nor diſmayed by the miſcarriage of our raſh predeceſſors. *The conſpirator turns his eyes from the axe and ſcaffold, perhaps ſtill ſtreaming with blood,* to the ſucceſsful boldneſs of Sylla, of Cæſar, and of Cromwell; and convinces himſelf that on ſuch a golden purſuit it is even *prudent* to ſtake a precarious and inſipid life. We may add, that the moſt daring flights of ambition are as often the effects of neceſſity as of choice. The princes of Hindoſtan muſt either reign or periſh; and when Cæſar paſſed the Rubicon, it was ſcarcely poſſible for him to return to a private ſtation. 3. You think, Sir, we may learn from our own experience, that an indifference concerning miracles is very compatible with a full conviction of their truth; and ſo it undoubtedly is with ſuch a conviction as we have an opportunity of obſerving.

N° XXXV.

E. GIBBON *Esquire to* J. B. HOLROYD *Esquire.*

DEAR HOLROYD, BERITON, Oct. 13, 1772.

I AM just arrived, as well as yourself, at my *dii penates*, but with very different intention. You will ever remain a bigot to those rustic deities; I propose to abjure them soon, and to reconcile myself to the catholic church of London.

I am so happy, so exquisitely happy, at feeling so many mountains taken off my shoulders, that I can brave your indignation, and even the three-forked lightning of Jupiter himself. My reasons for taking so unwarrantable a step (approved of by Hugonin) were no unmanly despondency (though it daily became more apparent how much the farm would suffer, both in reality and in reputation, by another year's management.) * * * * * * * * * * * I see pleasure but not use in a congress, therefore decline it. I know nothing as yet of a purchaser, and can only give you full and unlimited powers. If you think it necessary, let me know when you sell; but, however, do as you please.

I am sincerely glad to hear Mrs. H. is better. Still think Bath would suit her. She, and you too, I fear, rather want the physic of the mind, than of the body. Tell me something about yourself. If, among a crowd of acquaintances, one friend can afford you any comfort, I am quite at your service. Once more, adieu.

N° XXXVI.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to* J. HOLROYD *Esquire.*

DEAR HOLROYD, PALL-MALL, 11th Dec. 1772.

BY this time, I suppose you returned to the Elysian fields of Sheffield. The country (I do not mean any particular reflexions on Sussex) must be vastly pleasant at this time of the year! For my own part, the punishment of my sins has at length overtaken me. On Thursday the third of December, in the present year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-two, between the hours of one and two in the afternoon, as I was crossing St. James's church-yard, I stumbled, and *again sprained my foot*; but, alas! after two days pain and confinement, a horrid monster, *ycleped the gout*, made me a short visit; and though he has now taken his leave, I am full of apprehensions that he may have liked my company well enough to call again.

The parliament, after a few soft murmurs, is gone to sleep, to awake again after Christmas, safely folded in Lord North's arms. The town is gone into the country, and I propose *visiting Sheffield* about Sunday se'nnight, if by that time I can get my household preparations (I have as good as taken Lady Rous's lease in Bentinck-street) in any forwardness. Shall I *angle for Batt?* No news stirring, except the Duchess of G.'s pregnancy certainly declared. * * * * called on me the other day, and has taken my plan with him to consider it; he still wishes to defer to spring; talks of bad roads, &c. and is very absolute. I remonstrated, *but want to know whether I am to submit.* Adieu. *Godfrey Clarke*, who is writing near me, begs to be remembered. The savage is going to hunt foxes in Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, &c. Yours sincerely.

N° XXXVII.

The Same to the Same.

DEAR HOLROYD, BOODLE's, Ten o'Clock, Thursday Evening, Dec. 1772.

MY schemes with regard to you have been entirely disappointed. The business that called me to town was not ready before the 20th of last month, and the same business has kept me here till now. I have however a very strong inclination to eat a Christmas mince pie with you; and let me tell you that inclination is no small compliment. What are the trees and waters of Sheffield-Place compared with the comfortable smoke, lazy dinners, and inflammatory Junius's, which we can every day enjoy in town? You have seen the last Junius? He calls on the distant legions to march to the Capitol, and free us from the tyranny of the Prætorian guards. I cannot answer for the ghost of the *hic et ubique*, but the Hampshire militia are determined to keep the peace for fear of a broken head. After all, do I mean to make you a visit next week? Upon my soul, I cannot tell. I tell every body that I shall: I know that I cannot pass the week with any man in the world with whom the pleasure of seeing each other will be more sincere or more reciprocal. Yet, *entre nous*, I do not believe that I shall be able to get out of this town before you come into it. At all events, I look forwards, with great impatience, to Bruton-street * and the Romans †. Believe me most truly yours.

* Where Mr. Holroyd's family passed a winter. † The Roman Club.

N° XXXVIII.

EDWARD GIBBON *Esquire to* J. HOLROYD *Esquire.*

DEAR HOLROYD, January 12, 1773.

LENBOROUGH is no more! * * * * * * acted like a Jew, and I dare say now repents it. In his room * * * * * found me a better man, a rich, brutish, honest horse-dealer, who has got a great fortune by serving the cavalry. On Thursday he saw Lenborough, on Friday came to town with * * * * *, and this morning at nine o'clock we struck at 20,000l. after a very hard battle. As times go, I am not dissatisfied. * * * and the new Lord of Lenborough (by name * * * * *) dined with me; and though we did not speak the same language, yet by the help of signs, such as that of putting about the bottle, the natives seemed well satisfied.

The whole world is going down to Portsmouth, where they will enjoy the pleasures of smoke, noise, heat, bad lodgings, and expensive reckonings. For my own part, I have firmly resisted importunity, declined parties, and mean to pass the busy week in the soft retirement of my *bocage* de Bentinck-street. Yesterday the East India Company positively refused the loan: a noble resolution, could they get money any where else. They are violent; and it was moved, and the motion heard with some degree of approbation, that they should abandon India to Lord North, Sujah Dowlah, or the Devil, if he chose to take it.

Adieu.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.